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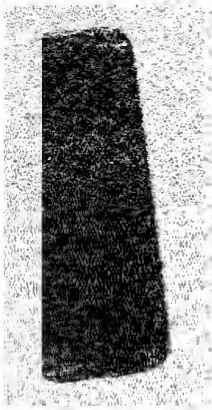

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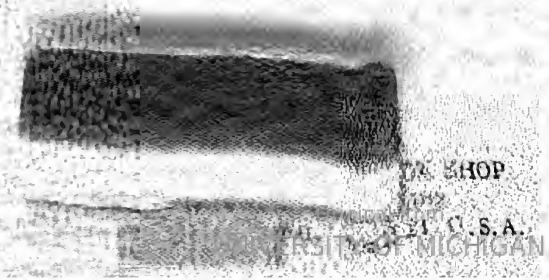

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OUTSIDE THE WALLS

by

GLADYS SAVARY

VANTAGE PRESS, INC., NEW YORK

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To Dr. Beulah Ream Allen, who labored so valiantly within the prison walls, and who encouraged me to put in print these fragments of my life "outside the walls."

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Chapter 1

THIS IS A STORY OF THE WAR, THE WAR WITH JAPAN. IT ISN'T A story of valorous deeds or battles. It is just a tale of a woman, of me, who sort of muddled through it all and lived to carry on.

Those years of the Japanese occupation of the Philippines were no picnic, even for those few white people who were not locked up in concentration camps. But because I never was interned by the Japanese, I am tremendously handicapped in any verbal reminiscing about my war experiences. For there is always someone around who can squelch me at the first sentence with the phrase: "But YOU were never interned, you have no idea of suffering!" That always whips me, for it is very near the truth. So if I want to tell my story, I'll have to write it.

I really didn't suffer very much physically. I had a roof over my head during those years of occupation, several roofs, in fact, as the Japanese pushed me around from place to place. I didn't actually starve, although beans and papaya proved to be a faintly wearisome diet toward the end—when there was no money, and nothing to buy if we had any.

But this is no record of silent suffering. I am not the "silent sufferer" type and any bits of misery I went through during the late unpleasantness I resented, and resented audibly if there was a fellow sufferer nearby, otherwise the diary got it. I had to explode, somehow. But no Japanese ever heard me complain—I never gave them that much satisfaction.

I don't even know what to call this scramble of personal experiences, strung along the slender thread of memory. I

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wanted to call it *Outside the Sawali*, but that would require a long explanation of what *sawali* was, a native straw matting they put around all iron fences which surrounded the internment camps to prevent any peek inside. I suppose *Outside the Walls* would be simpler. Actually, it should be called *Rum and Rumor*, for as I read back through my sketchy diary, I seem to mention both these items with almost monotonous frequency. Both seemed to be our staffs of life, although often broken reeds!

This isn't even a very serious record; I am no analyst, no economist. I know only what I myself experienced and so record it, in a lamentably lighthearted fashion, I fear, for I am, like Mehitable, *"toujours gaie"*—at least, to outward appearances.

It's going to be an I—I job, I warn you. What happened to me, my little trials and tribulations under the Japanese rule, how I reacted—for I am typical of the human race: each of us finds his or her own case of supreme interest. People's different points of view are like little boys peeking through a fence at a ball game—it depends on where the knothole is, what they see of the game. So we all peeked through the fence at a war, and all saw it differently.

Now, if you can bear a little life history here, please . . . It will take a spot of doing to get a Nebraska farm girl into the restaurant business in Manila via China, Paris, South America and a leper colony!

I had a simple, normal childhood in a small town in the Middle West. I went to school, had dozens of dogs and cats and pet chickens, played hooky, got spanked with regular frequency for my many misdemeanors, swam in the village millpond, walked miles for the fun of skating on the creek for a couple of hours—led the usual small-town life of a well-to-do, retired-farmer family.

After high school I chose a Western university rather than our own State one, and I entered a huge freshman class at seventeen, with my hair still in a fat curl down my back. I don't think I was any too bright. I remember choosing a course in Logic, rather than take another year of Mathematics! I had to have a tutor on the side to get me through

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Logic—and I am sure I wouldn't know a bit of logic if it came up and shook hands with me today—I'm famous for *not* being logical.

I decided I wanted a lot of courses in biology. I picked one, principally because the professor was so good-looking and had a beard. Unfortunately, I thought it was the study of the Great Apes, just because it was called Apiology—I knew about bees, but didn't know that word meant bee culture!

I was really good in languages, but had to be tutored through the intricacies of German script; but that wasn't my fault. Our high-school German teacher hadn't taught it to us.

The death of my father and the serious illness of my mother cut short my pursuit of higher education. I don't believe, as I look back, that I worked any too hard at that pursuit. There were too many exciting extracurricular angles for a small-town girl to learn about. Seventeen is a little young to enter a big university and take it really seriously.

My mother's illness was fatal nearly two years after my father's death. My brothers, my sisters, my friends—everyone had a different idea as to what should be done with Gladys. Poor Gladys, all alone. Couldn't stay engaged to anybody—tried it two or three times, poor girl. Gladys had different ideas . . . I packed up and went to China to visit friends who lived in Shanghai.

In those days Shanghai was the gayest, maddest city in the Orient, and to be young, with plenty of money, and not deformed, was practically Heaven for any girl. My host and hostess had a beautiful home out in French Town, a staff of servants so extensive that everyone in the house had a *lady amah* (personal maid), a fleet of cars and chauffeurs to whisk us around. Shanghai as a Chinese city is fascinating, but as a white man's city it was fabulous. Parties, clubs, races, dances, sight-seeing, houseboating—it was a life such as none of us will ever know again.

I fell enamored of a Navy lad, and because of him, I was invited to Chefoo, on the coast of China where the Navy used to have its summer maneuvers. From there I went to Peking, a city which is beyond doubt the most wondrous

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spot on earth. I saw Kalgan, the Great Wall, even had a little trip to Chungking, from Hankow. I think I saw more of China as a girl having fun, than many real explorers.

The Navy romance didn't "jell." Nor did a brief interlude with a young Belgian. Nor a faint interest in a Britisher who took us on a trip around the Great Wall. He was far too cross with the natives who carried us for so many miles in sedan chairs!

I returned to the United States, restless, not sure what to do with myself. While in Shanghai I had learned to play the old Chinese game of mah jongg, and all of a sudden I had a job! Doing publicity and promoting that game in the United States. That was really fun, and I loved it. Chicago was the headquarters of that Mah Jongg Company, and I learned to like Chicago. While in Europe, doing a little promotional work for the game, the company went broke, and there was I, in Budapest, without a job—

Paris was of course my Mecca. Who doesn't want to go to Paris? And Paris in the springtime! Paris was so fascinating I didn't want to go back to the United States, so I didn't. I started to go to school to learn French, and French history. I really worked hard at it. I carried on my studies outside my classes with a tutor. I lived in a student hostel where we were not permitted to speak anything but French. It was a motley group of students, I might add. I think we had ten different languages at table but, believe me, we asked for what we wanted in French, or went without!

To be young, to have a little money, and to live in Paris—that was a life to be enjoyed. And I did enjoy it. But I did want to know something about history and to experience another way of life than that of a small-town Midwestern girl. I learned to love the vast panorama of a magnificent past spread out everywhere for all those who wanted to learn. We in America look back to the landing of the Pilgrims as really something long ago, but when one walks across the Pont Neuf in Paris and looks down at the Ile de la Cité and realizes that two thousand years ago the *Romans* had a city there, Lutèce, it makes one humble.

My French tutor was a wonderful woman who took great pains with me to see that I did well in school, that I read

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the right things, that I saw all the historical places and museums and, above all, she did her best with my French. She did a good job, for I learned to speak rather well. She often asked me to meet her family and friends which I thoroughly enjoyed doing. Among her guests one day at tea was a young Frenchman who was just finishing his engineering studies. He was young, handsome, full of enthusiasm about life; he wanted to see the world and be successful. And he fell in love with me.

Our acquaintance was delightful. He was interesting, well-read and was a walking history of France. He taught me more than any history class could ever accomplish, and I learned to love the French way of living and thinking.

As we became closer to each other, I realized I had to decide. So I went back to the United States to see my family . . . and to think. Disapproval was the unanimous response in the family circle, but I returned to France anyhow.

We were married by the *maire* of my *arrondissement*—in France one must always have a civil ceremony first—who tied the red sash of office around his middle and gave a great speech about how lucky I was to marry a Frenchman, as far as I could understand!

Someone had given me a wire-haired puppy for a present, and instead of living in a modest apartment in Paris, we moved outside of town to give him a home. It was in the *banlieue* of Paris, on the banks of the Marne. I loved it. I was more French than the French—every detail of French living was delightful and my French relatives were wonderful to me. But André had a roving foot and when he had an opportunity to go to Venezuela on an engineering project, there was nothing else to do but go!

And it was fun there—a little town in the mountains, and I was the only American woman in the town of some ten thousand. I was never known to be American as André was French, and they took it as a matter of course that I was too.

It was comic opera living. The old dictator was a character who ruled the lives of his people with a truly iron rod. I evidently did not take him seriously enough, and wrote a facetious letter to *Time*, which they published, poking fun at his oddities. Among other things, I called him the original

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bachelor father; he acknowledged some ninety offspring with never a shadow of clergy in his life.

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO TIME AND PUBLISHED IN THE ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 11, 1929

Time
Dear Sirs:

From the Versailles of Venezuela. Fancy how hurt we Maracayans were to see your map of South America in the December 24, 1928, issue, with never a mention of Maracay!

You say "Caracas, city of perpetual spring and home of General Gomez." All wrong—Gomez, le Grand, *never* sets foot in Caracas—he lives, breathes, and transacts all business right here in Maracay. The Versailles of Venezuela.

And what's more, at least sixty of his eighty-four acknowledged children live in and around our town. He is the original bachelor father, as you may or may not know. And the Reigning Favorite lives here, just a block from the Royal residence, with ten of the "issue."

All the American population of Maracay (we are three) swear by *Time* but we cannot bear to have our fair city slighted. It's a grand town, we have a sewer and everything.

Gladys Slaughter
[I thoughtfully omitted my French name.]
c/o American Consul Caracas

A second letter—appeared April 1, 1929:

Again Slaughter
Dear *Time:*

A little rumor came to my ears a few days ago that you had printed my letter rebuking you for leaving Maracay off the map of South America. Evidently my efforts to make it well-known weren't appreciated, for the Powers that Be seem annoyed. No one has seen that copy of *Time* (Feb. 11). I think you have been suppressed? Aren't you flattered? I am—

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In the very likely event that I am asked to leave these parts, I'll come around and tell you large earfuls of lovely gossip that would just sizzle the pages.

Gladys Slaughter

EDITORS' COMMENT:

Subscriber G.S. originally rebuked *Time* for failing to mention Maracay—where the "original bachelor father," President Juan Vicente Gomez of Venezuela, lives with "his reigning favorite" and, what's more, "sixty of his eighty-four acknowledged children are around the town."

To Dictator Gomez a thoroughgoing rebuke if his minions have kept from Subscriber Slaughter the issue of *Time* in which her letter appeared.

I had signed the letter with my maiden name, and while there was a tremendous uproar in the country, they never caught up with me until I checked in with an American consul who told me I had better leave, but quickly. And so I did—quickly. In those days, Venezuela was a dictatorship and a firm one, and their jails were dreadful!

I went to New York and André followed, breaking his good contract in Venezuela. Our finances weren't on any too sound a basis after I'd toured him all over the States to show off *my* country (he had never been there). So when a job presented itself, to put up a small stand-by electrical plant in one of the small islands of the Philippines, we took it. The fact that it was on the leper island of Culion didn't bother us too much—a job is a job. And so we came to Culion, a small island in the Palawan group, some days distant from Manila. There were seven thousand lepers under treatment there. Those who were not bedridden in the hospitals lived in small *barrios,* more or less as they would in their home villages. I learned a lot about leprosy—the most important thing being that it is not so contagious as it is always considered.

There was a small group of "healthies," as they were called, who lived on one side of the island, and the colony was on the other. The "healthies" were the Filipino doctors and nurses, and the heads of the colony, who were American.

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There were some Catholic missionaries and two nice old Danish Protestant missionaries there. Unfortunately, they didn't speak to each other, the Catholic and the Protestant, so I was always in trouble—André was a Catholic and I wasn't. So when the Catholic priest was calling on us, I was always worried for fear the Protestant would come, too. Sometimes I wished this would happen. Perhaps I could have reconciled them!

The chemist and his wife, the Coles, Americans, were delightful people, and we four had many pleasant times together. Our little cottage was sort of hung on the hillside, overlooking one of the most beautiful bays in the world. It was somewhat primitive, but there was a bathroom connected with it by a covered archway. When André returned from work, he always came to the bathroom first, walking through sterilized sawdust, at the entrance; then he shed all his working clothes in a tub of steaming water, and had a bath and fresh things before he came into the living room. As a precautionary measure it may have been of value. At least, we never got leprosy! He had to put up the plant with leper labor, which was always alarming to me.

There was one white leper there, poor soul. He had been a soldier in the Spanish-American war and had stayed on some years after the war was over. When he returned to the United States, he settled down to a job, and became engaged to a nice girl. But he was troubled about a "dead" spot on his face, and he went to a doctor, who sent him to another. It took the eighth one to tell him he had leprosy. He chose to return to the Philippines, where he had acquired the disease, and was sent to Culion. He was still active, and had a job in the light plant. He lived in a little cottage with a leper boy as servant. He even had a little car, and a big police dog, Mafia. I often went to talk with him outside his little cottage, and he told me much of his life. He had what was known as "lion face" leprosy, with the nodules of his face greatly enlarged; his ears were badly deformed with the disease, and his eyes were fast becoming grown over.

I had the greatest sympathy for him, but he had a not too difficult life, a pension, a salary and the treatment of the best leprologists available.

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His hands were badly eaten away and he wore huge gloves with inner linings of dressings. I remember weeping bitterly one day when he showed me a diamond ring he had bought and was wearing on his poor leprosy-eaten finger.

There was a highly romanticized version of his life published shortly before he died, called, *We Walk Alone.*

I sometimes went to the colony to take magazines and delicacies. The most pitiful sight of all was the convent where the nuns kept the children born to leper parents. To see the parents on one side of a barrier, looking with longing eyes at their own children was almost more than one could bear. But if children could be taken from their parents at a very early age—before they were three months old—the chances of getting the disease were remote. It is a slow disease, contracted through long, constant, close contact, they told me.

One of the saddest stories down there was that of a young man who was the bookkeeper of the light plant. He lived outside the colony with his two children, and his wife was inside—a leper. He had been a small boy in one of the more remote provinces when the Government ship collecting lepers came into port. He was taken along, chiefly because he had open sores on his legs, and was brought up in the colony, eventually marrying a leper girl. In trying some of the later method tests on him, it was discovered that he had never been a leper, that his sores had only been the not uncommon tropical ulcers. It was too late for him to go out, to make another life for himself, so he took his little children from the sisters who kept them, and moved into a little cottage outside the leper gates. He sees his wife occasionally. I often think of that tragedy. But, then, any leper is a tragedy.

The Japanese were deathly afraid of lepers, and so more or less left the island alone during the war. But they left it alone without food and the lepers starved to death, for the island is not self-supporting and was dependent on food sent in.

We really had quite an agreeable life there. The men amused themselves wild-pig hunting—the interior of the island was about fourteen miles in, with a fairly good road leading through the *cogan* grass. It was virgin forest and swamp, so I stayed on the edge, and hunted orchids while the

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wire-haired terrier (oh, yes, he had gone with us on all our travels) would bark himself hoarse at the hundreds of monkeys who would hang out of the tree branches and curse us roundly. Sometimes we would take the motorboat and visit the neighboring islands of Buswanga and Coron, or go hunting on what I called Pigeon Island, for it had millions of wild pigeons. Many the recipe we tried on the wild pigeons to make them taste like squab!

For food was somewhat difficult. We ate nothing that was grown on the island, and the boats from Manila were few and far between. From neighboring Buswanga we got fresh meat about once a week, and the fishing in the bay was good. But it wasn't what we liked to eat, always, and maybe that made us food conscious.

Eventually the plant was finished, so that there could be twenty-four-hour electric service there, and we went to Manila to decide our future. André could stay in the Islands with a firm of engineers, or we could go back to France, I wanted to do that, but he thought of Mexico. Really the whole world lay before us.

And then we got into the restaurant business! The whole venture was whipped up over a couple of Dubonnets. We met some French people who deplored the dearth of good eating places in Manila, how nice it would be to have a French restaurant, etc., etc. The gentleman who started this conversation really knew the restaurant business; he had been brought up in it, so it didn't seem too illogical an idea.

I'd just had a small dividend, which took care of the financing. André had been brought up in a family who were gourmets; food and the proper wines were about the most important things in the world to them. So we rented an old Spanish house, a lovely place, imported a French chef, and *voilà!* we were off to a most amusing and amazing existence.

I knew a lot of the right people in Manila, as I had been there in my China days; so there we were, complete with patrons even.

It started off very well under the direction of Martin, our partner. But unfortunately he was called back to France within a month after we opened the doors, leaving André and me with something on our hands about which we had little

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business knowledge. However, André was a fanatic on the subject of good food and wine, I liked to eat and drink well myself, and the chef was splendid. And we did know enough to realize that the cost price of a *filet mignon* and the asking price on the menu must have a big enough difference to pay expenses and a little left over.

Our *modus operandi* was somewhat unorthodox. We considered everyone as friends, and it actually was painful to see people handed the bills. We probably bought drinks for as many people as paid for them, we never sent the *addition* to the table until the diners screamed for the bill, we sent out no collectors. In the words of one of our friends, and severest critic, we ran the place like a blankety-blank house-party. But it was a huge success.

André was French, and only French methods could be right. He insulted a good many people who wanted to eat their salad *with* their dinner instead of as a separate course. (I say WANTED to, for they never succeeded!) He heckled people who wanted ice in their red wine; he practically tossed out on the ear one of the Powers that Be of the United States Government when he said the Burgundy he had ordered was flat. It was our best Pommard, not even on the wine list so precious it was, and had only been served because the P.T.B. had asked for our "very best special Burgundy." My tactful [*sic*] husband told him, when he complained the wine was flat, that if he wanted Sparkling Burgundy, he should have asked for it, that he personally, Savary, considered Sparkling Burgundy unfit to drink, that the French only made it to please the German taste and some few misguided Americans, that we had it but it should be ordered as such. The natural sequence of such an outburst should have been a complete boycott of the French restaurant by the poor gentleman, but *au contraire* he loved it! Incidentally, I unostentatiously had a bottle of the sparkling iced for him, and used the flat in the *coq au vin rouge* the next day.

The eccentricities of the French, and of my husband in particular, having cropped up at this point, reminds me of another case, when a young Britisher, obviously wishing to impress his dinner guests, said: "I say, Savary, haven't you any better brandy than this?" indicating the Hennessy, Pedro

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Domecq, and Martel he was being offered. Says Savary, "*Bien sûr,* we have better, but it is of no point to get it out for you, you would not appreciate it." And we had cases of Courvoisier, Napoleon and Carlos Primero at three pesos a drink! What a businessman! It took a surreptitious trip by me to the liqueur cabinet to get the poor lad his good brandy. Incidentally, he and his party drank nearly a hundred pesos' worth of it, twirled about in my lovely balloon brandy glasses. Obviously I was the *commerçante* of the family. On another occasion I thought Savary was going to challenge an innocent young American lad to a duel because the I.Y.A.L. asked for peanut butter! No, for Savary the customer was definitely NOT always right!

We gradually built up a place that was unique, both in the food served and in the atmosphere. But it wasn't easy for either of us; finances weren't always what we wanted, for every bit of profit we put back in the business.

But the dining-out Manila learned to eat kidneys in red wine, tripes *à la mode de Caen, escargots* (snails) and many of the dishes that graced the famous restaurants of Paris. What that chef could do with lobsters and prawns! The bouillabaisse he used to produce on Friday nights! It was a real French restaurant, halfway round the world from its namesake.

Manila is the crossroads of the Orient—a delightful city it was in those days. Everyone was comparatively well-to-do, everyone had fun, parties were the order of the day, golf, bridge, swimming. And the little French restaurant took its place among *the* places to go and enjoy oneself.

We both worked hard and we were both proud of what we accomplished, in different ways. The efforts we made were well rewarded.

Our chef was a genial soul who loved to show off his handiwork. He spoke little English and how he managed to get along with the Filipino staff was a mystery; but he did, and taught them all how to cook and serve in the proper French manner.

Like everyone else in the Philippines, about that time, I had played the gold stock market a bit, and with my small

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winnings, I felt I had earned a vacation on my own merits. Naturally, I went to Paris, the long way around, via Suez.

Paris was lovely that spring, as always, but people were uneasy, unhappy, and fearful. War was in the air, in the minds of everyone.

I arrived in New York not long before the outbreak of the European war. André cabled that he was called to his regiment in Indo-China and that I had better hurry back, if the little French restaurant was to go on. And so I did come back, in November, 1939.

Manila is at its best, the fall of the year. Cool, no rains worth mentioning, the social season at its height, gay parties, polo games, swimming, golf, the town full of Army and Navy —that was Manila in 1939. War with Japan? Probable, but not too soon. There were so many schools of thought about war that fall that I, having just passed through a war-frenzied Europe and an excited Washington, didn't express myself too much. I even became a convert to the popular theory that Japan wouldn't do any attacking of the Philippines because she could just walk into them in 1946 when Philippine independence would become effective. A most fallacious theory, even then; but it was highly thought of because that is what we wanted to believe.

1940 and 1941 were also pleasant years. The little French restaurant which we had started in complete ignorance and supreme confidence in 1932 was a highly successful venture. The smart red cocktail lounge at six o'clock looked like the social register of the whole Orient in person. The restaurant itself was a tropical copy of a small French restaurant in Paris, with banquettes against the walls which were covered with French menus and old prints of France collected in our travels. A huge old-fashioned Provençal sideboard took up one side, its shelves filled with odd bits of carvings, silver pieces, and porcelains—including the famous purple cow which was taken more times from the restaurant than any other single thing, but which was always returned.

May I diverge to say that like all restaurateurs, souvenir hunters are a sore subject with me. For instance, I never dared put my imported pepper grinders on the table unless

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I was sure of the guests, always remembering the time when five were stolen at one dinner! But that's another story.

The open-air terrace dining room overlooking the bay and Dewey Boulevard was a delightful place. From that terrace one could view the most beautiful sunsets in the world, the tropic sun dropping behind the hills of Maraveles with such splendor of color one could never tire of them.

The restaurant, as I said, was in an old-fashioned Spanish house. Upstairs we had our apartment, and there were a dozen or so other rooms. We allowed a chosen few to stay with us as "paying guests"—mostly young bachelors, and especially picked ones. To say one lived at the French restaurant was a mark of distinction, and I am sure that all the "inmates"—as I called our guests—had a good deal of fun. One kind (or unkind) soul said about us that, while one didn't have to be entirely crazy to live at the French restaurant, it certainly was a great help.

Life as manager-owner of a French restaurant was most exciting. The French chef actually concocted the fine dishes that appeared on the menus, but I seemed to do most everything else after André roared off to the wars in Indo-China. The staff was excellent, I thought. I trained them myself and years of service seem second nature to them. The bad habit of Oriental waiters of grabbing the diner's plate the instant his face is turned in politeness to his dinner partner, was taboo with us. No plate-snatching until everyone had finished the same course, no winding up with one's coffee while the next diner down was still picking at the fish.

I did the marketing, arising at five-thirty each morning, to get the best at the markets—the freshest shrimps, prawns, fish and frogs' legs. I did the advertising, both newspaper and radio. I had a five-minute program every other day, sort of an impromptu gabble of things that interested me, linked with the food of the day. I was actually my own maître d'hôtel, in a way, although Leopoldo really held that title. For in so small and intimate a place, the patrons were more or less my friends and their friends were patrons, and if I wasn't around they felt aggrieved. Part of dining at the French restaurant included my personal greeting and usu-

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ally an exchange of drinks. I wonder I am not a dipsomaniac, but I'm not—not yet!

This wasn't exactly a peaceful existence for a woman in the tropics, but I loved it.

Manila was the oasis of the Orient—not war-torn like China, nor under constant police surveillance as was Japan for so many years. The Filipinos are easygoing, amiable people; they lived quite comfortably in their way, taking care of their poor in the old *pariente* system—anyone in the family having a job or money aided those who didn't.

The white people were all well-to-do. For to come to the Philippines for a big company meant a larger salary and more prerequisites than would ordinarily accompany the same sort of situation in the United States. Everyone lived in comfort with a staff of servants: the clubs, the air-cooled cinemas, the hotels, and the French restaurant offered relaxation and amusement. There were several night clubs, *jai alai,* and some private gambling places about town, to offer a gayer touch. It was a lovely town, our Manila.

And so, through this I-I past but personal history, we arrive at the fateful December, 1941. The Japanese emissary, Saburo Kurusu, had just gone through Manila in November, and had been formally entertained by the United States High Commissioner. He was in Washington in conference with the Great Ones there, and Army and Navy officers in Manila were saying that if the conference did not produce results, April would see us at war; April would be the big moment, and if it were April, we could push Japan into her Inland Sea for all time. But it wasn't April. They didn't wait.

All that fall of 1941, before the terrace dining room on the boulevard passed swarms of ambulating armament, men were arriving in ever-increasing numbers, planes were being shipped in in crates or flown in. But it wasn't enough. They, the little yellow boys, had their own date and it wasn't April.

André was gone. He had been working with the Free French after the fall of France, and had now gone to join the headquarters in London. I had a cable from him early in December, saying he was being sent somewhere, but the censors cut that, so I did not know just where, and I was deeply anxious about him.

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People were uneasy. Social life was as gay as ever; but the Navy and Army ordered all wives home early that summer, and some civilians felt that they should get their families away from the danger zone. My own nephew, Edgar, insisted that his wife, Marian, leave for home. He prophesied the beginning of the war almost to the day, and made her go, protesting to the last minute as the ship pulled away from the pier.

Classes were formed for bandage rolling, classes for using native products in case of blockade (no one dared say *occupation*). Practice blackouts were held, and still we all hoped against hope that the conferences in Washington would work out something for the mutual good.

On the night of December 7—which would be the 6th in the United States, on account of our international date line —I had guests of my own to dinner. A young British couple, a naval officer whose promotion to admiral we were celebrating, and one or two others. We dined and wined well. I left the restaurant in charge of the maître d'hôtel and we all went to jai alai, a great weakness of mine. Then on to a night club, the Manila Hotel, and finally to an all-night gambling establishment, where champagne flowed freely—and for free—and we played roulette madly for small stakes. The dawn was breaking as they brought me home to the restaurant, and the admiral said, "Kids, that's the last fun we'll have together for a long, long time." We have never seen him since.

It was too late to go to bed for I had to go to market at five, so I showered and changed my evening clothes for a gingham dress, and went downstairs to the restaurant. It was December 8. Nick, my house boy, brought me a cup of coffee with the morning *Bulletin*. The headlines were:

PEARL HARBOR BOMBED

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Chapter 2

MY DIARY WASN'T A VERY WELL-KEPT ONE, BUT I USUALLY GOT important events in there, somehow. In looking over my diary of December, 1941, I find this entry.

> *December 16, 1941*—Here we are, well into the second week of our war. It seems years, but it's exactly a week ago yesterday since Nick handed me that paper, adding his two bits to the headlines: "Good morning, ma'am," said he cheerfully, "Honolulu's bombed. What'll we do now?"
>
> We went to market, first. War or no war, we have to eat. I bought everything in large quantities. Nobody can know what'll happen. That first morning they bombed Baguio—and, ironically enough, many of my friends are up there, thinking it would be safer! That whole dreadful morning seems like a nightmare. Rumors flew thick and fast as to what was happening. Baguio was hit early in the morning, and Clark Field was next. Rumor has it that all the planes were destroyed on the ground. Seems nobody could decide what to do, and with so many conflicting orders, the Japs got them all—on the ground.
>
> My household was off in a dither of preparation, of daylight saving, blackouts, food storing, rumors, gossip, etc. Running a smart French restaurant for a rather particular clientele has always been fun; but something seems to tell me it's going to be less and less fun, although so far this hectic week I've done pretty well to keep an organization together, keep the staff from being too scared, and still serve frogs' legs, kidneys in wine, and even onion soup. The favorite dessert, crepes su-

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zette, we've had to omit from the menu because the flaming brandy shows through the blackout curtains.

Who said something about not being able to see the forest for the trees? That's me. I can't say much about the war because I am too busy worrying about food, light, daily bombings, because they interfere with the service, not because I'm afraid I'll be hit. And always the damn blackouts. This big old tropical house isn't easy to black out, what with so much open space, only shell windows, iron grills, etc., between us and the open air. The whole front dining room has only one wall, the rest is iron grills that roll back during the day, with canvas curtains to keep out the rain and which aren't light-proof. But the American boys patrolling in front of our area are sweet lads; they always warn me if the light trickles through the black curtains I put up—more than a hundred yards of black Indian head in them.

I haven't time to do canteen work or roll bandages, so I have a private canteen for the lads. When they go on duty they get coffee and pastry here, and when they finish duty I hand them out something a bit stronger. Both seem to be appreciated, bless them.

From this it would seem that I wasn't taking the war seriously enough. I felt, as did many other people who perhaps should have known better, that it would be only a short while until the American Navy simply wiped Japan off the face of the Pacific and life would go on.

I well remember the moment of my disillusionment. A man of whom I was fond, and whose mind I respected, returned from the United States on December 4th, fully outfitted with beautiful clothes, he being a man of elegance and taste. About the middle of December, a day or so after the above diary entry, he asked me if I wanted to go downtown shopping with him; he was going to order some clothes. I was astounded.

"Why should you buy clothes?" said I. "You've just got back with all those trunks of things!"

"My dear young woman," said he, "if you'd stop long enough to think—if your incurably optimistic mental processes can be called thinking—you would realize that we will all be in concentration camps within a month. I am going to

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buy khaki clothes to wear therein, and I advise you to get some sensible clothes, and certainly some sensible shoes." Fancy shoes were my weakness, and my sensible ones were for market use only.

When he ordered six suits of khaki clothes to wear in a concentration camp, I was tempted to turn him in to G-2 as a defeatist. He was wrong in his prognostication. The gates of the concentration camps opened up and swallowed him in less than three weeks.

This action was my first actual realization that the United States of America, the greatest country on earth, might be, could possibly be, beaten. And by the Japanese! It was a bitter moment. My realization of the hopelessness of the situation was further strengthened by an engineer who was in charge of tunnel modernization work in Corregidor. Jack was living in the house, getting together supplies to take to Corregidor. I asked him one day:

"Jack, what chance have we? How long could Corregidor stand?"

He swore heartily.

"Gladys, we haven't a Chinaman's chance. Corregidor couldn't last two months under these beatings."

Those daily bombings were something—almost always at noon. The outskirts of the city had been hit and many of my friends had moved into town to stay at the hotels. No one kept the public advised as to what to do. The Government [American] kept saying, "Carry on as usual." There was a "Committee" of Americans who were supposed to be doing some planning; but little of it got to the ordinary people, who were completely in the dark. About all I could do was to keep on going—feeding and amusing the frightened patrons who swarmed the place.

The hush-hush attitude of both governments, the United States and the Philippines, annoyed me. It would seem that since we had to stand whatever was before us, we should be told whatever there was to tell. But that's the way the Powers that Be acted—by "Powers that Be" I mean the High Commissioner of the United States, his staff, and wife and family, the Philippine President and his family and staff, and the generals of both armies, American and Philippine.

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I find an excerpt in the December diary that mentions this:

December 26, 1941—Well, the Powers that Be have gone—sort of sneaked out quietly. The girls from the High Commissioner's office came over the day before they left to tell me good-bye. Janet and Annabelle are to go with the High Commissioner's staff. Helen has chosen to stay with her parents. Elise is to be left behind, since she has only been in the office a few weeks. They had been forbidden to tell anyone that the flight was on—I can't use that word "hegira," can I?—But feminine friendships transcend masculine orders, thank Heaven. Rumor has it that the Japanese are negotiating with the Filipinos for the surrender of Manila. In the meantime, the pub business flourishes.

Sunday, December 28, 1941—A fine diary this is. I must think I'm a Shirer, only different. I was one of those who thought it couldn't happen here—that the Japs would wait until the Philippine independence to walk in, that the Japs needed our trade and friendship. But here we are, with the Japs at our gates, our troops trapped in Bataan, with the Armies to the south falling back there. Daily bombings, and a sad sight it is, too. Great plane formations overhead with never so much as a popgun to fire back at them. It is heartbreaking.

I am so light-minded that I have to laugh sometimes at all this. Everybody is spy-conscious. And with reason, for many of the poor Jewish refugees in the Philippines turned out to be pretty hot Hitlerites. Most of the Germans and Japs are in jail now, but it won't be long. I say jail—they are actually in very comfortable quarters and are being very well taken care of.

The other night two American Navy lieutenants rushed into the restaurant, brushing me aside brusquely. I wanted to know what they were after, but they leapt up the stairs to the third floor, flung open the door of my nephew's apartment, where he and Jack and another engineer were squatting on the floor in complete darkness, listening to a short-wave radio.

"What goes on here?" said one of the officers. "You are signaling with a flashlight. You are under arrest.

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Don't think we can't read the Morse code . . ." And so on, in most abusive fashion.

The lights were out in the apartment, curtains drawn, and there were no flashlights. Suddenly I realized what they had seen. Jack was smoking a cigar, sort of chewing on it, and the speck of light must have been seen from the outside! Morse code, indeed! Everybody laughed except the Navy lads.

Business as usual seems to be my motto, and booming it is. I went to a Christmas-morning party with the same people I've celebrated the holidays with for many years. Eggnog in Peg's inimitable fashion, rudely interrupted by the bombing. Who said "open city"? Their shelter was beneath the stairs and seemed a trifle cramped for my long legs, so I sat on the terrace and had more eggnog, listening to and watching the planes bomb Nichols Airfield once more.

The eggnog party moved over to the restaurant for dinner. We had all the trimmings; turkey, tree, presents, everything as on other years; only the conversation had a new note. That day it was all about the "Royal Family" (meaning the High Commissioner and his staff) running out surreptitiously to Corregidor. I'm faintly of the opinion we haven't the right to criticize too much, for if the open city idea had been followed out, it was essential to get important government officials away, and so leave no basis of military operations from a *soi-disant* open city. Their manner of going was not regarded too pleasantly, and the criticism at the party that day was pretty severe. Everyone felt very badly let down.

December 29, 1941—The open city idea isn't working. We sat yesterday under three hours and twenty minutes of constant bombing, formations of nine planes being always in the air. It took well-nigh a hundred shots to sink one freighter in the bay; two boats they attacked repeatedly they never did sink. They polished off a church while aiming at the bridge, and did a tremendous amount of property damage, even though the army matériel has all been moved out or destroyed. It's enraging, maddening, to see and hear them circle the city to get in the choicest position to bomb, and we sit like

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clay-pigeon targets below, completely helpless, with not one answering gun. Open city! Nip ideas make funny. No?

Everybody has his own ideas of fun. Yesterday during the raid I had insisted that the Filipino staff sit inside the ring of sandbags we had put around the wainscoting of the middle dining room. They won't stay quiet unless I do. The raid, a heavy one, had begun just before noon, and nearly everyone in the cocktail lounge had fled to the very good shelter across the street in the Bay View Hotel; I dislike closed-up places, so I never bother to go over there. I think the sandbags are about as much protection as any bomb shelter and not so smelly. I thought I'd be cautious yesterday. The bombs were falling very close. The Filipino boys were squatting on the floor, and I was lying on the floor with an old whodunit story, a powder puff between my teeth for concussions, and a bottle of San Miguel beer beside me. Some wag of a customer who had chosen to stay with his lunch was sitting on the floor eating, back to the sandbags. He took a candid camera shot of me in that pose. I'm not awfully photogenic in any pose but that will be terrific. I'll have to keep him in onion soup for the duration, as he'll probably blackmail me.

And so to bed, weary but unbowed. Fires are still raging, but the casualties were only about fifty.

In rereading my diary I am forced to concur in the general opinion of one G. Savary: She's incurably light-minded. (N.B., Light-minded, not WEAK-minded.) The whole diary seems to be yowling about problems of transportation, blackouts, air raids at mealtime, officers who cannot hold their liquor—and not much about the seriousness of war, the advances of the enemy, and strangely enough, very little about the actual departure of the Army.

But I remember, without aid of diary, how bitter a pill that was to swallow—our Army pulling out. To see them go, was unbearable! And harder still to bear was parting with old friends who had volunteered for service in the Army, knowing when they did so that it was well-nigh useless. I helped the boys who lived in my house—including my own nephew—pack their belongings, wrote down their last-minute

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instructions, waved them good-bye after a last drink together, knowing full well that I might never see any of them again.

Some of them are dead, many were captured after the fall of Bataan, to spend those dreary years in prison camps. Many were lost on ships taking them to Japan, bombed by our own people, because the ships were unmarked. Their going those last December days seemed to put the seal on our fate. We were doomed.

One amusing incident I recorded in my diary. Jack had gone to Corregidor and each morning he phoned me, with messages for various people. One day he asked me to buy fresh vegetables for the engineers' mess in Corregidor and send it over on the daily boat. I did so, bought great baskets of all the green things I could find in the market, taking them to the launch at the dock. I was told it could not go on that morning's boat, as the Government staff in Corregidor were having another car and some extra trunks containing solid silver, sent over! I am sure one could have heard me scream clear to Corregidor, so furious was I—another car, more silver, when the men who were working against time to strengthen the tunnels needed green food! I might add, my baskets of green vegetables went. Probably the extra car did, too, but that was not my problem.

Those last days—those tragic last days. I tried to make preparations for the days to come. I bought food, especially rice, in enormous quantities. The burning quartermaster stores furnished loot that was sold on the streets. I bought everything I could. Flour was scarce, but my grocer put twenty sacks away for me. Whatever came, we had to eat—everyone had to eat.

New Year's Eve was tragic. People gathered at the restaurant to be cheered up a bit, rumors were rife, the Japs were at the gates. I opened up the last of the imported *pâté de foie gras*, and champagne. Some of us went to the hotel as had always been the custom in other, happier years, and I cried in my champagne glass,

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Chapter 3

I STARTED OFF WITH GOOD NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS. I WOULD keep up the diary. The first entry ran as follows:

> *January 1, 1942*—A fine New Year's Day—with a faint tinge of hangover and the Japs, like Sheridan, only twenty miles away—more or less. Mostly less. I understand they are doing an *Alphonse et Gaston* act—can't decide which general should have the honor of capturing us. With all our anxiety I had to laugh at this morning's *Bulletin* headlines:
>
> NORTH AND SOUTH USAFFE LINES UNITED
>
> Sounded almost good, except that it actually means the southern line has been rushed to Bataan, leaving the south entrance to Manila wide open.
>
> I whipped up a brew of eggnog this morning early. Might as well carry on. That's what the "Royal Family" told us to do before they fled. About noon I went up to Hi's apartment where some of the old guard had gathered. We had champagne and Sparkling Burgundy and from the penthouse terrace watched the harbor patrol blow up the private yachts anchored off the Yacht Club.
>
> Rumor surpassing rumor right now. This afternoon I was told to destroy all my liquor, that the clubs and hotels were all doing it, and that I would be jeopardizing the life, liberty and virtue and what have you of all Manila by not so doing. That the little yellow rascals would drink liquor, murder, rape and ruin and rob us all—probably in reverse order. I seem to have mixed the sequence. In other words, it would be a repetition of

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Nanking. And so I did—poured down the drains thousands of pesos of vintage wines and whiskies. I kept out a little for private use, however, and sent some Burgundy to the house of a Swedish friend who is sure to be safe, as he is acting consul for Sweden.

The quartermaster and customs buildings have been bombed many times and are now on fire. The enormous quantities of supplies of every imaginable sort are strewn in the open. Evidently more or less official permission has been given to go in and help oneself, for the public is having a fine time taking stuff away. I drove by there this afternoon. It is a horrible sight, and I foresee much trouble if the Filipinos get a taste for wholesale looting, for that is what this all is. I bought from a lad in the street twelve needle-point chair backs for ₱1.50, evidently from a stock on a ship which has been blown up, but no wool to work them; otherwise I'd have my concentration camp work all ready, whipping up covers for a future dining-room set.

Today I picked up the first leaflet I have actually seen dropped by Japanese planes, although there have been many. It was simply a picture of a dreadful old man, evidently representing Fate, with a huge scythe, and the caption in English was "Destiny."

I am exhausted. I don't know why I continue to write this. Pepys wasn't much more prolific than I! The blazing oil dumps of Pandacan are burning, so that the fuel will not fall into Japanese hands. That conflagration, together with the burning piers, is lighting the sky so that it now seems bright daylight. People cannot go to bed. The group still left in my house are huddled in the cocktail lounge, waiting, waiting. I hope the Japanese wait until morning. I understand they are still quarreling as to which army comes in first, north or south.

January 2, 1942—I went to market this morning and stocked up with all sorts of things. Prices have gone up dreadfully. It is now eight in the morning and we are still unoccupied. The streets are nearly deserted, people are huddled in frightened groups, fires raging all about the city—and always rumors, rumors. The rumor that the hospital ship with all the wounded got away seems fairly true. The rumor that the "Royal Family" was

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picked up by the hospital ship leaves me indifferent. There's a vast deal of griping about their leaving, deserting the ship, as most people say. I don't see any reason against their leaving. Why have the heads of governments locked up! Only makes for more loss of face for the white people—if any more such loss be possible. I do resent *the manner* of their going. Sneaky, I call it.

Eleven in the morning. A car has just passed the door with a loud-speaker shouting, "Everyone go to their own homes and remain there quietly." So I sent the staff to their homes as I did not want any harm to come to them. They did not want to go. They are a good bunch and have been wonderful. They had started lunch and I can finish it for the people who live in the house and for those who dare venture forth.

Four-thirty in the afternoon. We lunched, some thirty of us, *en buffet.* I put the pot of soup on the table and a girl friend ladled it out. Then we had cold cuts, including some of the New Year's cold turkey, roast ham and beef, and a big bowl of mixed salad and some hot stewed corn. Poor Savary, how he would curse if he saw *that!* He always said corn was fit *"seulement pour les cochons."* We finished off with French pastry, and fruit, and plenty of coffee.

The president of the Chartered Bank and the number two of the same establishment had lunched here and they washed the dishes while I kneaded the bread which the chef had started. I hadn't made bread for many years and those loaves look odd to me. There's dough on my elbows still! I put a leg of lamb in the oven and there are small new potatoes prepared so we can eat tonight if we have the chance. Oh, dear! The lights just went off. That is a tragedy.

Five-thirty. Some friends just came in to say that a big bodega—Smith Bell's—is burning in the vicinity of the light plant, so they pulled the plant switches for the moment. Guess the lights will be all right. They wanted me to join them at the Bay View Hotel. I am so alone! But guess I'd better stay on the job. I have a responsibility towards the people living in the house. I did send a bag over with some Scotch whisky in it and a few toilet things in case I had to run. This is a wooden building.

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Midnight. *We are occupied.* We had a hurried supper by daylight. A few of the staff had sneaked back and served us. There were more than forty of us. The hotel opposite is in a state of chaos—so many people crowded in there for shelter and the kitchens not functioning very well, naturally. Many of those people came over to eat, others sent for snacks and sandwiches—it's a good thing I went to market this morning. I did go across to the hotel about six-thirty, but some instinct sent me flying back home before I even tasted the drink set before me. I came in my own front door just as the loudspeakers warned again to stay at home. A little later the advance Japanese guard came to the Bay View Hotel, led, I regret to say, by the son of the vice-president of the Philippines.

It was a horrid sight, seeing those cars and motorcycles racing down the boulevard. I suppose the main column has gone down Taft Avenue. I am weary and heartsick—our town, our lovely town, in the hands of vandals! What will they do to us? I can hear bombing and gunfire. Suppose Mariveles on the Bataan Peninsula is taking it—our troops are concentrated there.

I'm afraid to go to bed. Suppose I'd better.

January 3, 1942—I didn't go to bed. Mr. P——, an oil man caught here en route to India, has been staying in the house. He was in the Bay View bar when the Japs came in, but somehow he sneaked out and came back here. I got out a bottle of the Scotch I had saved from the breakage and some ice, and we sat in a window overlooking the hotel and watched the performance most of the night. A stage set for tragedy: The Fall of Manila. The Japanese milled around all night, threw a guard around the hotel and got some sort of a patrol shuffling around the streets. That's a ghastly sound. They drag their feet as if their shoes were unmanageable—as I fancy they are. I never saw any shoes on anyone in Japan. No one bothered us, thank goodness. I didn't turn the lights on and we all kept very quiet indeed. Mr. P. and I, in spite of the tragic aspects of the situation, got some really good laughs. They look so apish, and they are so little. They "confiscated" cars all night, getting the keys from owners in the hotel whenever possible. Others they just started as best they could.

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Mine's in the garage in the next block. Suppose they have it by now. They are obviously dreadful drivers. The sound of stripped gears, backfiring and crashing was most appalling. Any number of horns got stuck—to add to the general bedlam. If I ever get another car it'll be a Cadillac (Cadillac, please mail check for the plug). The little yellow lads tried all night to start one parked in front of the house. It had some sort of fancy lock on it to prevent easy opening. The Japs are still working at it.

In spite of the occupation, we have to eat. The freezers have plenty of meat in them—thank goodness; the electric current came back on last night—so we did right well this noon: *Veau Marengo* in red wine, a bowl of salad, and the cook even made cake and ice cream—my theory being it's better to keep the staff occupied. Most of them came back today.

The temptation to telephone around is irresistible—it's probably dumb to do it, though. However, judging from the manner in which they are milling around this neighborhood, they aren't well enough organized yet to get any phone tapping under way. I shouldn't care to be shot, however. And this house is wide open tropic style, only iron bars and canvas drops and a few shell windows between them and me! Everyone I have talked to has a different idea. I'm too bewildered to have any theory as to what they will do. They'll do it quickly enough, anyhow.

The guard has been doubled in front of the hotel and there is a sizable patrol in front of the University Club, on the corner. I seem to be under that guard. They stick their heads in here from time to time, gibbering. I'm petrified and can only sort of gibber back. I believe I'm scared, but don't dare admit it.

I just saw two truck-loads of Americans being taken into the hotel; someone said they are from the Y.M.C.A. I just had a phone call from the Manila Hotel saying the Japanese High Command had taken over. The Elks Club and the Army and Navy Club across from my place seem to have troops in them. I can't see any too well and I don't dare go outside to look more closely.

My *lavandera* didn't get here and, of course, the steam laundry service is not functioning. So I'll do some washing to soothe my shattered nerves.

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Middle of the night. I tried to sleep, but no go. I kept peeping out the window at the goings-on of the Japanese, so I might as well be up. I thought the Japs would be in rags and tags, but they are actually quite well uniformed: full panoply of leggings, head riggings like curtains hanging from their caps in the back such as soldiers wear in the desert, and they have good shoes—how those shoes must hurt them, the way they drag their feet. Getting shoes on a barefoot nation must have been a job!

This afternoon they took the Bay View Hotel owners and the staff outside with some of the distinguished guests and photographed them, guarded by the Nips with fixed bayonets. It was so funny, though tragic, I had to giggle at the Japanese—every one of the prisoners looked so calm and correct and the guards were trying so hard to look ferocious. Tokyo will eat that up, damn their eyes! It's awful not having a newspaper, and I'm a trifle hesitant about using the short-wave radio too much. Did hear the United States broadcasting a lot of tripe about paying for their dastardly deeds. Who's paying? We're paying *now*. I'd even welcome a good rumor, but I'd be afraid to open the door to let one in! Guess I'll go back to bed.

January 4, 1942—Jap soldiers came into the kitchen today with an interpreter, wanting to cook their food on our stoves. They are the Bay View Hotel guard and I take it the kitchens there are pretty crowded. I was in no position to say them nay. If what I saw them prepare is the stuff they feed all the troops, it should be a short war if it's true an army fights on its stomach. Funny position at that! All they had was a handful of rice which they carefully washed and cooked, each having his own little black pot. This was topped with a smelly little fish each. They didn't steal anything, strangely enough. The interpreter, a Manila-born Japanese, asked if I could spare some cooked fruit for them and I gave them a gallon-tin of blackberries, which they seemed to relish.

They cleaned out their little black pots, washing out the plates, and left, saying the equivalent of thank you (I suppose). Some of them spoke a few words of Tagalog, and I heard my boys giving them a build-up, saying,

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"Our Missus French, not American. This French restaurant." Evidently my staff thinks it better not to be an American at this moment, a sad commentary on the things that be.

The blackberry investment was wonderful. Spent considerable time behind the Venetian blinds watching the yellow boys frantically dig the seeds out of their gold teeth and bridges. It was funnier than any vaudeville act I have ever seen. They tried everything from the tips of their bayonets to slivers of wood. The whole Bay View Hotel could have escaped while that was going on, for they stacked their weapons and went to it. I laughed like a fool—and in these horrible days maybe a laugh is what I needed. I phoned one of the Bay View people to peek out and enjoy the act. I hope they don't think I gave the soldiers the berries purposely . . . I'll probably be hanged!

They actually did come over and ask me not to feed the soldiers, as it impaired their efficiency!

January 5, 1942—Yesterday was hectic. Tremendous activity. Trucks roaring hither and yon, probably en route to the front which has been established (so someone told me over the phone) on the Bataan Peninsula. Big cars with huge flags rushed about. Speaking of cars, they finally got that Cadillac started after two days of work on it. They drove it around the block, hit a post and it is now lying on its back in front of the University Club, hurray! No collaborationist, that car. Believe the chauffeur was killed. These yellow boys surely can't drive.

Complete blackout last night added to our misery. I have a lantern for every room in the house, so we don't suffer too much. My boys said they heard the blackout was to cover troop movements. Sounds awfully military.

Today the entire staff returned. I sent some of them out shopping for food and essentials. White people are forbidden to go in the streets. There are more than thirty employees and they must be fed as well as the few people in the house. I have an old stray Frenchman here who is giving me much anguish. His ship was blown up in the early part of December and he had no

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place to go and speaks no English. So I took him in. I don't know what will become of all these Filipinos of mine when I get picked up. A good many of my friends have already been taken some place.

For a gal who is supposed to have many friends, I am surely alone—but alone. Everybody has his troubles and I can't ask for help.

The Bay View Hotel is still full of trapped Americans and British. I phoned a friend there and he said he understood all white people were to be taken to a central spot, checked and tagged and released, all except those of military age. I fear that's too good to be true. Anyhow, we are awaiting our turn. In the meantime, I am checking stocks, making menus and lists. I'll let Leopoldo and the cook carry on, for a while at least, after I go.

The first newspaper appeared today under our new "Protectors." It stated we are to use war money put out by the Japanese Military Government, equivalent in value to the peso, and that everyone must use it. All American dollars are to be turned in for exchange. Pesos to be used, and all change given in military money. Trouble's ahead.

It's the little things that are the most dreadful. The garbage and street-cleaning services have been suspended, and this is a tropical city. So I got the staff out in the street in front of the kitchen and we started to burn up the trash and clean up our street. So we look fairly tidy.

I'll bet I'm the only woman in Manila who ever got any work out of a Jap these last days. While we were burning trash and garbage in the street today a Japanese soldier on guard began reproving us. I finally got the idea that he felt we were building our fires too close to a car, and for us to move the pile. So I screamed at him, "Move it yourself, then," and handed him a shovel, motioning toward the bonfire. He was so startled and so accustomed to taking orders, that he actually leaned his gun against the car and shoveled a load. Immediately my boys started roaring with laughter which made the soldier realize what he had done. So he flung the shovel down and shuffled off, muttering, forgetting his gun leaning against the car. Still laughing, one of my boys ran after him to tell him about his gun; they didn't dare

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touch it, of course. It's a wonder he didn't shoot us all, he was so embarrassed.

Rumor has it that some people have been taken to Villamor Hall, others to Rizal Stadium. One load, at least, I heard by the phone, went to Santo Tomas, a huge university on the other side of town. They are all being told to pack food, and clothing, and bedding for three days, whatever that indicates.

This afternoon they moved all the Americans and British into the street in front of the Bay View, and began hauling them away in trucks. They made them stand in the sun from one o'clock on, and I think the first truck moved at two-thirty. I stood in the dining room window of the restaurant, behind the iron grills, watching my friends being taken away. About all I could do was to hand out a few Coca Colas, cigarettes, and ice water, and dig up a few necessities that people had forgotten, such as soap and mosquito nets. It was a heartbreaking sight. They all had as much luggage as they could carry—and more—and most of them had a blanket and pillow. They had some food, but the hotel stocks were low by this time. I handed out a lot of tinned meat to people who had nothing. They looked bewildered and unhappy but no one showed any fear, and many of them joked with each other about the whole situation. The Japanese can't understand that, of course. I was very proud of them, holding up their heads so proudly, ignoring the Japanese as if they were scum. Which they are.

I've been spending most of the time making up packages for the people who live in the house to take with them. There are two young miners, an elderly couple from Baguio who were caught in town here, Mr. P——————, my old Frenchman, and I. We worked systematically, putting in food complete with salt, pepper, bread, butter, tins of meat, vegetables and jam, trying to get the most food value in the least space. I packed several big duffel bags of food extra, thinking I can talk the Japs into letting me take in a lot of foodstuff for the common good, even if I have to give them something, too. We made bundles of dishes, silver, blankets, mosquito nets, pillows, etc. I mistrust this three-day business, though. After all, we kept the Japanese and Germans locked up for quite a time until it

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was evident that we ourselves had lost and the Japs were victorious. I'm afraid. I'll try to take some books in. Put a book in each package.

When they got to my house at six-thirty in the evening, I had fed the family a good dinner. Those poor Bay View people had just been finished. There were many loads of them. I left last-minute instructions with the cook and Leopoldo about carrying on, leaving money, menus, keys, etc. I was taking a good sum of money with me which I hoped I could keep. We waited the end—the coming of the tumbrils, so to speak—aided by a bottle of champagne. Thought we might as well take off in a blaze of glory.

When they arrived I presented my list of *pensionnaires,* together with our papers, to the interpreter and the Japanese officers with him. All of us, except the old Frenchman, were American. The Japanese interpreter, being an old Manila resident—a little photographer in the neighborhood to whom I had sent many customers for passport pictures—knew me and insisted that since André was French, I, of necessity, followed his nationality. I protested this, but they assured me it was only for a few days and I'd be foolish to leave the restaurant to the mercy of possible looters or soldiers— "Although," said the interpreter, "Japanese soldiers are very well disciplined, but they might take food." The officers agreed that I should stay, saying it was "Japanese law that lady take nationality of husband." That's the case in France, too, but I'd always kept an American passport.

How I wish I'd gone, though. What can I do alone—and so alone. My whole future—what's the use of thinking about a future? Guess I have a wonderful future behind me! Will this last long? Something tells me it won't be over for months. If I were the War College, I'd say to H— with the Philippines and win the war in the most expedient fashion.

We haven't much news. They haven't forbidden radios yet but have ordered all antennas removed, which means no short wave, practically. I can get Australia on mine but I am somewhat afraid to monkey with it. The Japanese-edited newspaper is already threatening to shoot ten hostages for every sentry (Japanese) injured, and making "the spreading of rumors

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contrary to the Imperial Japanese Army's well-being" punishable by death. Better keep still!

It is midnight. I shall go to bed with some beer and a book, trusting in my faith in the Great I Am—and I know that's worth trusting.

January 6, 1942—My theory that the greatest evil that ever befell mankind, the most harmful power that exists, is fear turns out to be correct insofar as I am concerned. I was so frightened during the night that my so-called mind dashed about my head like a fire-crazed horse. I went to bed with beer and book last night, and went to sleep eventually. Hours later I was awakened by loud hammering on all three doors, much loud and excited talk. I was paralyzed with fright, but I dashed into a housecoat, roused the old Frenchman from sleep, and the night watchman who was sleeping peacefully, too. We watched quietly from the window the rabble that was trying to break into the house. I dared not show any indication that we had heard, but I slipped into my office and telephoned to the Bay View Hotel asking the Filipino operator to connect me with any Japanese officer who spoke English. He did so and I asked the officer to look into the street and see what was happening, and to protect my house. Shortly after, the wild mob of Japs were taken into custody by the Japanese hotel guard. They were civilian Japanese wearing their internee arm bands and they had obviously decided that my cocktail lounge would furnish them with liquor with which to celebrate the internment of the Americans. I've been scared ever since the beginning but I've never been so frightened in all my life—utter fear is a horrible sensation. I shall never let it get me again, never!

Everybody hasn't been taken yet. The phone has been ringing all day, people waiting for the tumbrils and wanting to know about me. Janson, the Swedish consul, came to see me today and we went to see Mary, who isn't very well. The Japs left her at home when they took Fred, she was so ill. Fred weighs about two hundred and forty pounds and today I heard he got noble and gave his mattress to a lady (we hope) in Santo Tomas that first night. Now he claims he is first cousin to a waffle iron. Mary is wonderful, keeps up her spirits and shows no sign of fear. Her servants are standing by. She thinks

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this is only for registration but I am not so sure. After all, we locked the Japs up.

January 8, 1942—It seems to be more than just registration. Everyone, practically, has been put in Santo Tomas, a huge university with acres of garden space. Nothing is very well organized yet, but people are in amazingly good spirits, which must annoy the Japanese no end. I went over there with the Swedish consul today. He still has a car, being a neutral. We stood outside the fence, getting instructions from people through the fence as to what they needed and what to do for them. A screaming, milling mob, and a most humiliating sight. To think those little yellow boys could do that to us! Beds, mosquito nets, and food seem to be the prime necessities. Also clothing, as most of them had taken the order literally to pack for three days. I told my friends I was going to give myself up and come into camp. Everybody screamed and insisted that someone had to stay out to take care of those inside who needed help. So I shall stay out for the moment. Suppose I can go in any time.

Janson, the Swedish consul, brought me home and we had a bit of dinner. I was so lonely, and bewildered, and so very scared that he suggested I come up and sleep in his apartment. His house had been bombed, his wife and children were in Baguio and he had moved into Hi's apartment temporarily, thus protecting Hi's belongings. I told him he'd never made such a suggestion to any woman that was accepted with the alacrity with which I leapt at his invitation. And so I went. We are both worried terribly. He has had no word of Dorothy, his wife, and the children. So many people fled there for safety, but there is no safety anywhere. I'll bet Hi raises hell when he finds out the Swede and I drank his Armagnac—and he locked up in Santo Tomas!

Hi claimed today that he went in there on the *Mayflower*, the very first load to enter. Always the artistocrat!

January 10, 1942—Janson said my standing as French was pretty shaky, as I had worked so hard and for so long on the Free French Committee. So I called up the Vichy French consul and asked him if I really had any right to French immunity. I told him I had an American

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passport. He turned back in the records and found this entry:

> Gladys Savary, nee Gladys Slaughter, born Genoa, Nebraska, America, was registered with the Consulate of France in Manila, Philippines, on April 30, 1931, Book No. 6, Registration 118, as the wife of André Savary, French national, born at Bapaume, Pas de Calais, France.

I asked him for a certified copy of that entry. He said he would issue me a French passport which I refused. So he sent me a copy of this registration with many stamps on it. Hope it works, for everyone seems to feel I should stay out and help from the outside. When I see Santo Tomas it enrages me to see all my friends locked up, helpless, in the hands of our enemy. Someone has to help, so Janson and I seem to be elected. He says we'll be social pariahs when they get out of there and start telling how they suffered, when we were never locked up.

And how they did suffer, too! We never foresaw three years of this and at the end they were starving—those people who went in for three days!

Yesterday I had a frantic telephone call from Mary saying the Japanese were there to take her house. I leapt on my bicycle and rushed up to the house. Her own beautiful home in the suburbs had been bombed very early in the war, around the 9th of December. Sure enough, the Japanese were there. They wanted the place for a newspaper office, giving us two hours to get Mary out. I got permission from them to take her personal belongings and food and we set to work. I got out her luggage and put her boy to work with her to pack what she chose to take. I wanted to get her husband's things and all the tinned food I knew they had bought for the "emergency." I talked the Japanese into letting me use her car and driver to take her to my house, as it is difficult for her to move too much. I paid no attention to her packing and concentrated on my part of the job. When I emerged from the house, stag-

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gering under a duffel bag full of food and two huge suitcases filled with Fred's clothes, I found her already in the car with her bags, a workbasket in her arms and a garbage pail full of toilet paper. But when we got to the restaurant and started to unpack, I found all four of her bags completely empty. Both she and her boy had completely lost their heads and hadn't packed a thing! I was frantic, but persuaded the Swedish consul to go back to the house with me. It was already occupied but they let me take her clothes and some more things of her husband's. The Japs had thoroughly gone over his belongings but evidently decided that everything was too big for them and too small for tents, so they made no fuss about taking it away. I also got what I thought was the sterling silver, but it turned out to be a plated set belonging to Hester, who had formerly occupied the house. Mary may be difficult in any case; but Mary without her own clothing, and only toilet paper between her and a Lady Godiva act, would be extremely difficult. Am I glad I got the clothes!

This diary entry makes me think of a story about Fred's clothes. He sent his chauffeur out to his house one noon while the Japanese were still trying to take Manila in December, 1941, to get some of his clothes which he had left. The boy had a suitcase of things, and a great load of trousers over his arm, when a Jap plane flew low and started strafing. The boy knelt down, trying to use the suitcase and the clothing as a shield—which was successful strategy. He wasn't hurt but the handle of the suitcase was shot off and bullets went through the trousers. So Fred always said he had the zippers shot off his trousers, and when everyone is properly impressed, he adds: "But I wasn't in them!"

The day hasn't been exactly a picnic. I got Mary settled in one room—tragic when I think of her gorgeous home now in ruins. I did some marketing and bartering, did a few boy scout jobs via telephone, assembled the various packages made up from lists I had from Santo Tomas, saw Janson off for Baguio to try to rescue his wife and babies. He was armed with a first-class number, a Jap general's pass with all permissions thereon, the Swedish flag painted on the roof of the car,

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and equipped with edibles and potables. I keep thinking about that flag—maybe the Jap strafing planes can't see it until after they shoot. I am sad and uneasy indeed.

I had a hurry call to go see someone in the hospital. I took a taxicab there which broke down half way (cars protest on this alcohol fuel). So I walked the rest of the way. I saw the poor lad in the hospital, got him what he needed. Returned home and assembled my thousand and one bags and bundles and a big water cooler in another taxi, took two of the boys with me, drove by the ice plant and bought twenty-five kilos of ice for the cooler and started for Santo Tomas. I talked to Fred through the fence, reassured him about Mary, got my lists and instructions for the next day, and went home. There are a few customers about—neutrals, Filipinos and even some Japanese officers. Strangely enough, a couple of them speak beautiful French.

I am not very smart to be out loose. I should be in camp where decisions would be made for me. I wouldn't be working any harder inside. Guess I'm a glutton for punishment.

It's nine o'clock as I write this. I am weary. The dearth of war news is killing me. Rumors are contradictory and so ridiculous; and the only newspaper is Japanese-managed, so what can one believe? That it is going badly in Bataan and Corregidor is apparent. The Jap planes fly over, drop their bomb loads, fly back, refill, and do it all over again. It is sheer murder, not war, what those poor devils are taking.

I listened to London on the short wave. It was very faint and, so far as I could hear, didn't even mention the Philippines. Treasure Island is moaning about the maltreatment of the whites by the Japanese here. Actually, aside from the concentration of all white American and British, there isn't too much evidence of actual mistreatment and brutality in Manila. I hear the yellow boys were pretty dreadful in the provinces, though. The discipline of the troops in Manila seems quite good, much as I hate to say it. But it is disgusting to see them about. Indeed the Japanese is not a pretty race.

January 14, 1942—While I have the energy I want to record yesterday's doings—a most momentous day. We cleared up the cocktail lounge, took out all the broken

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bottles, etc., from the wholesale breaking up of my liquor stock by order of the American Committee. Wish I had it now. I am getting a terrific collection of belongings to keep for people until they are released. I foresee many headaches because of this, but I can't refuse to help.

After cleaning up the house, I started out on Mary's case. Fred seems to think she had better stay out of camp as long as possible because of her condition. She is really sick and it is difficult for her to move about easily. She is quite heavy and is just recovering from a severe heart illness. I cannot bear to think of her standing in line in the camp for food, for the bath, and all that. I asked a Swiss employee of her husband's company to go with me to see what I could do. I had a medical certificate from her family physician, now interned, and a young Japanese had translated it for me into Japanese. I went to several places trying to get her registered without her going personally. Finally I went to Santo Tomas and I talked myself into camp to see the authorities. I found Fred, and it was so wonderful to see him and Hi and Kenneth and talk with them without screaming through the fence at them, as we have been doing this past week. I stated the case to the Japanese in charge of the office, made out the proper forms and, finally, got her a release to my custody. So she seems relatively safe for the moment. She has been so good to me over a long period of years that I am glad I can help a little now, for I fear camp would finish her.

I spent the morning in camp. Saw many of my friends. Poor Marge was sick with a cold, lying on the floor on an air mattress, looking most miserable. The Japs had put the internees in the college classrooms, forty to sixty in a room; cots, mattresses on the floor, luggage, mosquito nets, all jammed in together with a very few inches allotted to each person. It is horrible, really, to think that people like that should be so treated. The bathroom situation alone is appalling. But already they are arranging to build more. I mean the American Committee is doing this. The Japs don't care. They aren't caring much about the physical comfort of people. But the high spirits and morale of the internees annoy the Japs considerably.

A committee of internees has already been formed and

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they are getting order out of chaos. They have started on extra plumbing, arranging for beds and cots to be sent in. The food problem is worse, although the Central Committee seems to be serving food to all from a food line. I think some of the Red Cross stores got in—not many, for the head of the Red Cross didn't use his head any too well.

The stores of Sternberg hospital, most of them, had to be abandoned when the Army took off the 26th of December. I felt the Red Cross should have taken them to a neutral warehouse or made use of them in some way. I went over to Sternberg myself, having heard they were going to sell the stuff—this before we were occupied. I filled the car with usable things—tinned meats, salmon, salt, etc., while a Filipino policeman, who had accompanied me, kept a list of the stuff. I went to the Red Cross woman who was there in uniform, and asked how I could pay for it. She threw a screaming hysterical fit and sobbed, "Take it, take it, we'll be dead before we can use it anyhow." I felt like a thief, and eventually sent most of the stuff, or its equivalent into the Santo Tomas food line.

Most people have food sent in by their friends and servants; but it is so chaotic getting the packages in that the food is not always in good condition when it finally gets into their hands. I took a big thermos jug of chicken fricassee in with me and other food, so my little group ate well today.

The Committee has arranged so that everyone will share in the work. Duties are apportioned to each one. I saw Maisie, the elegant proprietor of the most fashionable dress shop in town. She took time off from her duties to inform me that while I might have heard of a privy chancellor, she herself was the chancellor of all privies. At least one laugh in there!

The women with children have been given a building to themselves, which I can imagine is a step ahead of anything Dante ever whipped up in the way of an inferno.

It's a terrific problem suiting a university to camp needs. Someone told me that the Japs never intended to intern everyone permanently; they had meant to tag

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them all and turn them loose, except for those men within military age, to live in certain restricted areas with Japanese supervision. But the Germans, who had been interned by the Americans in early December, seemed to have talked the Japs into making the internment permanent for the duration. This may or may not be true. The town is so full of rumors that it is completely maddening. But the morale of the camp is of the very highest and the sense of humor is wonderful.

I really had a party this noon! After such a hectic morning. Janson, the Swede, had rescued his American wife and kids from the Baguio concentration camp and just returned today. I asked them to lunch along with a couple of Red Cross workers out of camp on errands, two of the American lads who are running the Bay View Hotel for the Japanese, and a young girl who was married to a Navy officer Thanksgiving Day. She is now out of camp because she is so obviously pregnant that the Japanese permitted her to stay out. All pregnant mothers and mothers with babies under one year have been released. But everyone is roaring with laughter at the seeming speedy results—November to January! Actually, she was secretly married some time ago. All this is vulgar but amusing.

It was quite amusing, the luncheon. We had beer for *apéritifs,* but during the lunch I sprung a bottle of Burgundy on them to celebrate. (Good thing Savary wasn't there. He doesn't approve of Sparkling Burgundy.) The hors d'oeuvres weren't up to the standard of the French restaurant but highly appreciated. Then we had *Boeuf Bourguignon,* vegetables, a salad, and banana cream pie for dessert. Not a truly French lunch but everyone seemed to enjoy it. It was fun, for we really talked of something else beside the war and concentration camps and spoke of books and music, ending up with a wild argument about religion—always a lively controversial topic. Conversation around my table has always been good—some nonsense combined with good sense and intelligent opinions about all. I surely miss my friends, now in camp.

I have all my meals in my own apartment and also all meals for friends. We keep a table set up there, and anytime internees get out of Santo Tomas on a pass, they are welcome here. It's kind of fun, sometimes, when

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we have Japanese officer clients to have Americans upstairs making fun of them.

I close up very early now and am doing quite a lot of reading. My current book is Ybarra's *Young Man of Caracas*. I remember my hectic days in Venezuela. It's an interesting country.

It's now past midnight. I shall read a little more, dress my mangled knee which I skinned falling off the bicycle yesterday. I feel a little sorry for myself for my typhoid-cholera shots are making me sicker and sicker—Japs ordered everyone to be inoculated, fearing some sort of epidemic.

January 15, 1942—The typhoid-cholera-dysentery combination, plus the banged-up knee, plus cats on the roof, made last night definitely not a tranquil one. A masterpiece of understatement. Wish Hi could hear it. He would be proud to hear me speak reservedly. I usually says something like *millions* of people, *thousands* of this or that, *worst* this in the world, etc., and he raises an eyebrow and says: "How many did you say?" And I answer, "Maybe two or three." Can it be I am getting cured of a seemingly incurable habit of exaggeration?

I went to Santo Tomas camp again this morning. It is now much better organized. Instead of handing packages through the fence after you once spot the individuals you want to contact, and shouting like a demon to attract attention, this morning we were told to line up, bow to the Japanese guards, walk through the gate with our bundles, deposit them under the proper letter, walk around a rope barrier, pick up outgoing laundry, containers, etc., and exit. No chance of seeing anyone, except those working on the line. I stood queued-up for an hour and forty minutes, along with two of my boys, all of us well laden. Behind me was a devoted Filipino bearing a huge suitcase for his boss inside. The suitcase had brass corners which contacted my person rather frequently, so in addition to (1) my shots, (2) my skinned knees, I have added (3) a million or so triangular black-and-blue spots on my—shall we say, back?

I "forgot" to walk around the proper rope and found myself back of the *sawali* barricade. So I just mingled with the internees, and the Japs didn't know the dif-

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ference. I had a fine time and stayed for lunch, sharing the food I had brought into the line for my friends. I saw many people and brought out the inevitable lists of things to be collected and sent in. Poor darlings, told to pack for three days and now it looks like many months! The news isn't so good. But when I said *many months* they nearly mobbed me. Morale and courage are very high and they all feel it will soon be over. I, personally, fear the worst. It'll not be over before the end of the year, I am convinced.

The above gloomy prophecy will indicate how deeply I had things doped out. I omitted to say the end of *what* year.

Chapter 4

WE ALL LIVED ON RUMORS IN THOSE DAYS. WE COULD HEAR THE guns of Bataan roaring, hoping they were ours but knowing they weren't. We were even willing and eager to believe the rumor that new equipment had landed on Corregidor and had been sent to Bataan. The Jap planes bombed Corregidor daily, hourly; and the Japanese, in a most businesslike fashion, proceeded to make Manila their own, their very own. They took over all the American and British homes, set themselves up in style, and started shipping loot home. I am sure every family in Japan that had an officer in the Philippines now has a home furnished in stick reed furniture, spring mattress beds, and Chinese rugs.

Many Filipino house boys stayed on in the homes where they had served Americans, and they rendered splendid service to their former employers by saving precious belongings for them, risking their own safety by so doing. I cannot say too much for the loyalty and kindliness of house servants of the internees. Day after day they made the long trip to camp, carrying food and clothing, running errands, doing shopping,

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even furnishing their employers with money, for in many cases the internees had been caught with little cash. Yes, the Filipino house boys did a wonderful job, and it is to their everlasting credit.

Opposite my restaurant, the Bay View Hotel was occupied by Japanese officers above the rank of captain. However, much as they liked the looks of American furniture, they didn't do so well with American beds. The Americans who were running the hotel by Jap orders, had some delightful tales to tell of the Japs falling out of bed and eventually just sleeping on the floor as they do in Japan.

The intricacies of modern plumbing seem to confuse the little yellow boys. In several bathrooms they tore out the toilets, leaving the gaping holes to which they are accustomed in Japan. Pulling the chain was too much of a mental effort for them.

It was sad to see this nice hotel completely Nipponized. The day they cleaned the lobby up after everyone had been taken to concentration camp, and the third party nationals had moved out, the Filipino house boys went to town on waxing the lobby tiles. It was in a high state of slipperiness when the Japanese officers came back in the evening; they one and all fell flat on their posteriors in attempting to cross the lobby to the elevators. The American boys running the place were supposed to keep these elevators in good condition, but there were always daily breakdowns. They insisted the Japanese were hard on the machinery, but I have a suspicion that Ed and Don and Walter put it out of commission just so the officers would have to walk up seven and eight flights of stairs. I am convinced, too, that the Filipino boys polished up the tiles with the idea in mind of tripping those same officers.

There was a lot of stuff being peddled around from looted stores. Chinese grocerymen, whose stores had been bombed, were selling edibles, house to house. I bought all I could—even bought caviar for a ridiculously low price, since the boy selling it did not know what it was. On the other hand, staple foods, such as tinned meats, fish, milk, etc., were terribly high. We could buy meat and chickens in the open market, sometimes. We complained about prices, but later

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we looked back at each stage we passed and wondered how *those* prices could have seemed high.

Money was a difficult problem in those early days. Not so much for me, but the people in camp hadn't been prepared, and the two-hundred-pesos-per-week restriction the High Commissioner had on one's checking accounts at the beginning of hostilities, together with the closing of the banks by government order the day before Christmas, left everyone short of money. It seemed stupid to close the banks, but I understand they did get most of the gold out of the country. Fat lot of good that did us, thrown to the lions as we were!

But my business had been booming in those days before we were occupied, and I had accumulated a goodly sum in cash. Everyone was so bewildered as to what to do when the Japanese were entering the city they didn't know whether to bury the money, hide it, or what. It seemed certain that the Japanese would take it all. I finally did up a package of several thousand pesos in bills and hid it in a rice can. I had about fifteen sacks of rice in reserve, packed in huge tin cans with padlocks on them. It was a stupid idea to hide anything in rice, for had the Japanese searched and seized, rice would have been the first item to go. However, I was lucky. And many days after the city was occupied, I wanted my money out, but unfortunately, I had forgotten which can I put it in! The tenth one finally proved to be the one.

Everybody was so confused . . . we often discussed whether it would be wise to have a little poison handy, just in case the Nanking technique might be followed by the Japanese. We didn't need the poison then, and the Japs didn't take my money. It's easy to guess wrong.

As I said in my diary on January 5, 1942, the Japanese military notes went into circulation immediately. They had brought the money with them. They also had money with them for Indo-China and for Australia. On the latter job they just wasted the paper. These notes were used the same as pesos, but as soon as pesos were spent, they disappeared from circulation. Dollars were forbidden and possession of them meant serious trouble. I had a few hidden which came in handy later.

During the first month of occupation I had some resident

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guests: an elderly Belgian couple who expected Ritz service and food, a pleasant young Lithuanian couple who had been caught here, and the old Frenchman. He was later picked up and sent to Villamor Hall for his Free French activities in China.

That first month or so a good many Americans were released on sick passes from Santo Tomas—mothers with small children, elderly people and others with severe illnesses. So gradually a little business grew up in the restaurant, and a little social life. We couldn't visit around much; the Japanese had taken all the motor-cars, and there was little gasoline anyway. I used a bicycle almost from the first, as did a great many others. We had a nice christening party for my bicycle, I remember. We broke a bottle of beer over the handlebars and named it the "Green Dragon." I still cherish it, somewhat battered though it is.

The restaurant was a center for the Americans. I always kept tables set up in my apartment and in the hall upstairs, in case they came in so they could not be accused of amusing themselves in public.

There's an entry in the diary of one Sunday:

> *January 18, 1942*—The newsboys call the papers just as early. Sounds just the same—SUNDAY TRIBUNE!—but the paper isn't the same. The morning headlines feature the taking of Malacca, a bad blow for Singapore.
>
> I have been able to visit the few of the staff of the High Commissioner who had to stay in Manila. They are housed in the old Ynchausti mansion on M. H. Del Pilar. I've been in several times. Very simple, too. I just walked in through the gate. The Japanese guard didn't seem to mind. The staff themselves get out to shop, and I suppose all Americans look alike to the guards. Today I had to resort to strategy, though, for this guard refused to let me in. So I walked past the gate, got a small Filipino boy to call the guard to the fence away from the gate, to show him something to eat, and then I sneaked in. Getting out might have been a problem, but I just walked out—rather hurriedly, I might add.
>
> They are all fine inside there; not too badly housed, well fed—for there is a fund set up for them—and all in

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excellent spirits. They told me it wasn't true about the *Lexington* being sunk. I had been grieving about that report for I had some good friends on her. They must have a radio, but I didn't ask them!

The town is swarming with queer people. It seems to me the Japs must have turned up the paving stones and let all of them run out, or else they came out of the woodwork. Blest if I ever saw so many of them before! The oddest nationalities, the queerest languages!

There's an odd-looking, alleged woman doctor (the alleged adjective could apply to both terms) of I don't know what nationality, but she's surely being very chummy with the Japanese, and I must say she picks high-ranking ones. Somebody said she comes from Macao.

A good many of the German Jew refugees seem highly elated these days. I think they are phonies planted by Herr Hitler.

We had a really merry party the other morning. For a while I almost forgot we were the Lost Legions. I wonder if years and years from now they'll send out expeditions to find some trace of us. The kids from the Bay View, whom the Japs are forcing to run the hotel, are practically prisoners, but they do get across the street to my house occasionally. The cocktail lounge entrance of my place is exactly opposite their front door. They all came over this morning and we knocked back a few beers and formed a new club—the Social Pariah Club. Any American outside the Sawali walls of Santo Tomas is automatically a member, willy-nilly. All of us gals who married foreigners in our misguided youth, those out to run businesses for the Japs, even the pregnant girls and the young mothers—all of us will be so low in caste we'll be practically untouchables when they open the gates of Santo Tomas. We might as well tell each other stories now, for nobody will ever listen to us after the Great Exodus.

For once I was a good prophet, for when Santo Tomas was opened in February, 1945, believe me—we had no stories to match theirs. They really had gone through hell.

But let the Great Exodus come soon. I'll be glad and

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willing to take a back seat and be humble, listening to their tales, if they can only get out.

At any rate, we Social Pariahs have some funny tales to tell each other. Ed had a honey of a tale. Seems they had moved the luggage of the hotel guests now locked up, into a storeroom for safekeeping. In checking the rooms after everyone had gone to camp, Ed found a set of magnificent matched Bond Street luggage in one of the suites, which he thought had been overlooked. So he ordered it to storage. That night a Japanese officer who occupied that suite, rushed into the lobby waving his .45 in one hand and brandishing his sword in the other, screaming in several of the better Tokyo language-school tongues, that he had been robbed. Ed had a quick brainstorm (he had to be quick with a .45 pointed at him) and realized what had happened. The beautiful luggage belonged to the captain. Ed calmed him down ere either weapon functioned and the luggage was restored to the present owner—rightful or not, who knows?

Another story I remember which isn't too nice; but it is amusing.

Right in front of the restaurant on the boulevard side one evening I saw quite a throng of Japanese, shouting and carrying on in a most excited manner. The guard from the Bay View came to get Ed, who was having coffee with me, and I was fearful something dreadful was going to happen to him. But I heard him laugh so heartily I knew it could not be anything too bad. So I went out to see.

The Japanese had a ring of Filipinos kneeling down with their heads bowed. For a dreadful instant I thought they were to be executed! But, no. One Japanese was cutting the very long hair of each of the Filipino boys and muttering furiously. In the dusk I could not figure out what was happening.

Ed came back in the restaurant with the Jap guard, both laughing. The Jap tried to explain in broken English. He said, "Soldier think boys woman—long hair. Cut hair, no fool Japanese!"

It was a hilarious moment for all of us. They had picked up a bunch of *Bina baes,* known as fairies in English slang.

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We kept hearing queer noises all morning. It didn't sound like the Bataan front nor Corregidor guns. I swore it was bombing, but was frowned down. They insinuated I was hearing things because of the beer.

I was grossly maligned. It seems pretty certain that the funny noises meant Camp Murphy was being bombed by one of ours. There have been strange planes overhead today and it is simply hellish not to have any news. Treasure Island comes in pretty clear, but they say little. Some damn fool on that station named William Winter, is warning the people of the Philippines not to accept the "counterfeit" money the Japanese are circulating. In the first place, it is not counterfeit, if I know what that word means. It is a straightforward note saying it is worth so much and marked "Japanese government." In the second place, if we refuse to use it they can and will shoot us, so we use it. I was awfully pleased to pay for my bicycle in that money. The Japanese who owned the bicycle shop where I bought it, looked pretty sour at the sight of the new money, but he had to take it.

Another thing about the Treasure Island radio that annoys me is that they keep orating that "Help is on the way" blahblahblah. Anybody with horse sense knows help isn't on the way yet. And their talk about torture, murder, rape, and sudden death isn't true—yet. I am sure it will come and Heaven help us when the United States does begin winning this war! As they must. The Japs will certainly then take out their spleen on us. Just now, the Filipinos are being treated with a great show of esteem, being assured that the Japanese are their liberators and friends. Wait until the dear yellow boys shove them into the shafts of rickshaws. The little brown brothers will not like.

Actually, the Japanese were quite nice to the Filipinos, tried to get them to feel friendly and brotherly, and in the main, the town did not suffer too badly at the very beginning. The shortage of food did not show up right away, and the Filipinos were not generally abused unless they broke rules. Later, as forced labor began to be demanded of them and rice got scarcer and scarcer, they began to realize that the "co-prosperity" idea wasn't worth much.

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The Filipinos are nice, easygoing people. They never did work very hard. Why should they? They were better paid, for less work, than any other Oriental people. And in a climate so easy, land so prolific, even if they didn't work at all, coconuts and bananas were plentiful and the bay was full of fish, and any working *pariente* in a family insured the rest of them a living.

Gradually, under the Japanese rule, salaries were cut to a certain daily "living" wage *according to Japanese standards.* And the world knows those standards.

Chapter 5

LIFE GOT A TRIFLE COMPLICATED FOR ME, EVEN EARLY IN THE occupation. I had servant problems with a vengeance then. I moaned:

> What am I going to do with this staff of help—more than thirty of them. One of the reasons I keep open is to look after them. They have worked for me for years with uniforms, medical care, good food and salaries. Turn them loose in a jobless world at the mercy of the Japanese? I hate to do it. Business does not warrant my keeping open. There are not enough white people free and I do hate the Japanese business—the little that I do get. What I send to Santo Tomas is paid for out of what little business there is. But how long can I hang on? I don't know what to do. Wish I were in camp, so far as my peace of mind and well-being are concerned. This life is no picnic.

Of course, that problem of the restaurant was solved very simply for me. The Japanese took it away from me.

That first spring was a madhouse, but fun, in a way, compared to the rest of the war. I got into Santo Tomas often; people came to the restaurant who were out on passes; we

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were all full of hope, or pretended to be. Really, up to the actual fall of Corregidor, there were people who believed we had a chance, that the war would soon be finished—in our favor. One lone pilot who dropped a bomb on Nichols Field kept us cheered up for months.

The Japanese continued to pour troops into the city, rushing them to the front at Bataan, which held until April. The streets swarmed with soldiers but there never seemed to be any enormous garrison in Manila, so I suppose Manila was a terminal port. It was distressing not to know what was going on, to live on rumors. But the big guns never stopped at Bataan and the planes never ceased pounding Corregidor. We knew those weren't rumors.

Somewhere, in the January diary, I was moaning about the bad news in Libia, but didn't say what it was. I seemed worried when the Japanese were reported sixty miles from Singapore, and other small tidbits of world news I recorded. The Pope broadcast that month and told the world that all the white people in Manila had *not* been killed, as originally believed. We in Manila hadn't known about that, but we were glad the report of our deaths had been grossly exaggerated. I felt like a zombie! We had a victory that month of January, too; gave the Japs a bad time in the Straits of Macassar off Java.

Sometime before the fall of Bataan that spring, the Japanese called all the so-called French in who were not on the roster of the Vichy consul. I dressed up in my best clothes, complete with white gloves and a hat, and reported to the commandant in Santo Tomas. There was an odd group of people there, mostly from the French protectorates. The commandant was quite a ladies' man and brightened up perceptibly when he saw me, all gussied up. He produced my dossier and began questioning me in very good English. "Where was my husband?"

"Left Manila to join his regiment in 1939," I replied, shaking in the knees, wondering if he knew André was with the French underground, presumably in Africa.

"Why was I not registered on the Vichy roll?"

I replied that I had been on the French consulate register since 1931, as the American-born wife of a French national,

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and sort of played dumb as to why anyone should change a registration!

He then switched to French, which he spoke nicely and said, *"Etes-vous parisienne, Madame?"*

I couldn't resist being a bit facetious and replied, *"Non, Monsieur le Commandant, je suis nebraskienne,"* knowing he had all the facts before him. He snickered and seemed rather pleased with my giddy reply. He then read me quite a little lecture, saying I would not be interned since the conquered nationals were not entitled to "protective custody" (sic) but I must observe all Japanese occupation rules, be subject to questioning at all times, put up with a guard if they deemed it necessary, and do nothing to obstruct the great work of His Imperial Majesty the Divine Emperor of Japan, who was the savior of the Philippines. I said I felt I should be in Santo Tomas, since I was American-born but he again stressed the point that I was not entitled to the protection being given the Americans, who he obviously admitted were not yet conquered! So I went home, neither fish nor flesh but ready to drag a few red herrings across the Nip path, believe me.

> *January 30, 1942*—The Japanese are so intent on showing the Filipino people their great victories, that they have plastered the town with huge maps, showing the Japanese spheres of occupation and influence. They didn't count on the Filipino sense of humor. I passed one of these maps and saw a huge crowd gazing at it and laughing. I couldn't see anything funny from the bicycle and was hesitant to dismount. It always meant bowing to some Japanese, which I heartily disliked doing. I repassed the same spot some hours later. The crowd was dispersed, so I asked a Filipino what the joke had been. He said the Japanese had stuck flags in all their conquests but some smarty Filipino had stuck an American flag on Tokyo! Everyone had enjoyed the joke so much that finally a passing Jap officer investigated and spotted the offending flag. The crowd was dispersed very hastily, and the sentries marched off for punishment, no doubt. They had two Filipinos strung up by the thumbs nearby. Probably had found them guilty of the insult.

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> We must have a plane left. San Fernando, Pampanga, was bombed a few nights ago and evidently the wounded and dead were considerable. Someone out after curfew saw forty trucks loaded with bodies headed for Fort McKinley, where there is a huge crematorium. More ashes for the railway platforms of Yokohama. More ashes and still more. Let's get rid of them all!

Life got still more difficult as the months wore on. Prices climbed, but fairly slowly. I tried to get along on the products of the country, forseeing a time when we would need the tinned things badly.

The people of the town were suffering, too. The Red Cross could not function too well—the Japanese did not recognize any relief agencies. The internees needed many things and we all did our best to help. Many people had been caught in Manila whose homes were elsewhere; they were without friends in internment camp and were perhaps worse off than anyone.

I seemed to work without cease. The house took a good deal of care, even with so little business, and I spent so much time running from camp to hospital, shopping, doing errands. The Green Dragon was a wonderful convenience, but bicycling many miles a day isn't too easy in a warring city and with an occupation force that loved to ride all bicyclists into ditches

Among the few of us on the outside there were many discussions about the war. One of our favorite subjects was the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. The discussions still continue, and I fancy they always will. I wonder what really did happen? I remember becoming so weary of the discussions as to who was at fault, the Army, the Navy, or Washington, that I said I thought it was simply a case of their being caught napping—and not in their own beds, either. As I remember, the first reports hinted just that.

Somewhere along that early spring the United States did something about the Gilbert and Marshall islands. I always insisted on calling them the Gilbert and Sullivans, for some silly reason. Surrounded as I was by people whose native tongue was not English it was a poor joke and could not be explained. There is something so magnificent about the

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American sense of humor—it cannot be appreciated until it isn't available. The French also have a wonderful sense of humor. I lived in France for many years but never experienced that sense of helplessness when a remark or wisecrack fell flat. They were always polite enough—or clever enough—to laugh in the right spots.

Somehow my friends in Corregidor had got in touch with me. Often runners of the underground appeared with notes for me to deliver to anxious wives whose husbands were caught there in the engineering squads. Most of the regular Army and Navy wives had already gone, but the wives of civilian employees over there were still, many of them, in Manila. Jack had somehow made a good contact. He said very little in the notes, it was far too dangerous. I gathered it was a horrible situation and without hope. They had some guns there which we could hear, but the Japanese were putting up great installations in ruined Cavite with such tremendous guns that Corregidor could not long hold out.

On February 11, 1942—I wrote in my diary:

> Manila is quiet with a heartbreaking quiet, the white people who are free walk about sadly. Even the Germans aren't too happy, for the Japanese aren't treating them with any too much consideration. The Filipinos are unhappy, in spite of the fine promises of the Japanese. It is a splendid testimony to American treatment of the Filipinos that they have remained as faithful and loyal to us as they have. Day after day, they trudge about on errands for the internees, helping them in every way they can.

News this month was disheartening. On the 12th of February I wrote:

> Radio says Singapore is still holding; the Japanese press and radio say it has fallen. It is obviously doomed although people who know the city say the sea forts could hold for a long, long time. Guess they never thought about the jungles.
>
> The sad thing in all this Far Eastern business is that there aren't and never have been enough troops. Sheer force of numbers plus plenty of treachery won the Malay

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campaign. The Anglo-Saxons haven't enough men in any one place to do a good job. The Japs, who these last years have deliberately bred like flies, have plenty of surplus men. They care nothing about human life.

I am convinced, although I am completely ignorant about military matters, that with even half the number of troops the Japs have here, we could have cleared the enemy out of Bataan. But the ratio is fifteen to one, and thanks to somebody's indecision all the planes were lost at Clark Field in one attack the first day of the war. Now our men can only stand and fight to the death or surrender.

Rumors fly about that the "Royal Families"—American and Filipino—are safe elsewhere. More power to them. Public opinion is very bitter about their leaving so summarily. Some argue that heads of governments don't flee their countries until defeat is nearer than it was when they left. But defeat looms ahead now. It is bound to be temporary, but how long, how long? We aren't doing so well. If this be treason make the most of it.

The question of the departure of the High Commissioner and the President of the Philippine Republic to Corregidor and on to safety was a terrific bone of contention here. There were some dreadful arguments and bitter vituperation. Many businessmen felt that they had been badly let down. My main criticism at the time was that they could at least have laid out a plan of action, left a fund of money with some neutral organization, such as the Swiss or Swedes, for use by the Americans in need, and so have made some arrangement for the bad days they knew were ahead for all of us caught here. At least, they should not have taken off without *some* statement of their case. Nothing was done along those lines. Those of the government staff who remained—the consular staff—were interned and nothing could be accomplished by them. Undoubtedly it was State Department policy, but nonetheless a bitter pill to swallow, to feel that one's own country had thrown one to the lions.

Again in February that first year I wrote in the old diary:

When we win this Pacific war, it seems to me we will

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be the world's policemen, whether we like it or not. A nation of M.P.'s, that will be us. We were caught with our breeches trailing but eventually they will be caught up and then—oh, then! Certainly we will beat both Japan and Germany, which will leave the world for us to look after. From what the radio says, the United States had better take those Atlantic islands, the Antilles and Martinique, for Vichy France seems to be letting the Germans in there. Damn the Vichy French. Glad I never signed the consul's roster.

Good old Leopoldo took my residence certificate along with the Filipino ones and got me a Japanese residence certificate. White people weren't supposed to have one but this one is serving its purpose nobly. Not that the Japs bother me much about papers. I am surprised. I wish the United States wouldn't be so ethical. Women aren't so ethical as men. We'd win the war quickly by scratching out eyes, blowing up maternity hospitals, undermining sanitariums, operating on males. Anything to win. I think I could whip up worse tactics than the Germans or the Japs!

February 14, 1942—I remember last year on this date I wanted to do a broadcast over KZRH about St. Valentine. I went down to Church House to consult the library and Father Gray about certain facts relative to St. Valentine. I ran into Bishop Binsted—new in our diocese, had been banished from Japan—and Bishop Wilner. They dropped their own work and turned to and helped me find all the data available. Those happy days!

Bishop Binsted had been interned with the staff of the High Commissioner. He has just been released to his own home, and is doing a splendid service for everyone, as he speaks Japanese and seems to know how to get along with them.

This is Saturday night, the night when everyone always flitted about and had fun. The French restaurant was always gay with special dinner parties—ladies in beautiful evening gowns, men in elegant white dinner coats—before going on to *jai alai* or dancing. *Jai alai* was always a favorite sport of mine. I used to see the last game very often, leaving my maître d'hôtel to close up the restaurant. Today as I passed the building long

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lines of soldiers' undies were flying from the sun porches of the Sky Room—that gay and sophisticated rendezvous of all Manila—all frivolous Manila, at any rate. Curse this war, curse it heartily! This Saturday night all that I see is tinged with yellow, and all that I hear is that hideous sound of dragging feet and guttural grunts.

February something or other. Today was a hectic day. I made one trip to St. Luke's Hospital, another to the old Philippine General. Hi is still in St. Luke's Hospital. He has some ulcerous condition of his innards. He may get out soon. His apartment is intact, with the Swedes still occupying it. I'll be glad to have him out. At least he'll be someone who speaks my language and who will know what I am trying to say. I can always make him laugh. The fact that I like the human race and he doesn't is really no barrier between us, only makes a good arguing point.

This is the only time in my life I've been richer than my wealthy friends. I'm taking in enough money to make both ends meet, nearly. And I had a goodly sum on hand when the occupation came. Now I am able to feed and look after some of those who got caught short at that moment, friends who could ordinarily put me and my little nest egg in their financial pocket with their spare nickels.

Singapore still hangs on. The situation on Bataan is no better. Guns thunder, planes roar overhead, and we sit, with little idea of what is actually happening. Communication with Corregidor goes on, but it is difficult and dangerous to all concerned. Had some notes from an officer in the Cagyan Valley. Pretty grim there too.

The radio mentions the three German U-boats sneaking through Dover Straits. I remember my balmy days in France, I remember the lovely white cliffs of Dover from across the channel. We had a summer home in Paris Plage near Boulogne, where we often drove to dine and look across the water towards England. Poor England, she's had to take it these bad years. I was there the spring of the Coronation and motored down to see the original home of my ancestors in Gloucestershire. The last word I have had from André was from London in 1941. He was there with the Free French.

Such a horrible tale: Several Englishmen, some of

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them sailors, escaped from Santo Tomas. The poor sailors had gone through Greece, Norway, Hong Kong, only to be caught in Manila and interned. There were three of them recaptured, beaten in public, tortured and finally shot, after having been forced to dig their own graves. It is too horrible to think about, but martial law seems to operate that way, according to the Japs. Nothing the American Committee in camp could do about it. The Japs insisted on making an example of them. Even the Germans aren't that bad to ordinary internees.

The fall of Singapore hit us all between the eyes. It seems impossible that it could; it was considered the best fortified spot in the world. Now Sumatra will go.

And worse personal news: Hi isn't being released from the hospital to his home. He has to go back to camp. Guess he is too dignified to play politics in camp.

February 17, 1942—The morning paper gives the details of the surrender of Singapore. Bataan and Corregidor still hold. I thought I saw a moving boat in the bay today and my heart sank. Jumped to the conclusion that Corregidor had already fallen, for no boats could get into Manila Bay without passing Corregidor, and I am not optimistic enough to think that it could be ours. But it was only an old hulk the Japanese had raised and fixed up to use between Manila and Cavite, where they now have huge gun emplacements aimed at Corregidor. Lying rumor has it that it was sunk this afternoon by our guns on Corregidor, but I fear it isn't true.

February 18, 1942—I went to St. Luke's Hospital this afternoon in a *carretela* to take things to people who are sick there. Vignettes of occupied Manila passed before me as I rode along. Chinese establishments with their great doors barred and only small cat-hole doors open, the Chinese slipping silently in and out. Dozens of tiny sidewalk stands loaded with all sorts of loot—everything imaginable from caviar to tinned sardines, probably all of it taken from warehouse stocks. Jap sentries all around, looking bored, but always pleased when someone has to bow to them. That gripes me but I do

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it. I should not care to be slapped by one of them, and that's what they do to you if you don't bow.

Most pleasant sight was a dead Japanese officer floating in the *estero,* other Japs trying to fish him out from the bank. The unpleasant corollary to that: three Filipinos nearby, being questioned and abused.

A common sight: trucks filled with furniture dashing toward the docks. I saw one truck with a huge dressing table in it complete with a huge full-length mirror and in front of the mirror was seated an ape-like Japanese soldier admiring himself as the truck rolled along.

Chapter 6

ALONG THAT SPRING THINGS BEGAN TO SOUND BETTER IN THE United States. Production seemed to speed up, the Japanese were having a tough time in Mindanao, Cebu had never really been taken, the guerrillas were giving the Japanese considerable anguish, and once planes cruised overhead dropping leaflets with a reprint of a speech Roosevelt had made. On a British broadcast I heard a commentator say that "the defense of Singapore would be a shining page in English history." Maybe a spot tarnished, methinks.

In addition to our usual troubles, there were complete blackouts for some time. There was great hustle and bustle and moving of supplies by the Japanese. They were short of gasoline as the stocks of gasoline had been burned by the Americans the night before the city was occupied.

Finally Hi got released from camp. It made life a little more interesting for me. He and Mary and I used to drink whisky sodas and reminisce about happier days, of which we had had so many together.

Our Social Pariah Club flourished; there were many members in good standing. Dorothy, the Swedish consul's wife,

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wasn't a full-fledged member, however. She had spent two weeks in concentration camp in Baguio. I had given Dorothy an awful shock when she got home from Baguio. I had spent several nights in her apartment because I was so scared at home, and to tease her I had left my best lace nighty and earrings in her bathroom. The nighty worried her until she recognized the earrings! And then she laughed. Not flattering —as I told Janson.

The Japanese kept pressing me to turn the restaurant over to them, or else run it the way they wanted it—dancing and singing and liquor. For I wouldn't serve the Japanese anything to drink. But I was able to stand them off. I had the best communication with Corregidor and hated to lose it by leaving the restaurant. And it was easier to send a food wagon to Santo Tomas daily when there was a staff to buy and prepare it. We often sent in forty to fifty meals a day to people, besides all the other shopping.

On March 9, 1942, I wrote:

> The Java situation looks grave and I suppose Rangoon can't hold out very long. Treachery entered into both these situations. In this war it seems superior numbers and equipment aided by internal treachery count the most. Personal bravery doesn't count so much as it did in other wars. Tanks and machine guns and armored cars can plow through any bravery, unless said bravery is riding in armored cars with machine guns too.
>
> The Japanese viewpoint toward death is also a major factor. It seems it is an honor to die for the Emperor, and even if it weren't an honor, the officers do not dare surrender. If they do they must committ suicide or be killed if they ever return to home base.
>
> We hear that Homma, the Commanding General here, has committed suicide because he had not taken Corregidor within the prescribed time limits. Hope it's true. He is said to have done the deed in General MacArthur's apartment, in the Manila Hotel, right in front of a life-size portrait of the general. Treasure Island reports the suicide but they are often off-beam.
>
> Extra tonight announces the fall of Java. A rich prize, the best yet for the yellow boys.

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About this time the favorite Japanese pastime of taking people's houses grew more and more popular. They'd move into a house after throwing the occupants out—no matter what nationality—live there a short while, steal the furniture or chop it up for fuel, foul the place up, and then maybe move out. Sometimes they were very painstaking about a house. However, the exception proves the rule.

The things the Japanese stole were amazing. Food, furniture, rugs, machinery, all in one great mass at Rizal Stadium —the storage headquarters, obviously. Sometimes a poor Filipino, seeing all that loot would take something from the vast conglomeration. But, if caught, the Japanese nearly always shot the offender. Two were beaten to death in the streets for stealing a case of milk. I saw that performance myself.

We kept hearing about a convoy in the Southwest Pacific. A reporter named Parr was supposed to be on one of the ships and broadcast in some way so that we got the news here. I didn't hear it myself. We weren't supposed to listen to any station but Tokyo.

I was feeding a group of French sailors that spring, marooned here because their ship had been sunk in the bay. I also had a young Frenchwoman with me. Poor girl, she had come down from Shanghai to marry a young Belgian here, and spent her last money for a smart trousseau. Her ship, the *Maréchal Joffre*, was one of the last ships that came into Manila before the war broke. Her fiancé was killed in one of the first bombing raids, trying to help lift a stretcher into an ambulance. She is friendless here, so I took her in. If I am going to pose as French, I decided, I'd better help the French all I can.

Laughs were few and far between those days but we did get a good one when we heard that General MacArthur had given every outfit in his Army a citation, which they well deserved, goodness knows; but when it listed Manila Antiaircraft Corps, we all roared for we had never known there *was* any antiaircraft, ever, at any time.

The old diary again:

March 17, 1942—The hundredth day of the war—an-

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other Hundred Days ended the career of Napoleon who thought he was supreme. It's going to take us a little longer, obviously. News sounds pretty good but Hi, that old realist, always analyzes news and rumors right down to their pockets, ending by depressing me beyond all words. Riding the Green Dragon is somewhat depressing too, to say nothing of scarred shins and knees. The Jap truck drivers have a nasty habit of running cyclists into the ditch and then snickering happily when one falls off —as I always do! I ought to get a citation, bloody knees rampant on a field of crossed wheels. Can't even listen to the radio. Japs are jamming it.

We are really silly people. Had another meeting of the Social Pariah Club this afternoon. Impromptu, and varied. Even the Bishop dropped in for a few minutes and had a cup of coffee. He is a splendid person and seems not to mind a little frivolity and levity. He is working hard. At our Round Table this afternoon we were reminiscing about the Japanese habit of sending ashes home in those queer little boxes. So we thought we could start another club: the Send Your Ashes Home For Fifty Cents Association.

I am not really suffering, except mental anguish, but it's horrible knowing that Bataan and Corregidor are slowly being murdered, that all my friends are locked up in camp, feeling that awful sense of complete isolation from my own country, and to have to bow to these yellow swine—all this fills me with such impotent rage that I'm seething with apoplexy I'm sure. Somebody told me that a good hearty rage brought out the adrenalin in one's blood stream and created energy. Then I ought to be a human dynamo!

Heard that MacArthur has gone to Australia. That's somewhat of a blow. Suppose that means that Corregidor is really finished. Guess he wouldn't be much use to the United States or the Philippines if he were captured. Maybe he can do something with the convoy we hear went to Australia or New Zealand or someplace. It sure never got here. Anyhow, Coregidor *is* keeping the Japs so busy they haven't time to start on Australia yet.

Are the Japs mad? They've found out there is very little money left in the banks. Most of the cash and securities were rushed to Corregidor and have (so I hear) been sent out via submarine to the United States!

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I also hear that the Intelligence records were saved, but in getting them over, the boat was rammed and sunk, so all the dossiers of Manilaites are at the bottom of the sea.

Japs were here today about this place. They are still treating me as a neutral but they do want the place. They even offered to let me stay as manager and keep the staff going. But I had to run it as they wanted it run —as a night club, and heaven knows what else.

I do not dare go to the French consul who is a Vichy man. He hasn't turned me in as an ardent DeGaullist yet, probably because I sent him such a good cook. He knows my sentiments, but certainly won't do anything to help me, nor will he harm me.

Food prices are getting alarming. Another year of this and we *will* be hungry. We're better off than Europe, for we have no cold season and we could grow food. Maybe my farm origin will come in handy.

On April 12, 1942, I wrote in the diary:

Today we heard something over Nichols Field—bombing everyone insisted. I get so irritated at these rumors of bombings, landings, convoys in the bay, etc., etc., that I put on one of my better mads and lashed around at servants and guests alike, saying that since the President of the United States himself had said we had no available planes in this area, why get all worked up. But the whispers persisted: That the planes from Bataan would not surrender, that they were laying their last eggs in a suicide trial, that convoys had been sighted, etc., etc. It all sounded ridiculous; but, actually, a plane did fly out that way and seems to have bombed a Japanese officers' mess in the new Polo Club but missed the airfield. Got a couple of dozen of them, I hear. Who knows the real truth? Not me.

April 14, 1942—My wedding anniversary. Paris seems another world. It must have been in some other era that I lived in my gay little house on the banks of the Marne just outside Paris, dashing back and forth to town, bent on a million projects, more or less. The last time I saw Paris in 1939 war and distress were in the air. It wasn't quite the old Paris of my youth, but it was

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> still beautiful—Paris now in the hands of the Boches! I shut my eyes and see it again, the horse chestnut trees in bloom, the fountains playing, the little steamers tootling up and down the Seine, laying back their whistles as they dodge under the bridges; but my ears hear only the sound of Japanese bombers over Corregidor and, nearer, the shuffle of their feet—that dreadful sound which I shall never forget. And Hi has been ordered back to concentration camp. Life will be grim.

That April was a grim month. Business was practically nil, and I was sometimes hard put for money to send my daily supply wagon to Santo Tomas. That service functioned smoothly. We even did laundry for some of my friends. Only had one *lavandera,* good old Sophie, who was actually my personal maid. But she and I used to bat out laundry for about twenty-five people—the house boys wouldn't do laundry—very demeaning! I could iron but couldn't fold shirts, so my handiwork was put on hangers and tied to a bamboo pole, and there we'd go, through the streets in a *carretela* with my banner of clean shirts. The laundry which could be folded went into camp in big cans, for protection. The dirty laundry was picked up each week, as we took the clean in. The shopping lists were interminable, and I spent a good part of my days buying everything from hairpins to lumber joists. People were permitted to build small shacks in the grounds of Santo Tomas, which made living conditions somewhat more bearable, but these shacks required a lot of shopping for. The dressmaking worries for internees were another headache. I had a French dressmaker who was a lamb; she would make clothes for anyone in camp for practically nothing, and it was a common joke among my friends in camp that few internment victims were clothed by a French *couturière.*

I went inside Santo Tomas quite often. I had to take Mary's pass in occasionally for check and report on her, and when I did, I always managed to stay inside for several hours. It was good to see people but it was heartbreaking to see them so optimistic. Living as they did, in huge rooms with fifty or sixty beds, women in one building, men in another, and no privacy, it was not too pleasant. These were people

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who had been accustomed to luxury in many cases, at least comfort in the great majority of cases, naturally their whole desire was for the end—they *wanted* to believe the war would end soon. I listened to the short-wave radio several times a day, and knew the truth; but it was heartless to tell them anything that wasn't optimistic. I once said I thought it would be a year (wonderful prophet!) and incurred real anger at that statement. Not that I blamed them. The whole situation was unbearable, and not to be thought of in longer periods than a month or two.

More and more Americans were released from Santo Tomas, usually for ill-health. The Japs were deadly afraid of dysentery and would issue sick permits very quickly for that ailment. I wasn't quite so lonely then; they often came in the restaurant and I could visit around on the bicycle. But no one ever knew when they would be dragged back to camp. Actually, there never was any really dreadful epidemic in camp—no thanks to the Japanese but to the care and vigilance of the American Committee who worked so well in spite of having to operate the camp under the orders of the Japanese.

I was more and more harassed by the Japanese wanting the restaurant. They turned a Russian woman, a spy who is employed as interpreter for the Japanese, loose on me. She kept saying I either had to give it up or she would make a good deal of trouble for me with the military. She knew of my Free French activities and threatened to turn me in. I said I wouldn't mind going to Santo Tomas, but she said it would be Fort Santiago for me unless I signed the place over to the authorities.

I dickered along with them for some weeks, but eventually had to give in.

The fall of Bataan that dreadful April day, showed us all that Corregidor could not last long. So I asked for a month in which to find some place to live, and agreed to go.

The day Corregidor fell, May 6, was a dreadful one. I had guests for lunch in my apartment, and we had whipped up a game of mah jongg afterward. I snapped on the radio at my bedside at noon, just as the guests were arriving. I heard: *"Wainwright calling Homma, Wainwright calling Homma.*

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Come in Homma. Corregidor calling." It was the end! But I disconnected the radio, and went through the lunch and that whole long afternoon without saying a word. Those girls were out from Santo Tomas on a day's pass, and I wanted them to have *one* happy afternoon. Just as they were leaving, their time being up and the bus and guard awaiting them, someone came in to say that the surrender of Corregidor was a *fait accompli*, and General Wainwright had arranged the surrender. I knew it had to come, but when I heard it, part of my life seemed over. The *Americans* were surrendering to the Japanese! I feel again that horror, that dreadful moment, as I write these words. *My people, my country*, asking for terms from a nation we have always considered definitely inferior. And they are inferior, in every way; but prepared inferiority *can* temporarily triumph over unprepared superiority.

Some little time after the fall of Corregidor, the Japs brought General Wainwright and some of his staff to Manila, as hostages, so we understood.

They were quartered in the University Club, very near the restaurant. I used to walk in the little green square in front of my house and the club, with Mary and my little wirehair—a replacement for my earlier puppy—left with me by a girl who had to go to camp, and we could hear American voices in the club. Twice I encountered a member of the general's staff in a small shop, buying things, but he was heavily guarded by Japanese soldiers. I tried to speak, but it was impossible; there was nothing anyone could do. It was unbearable to know what was happening, to know that the great general was being sacrificed, and that our cause was lost. When they were taken away, we surmised it was to Japan.

What would this mean in terms of the immediate future was anybody's guess. Would the Filipinos now agree wholeheartedly with the Japanese idea of Asia for the Asiatics, the "Co-Prosperity Sphere," and plunge wholeheartedly into cooperating with the Japs, which up to that time they definitely had not been doing? That they did not cooperate well we know now, but had the Japanese been really clever with the common people and not wasted their vaunted cleverness en-

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tirely with the Filipino politicians, had they made a great effort to aid the common *tao* by material benefits and kindly treatment, the Filipinos might have been brought to just that point of view—Asia for the Asiatics. For comfort and a full stomach outweigh loyalty to a foreign land, human nature being what it is.

About this time, I had such a terrifying experience I was glad to lose the restaurant. About siesta time one day, the military police in the form of a civilian worm of a Jap, came along to question my household. The guests were all resting, it being siesta time. He was rough with all of them, and terrorized the servants. But his attention became fixed on a storage room in which there were about thirty trunks and some fifty cases of beer. (Beer always gets me into trouble, it seems.) He probably really wanted the beer, and had I been clever, I would have given him a case, but I was afraid to bribe a member of the dreaded military police. Especially when I didn't know what he was looking for.

He accused me of harboring people of military age, and asked me many questions about the young men who had lived in the house and who had gone to join the American Army. I tried to tell him that paying guests did not necessarily confide their plans in me, that I did not know where they were, except that they were not in my house.

He started in on the luggage. We did not have the keys to many of the trunks and bags belonging to other people, so he ordered my boys to chop them open. After two or three, he wearied of that, and sealed the whole room for the Japanese military to take over. I protested, but the room was locked and sealed. He then left, returning later with two Filipina street girls; they ate and drank a good deal of beer, making dreadful scenes. We were all petrified, naturally. I told the boy not to give him a bill but the Jap insisted, and when he saw the price of beer he went into a wild rage and accused me of profiteering. Profiteering, he said was punishable by death, and he, for one, would finish the job right there. He'd be jury and executioner both. He waved his revolver about, gave me a few convincing punches with it, and ordered more beer.

He also asked for money. So I went into the office osten-

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sibly to get money, but actually I called the Japanese military-police headquarters, and told them my story. If I was going to be killed, I wanted at least a fair trial. The Japanese were not supposed to drink, and they were not supposed to intimidate Filipinos and civilians. In one way I won out, for they, the Jap police, came for him; but he was too quick—he slipped out the side entrance. I had to go to Fort Santiago to state my complaint in person. The captain in charge agreed that the procedure had not been according to whatever the Japanese equivalent of Hoyle is, and that steps should be taken. However, he did think I had overcharged for the beer. Actually, the beer had cost very nearly as much as the selling price, and a peso a bottle was a very modest price. But I was well out of it with a reprimand and the smarty civilian Gestapo did get a good dressing down.

In the resultant confusion, I took the seal off the luggage room and moved all the trunks out to Janson's garage. Luckily I did, for one of the bags which I thought contained the family silver of a friend brought to me for safekeeping by the chauffeur, actually had government files in it. I did not know about that until long after. There was also a varied collection of guns, West Point swords, uniforms, a shotgun, two .45's, ammunition, etc., in different pieces of luggage.

All good clean fun—but hard on the nerves.

Chapter 7

MY DIARY THAT SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1942 GETS SKETCHY. I couldn't do much about it, as the Japanese started searching houses for all sorts of things. I hid the first section of the diary in the toes of my riding boots and forgot where it was, until quite recently when I began to write this. Probably there is a second section someplace.

There were exciting moments—the *Kemptai*, the Jap Ges-

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tapo, was getting active and no one knew how the so-called Japanese mind would react to the simplest situations. I remember one horror-filled morning as I was having coffee with some of the internees out for the day. A runner had just come in from Corregidor—this was before it fell—with notes for various wives of men over there. I was about ready to take off to deliver them when the phone rang and a nice, correct voice asked that Madame Savary report to Fort Santiago to Captain Ito. To write this down in peaceful typing, to say that I was frightened, doesn't begin to indicate how scared I really was. For, of course, I thought it was about the underground with Corregidor.

I went to deliver the notes. Most of the girls were in nearby Atheneo, a school given over to sick internees. I disposed of them all, returned to the restaurant and gave instructions to Leopoldo and the chef as to what to do if I didn't get back. I felt sure it was my Corregidor activities, or maybe dollar money-changing, or the typed news sheets I used to smuggle into Santo Tomas—all of these activities the Japs took a dim view of.

When I got there, it was not to a dungeon but a fairly nice office, with a Japanese officer and interpreter therein. They spent most of the first thiry minutes asking about my husband, where he was, who he was, and how come he had lived in the Philippines. I was able to answer the last, but assured them I did not know his present whereabouts, that he had gone to join his regiment some time ago, and I had no news for many months.

They knew all about me, that I was American-born, my position in the community, etc. I didn't tell any lies, it wasn't any use—I may have been a trifle reticent in some of my answers, and I did not volunteer any information.

Eventually they got to the point. It wasn't anything I had feared. It was the old Frenchman who was living in my house at the time of occupation—how about him? What relation was I to him, why did I have him in my house, who was he, what was he, what had he done in Japan and China, what were his politics, was he Free French? All sorts of questions along this line, to which I simply replied that I conducted a public pension—hotel, in a way—that he had chosen to stop

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there because it was French and he spoke no English; that the reason he was in Manila, so far as I knew, was because his boat had been sunk in Manila Harbor. As to his politics, I knew nothing. Nor did I know he had lived in Japan and China. He was a paying guest, that was all.

I stuck to my story, which in the main was true. Then came the big moment: they asked me *where* he was. I replied that they should know better than I, for I heard he was in the Fort Santiago dungeons. Not a smart reply, for they immediately wanted to know *how* I knew this. They got very excited at this statement, even the officer who was using an interpreter for his questioning, popped up with that question in very good English. I said I was sorry if I had made a *faux pas,* I couldn't really say how I knew this, but that it was a matter of common knowledge.

The officer again dipped his wick in good Harvard English, tinged with yellow, and asked if I knew anyone else in Fort Santiago. I tactfully did not comment on his English or ask why he used an interpreter, and replied I did know of others: the ex-French consul was consul of France when France fell, and went under the Vichy Government. He felt he could not serve under that regime, and resigned as consul. He worked hard on the Free French DeGaullist movement, as did most of us who felt France should not be a German colony, and when the Japanese came in, he was at once put in Fort Santiago. Some months later, he was released and allowed to go out on an exchange ship. I knew too, a little about the editor of the *Manila Bulletin,* the editor of the *Free Press,* and several others. They got so excited, and so insistent that I tell where I had heard what I had heard, that I said I thought Japanese officers in the restaurant had mentioned it. Which wasn't true, but I had to say something! They wanted to know their names, but I got out of that by saying I couldn't spell or pronounce Japanese names, even if I knew them, which I didn't.

They then admitted they had the old Frenchman, and said he was very ill and had asked for me. He was undoubtedly dying, and they in their "great mercy" would parole him to me, if I would put him in a hospital and care for him. I said I had no money for hospitals, but would take care of him in the restaurant in his old room so long as I had the restaurant.

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They were all ready for me. They had a huge script in Japanese for me to sign for his custody. I demurred at signing something I could not read; said any other language, such as French, or Spanish, or English, or even German, would be satisfactory.

Eventually, after another trip to Santiago, they let me make up a document from their English verbal translation, and I took the old man out with me. A fine mess he was, reeking with filth, starving, and unable to walk, but the old French spirit was undaunted. Sick as he was, and lame, he raised merry hell with the Japanese guard, insisting that they had taken his knife, his walking stick, a notebook and pencil, and had given him a receipt for them and he wanted *all* those items back. He refused to get into the *carretela* which I had called for him, until he got his stick, and was pretty mad because they could not get the exact pencil he had given them. I was in a fine-feathered frenzy, for my own status had entered into all this investigation far too much, and I felt I might have to change places with the old boy in the dungeon. And the sight of the French consul and the *Bulletin* editor, as they helped him out, hurt me so—I asked in French if there wasn't something I could do for them, not looking at them as I spoke. I was able to get a message to their families, saying that at least they were alive.

The old gentleman finally came along with me. We cleaned him up, and he stuck with me for a year and a half, a veritable hair shirt. When I lost the restaurant he moved with me, and did a marvelous job on the gardens—but he was a naughty old boy. He disliked frivolity, drinking, the speaking of English in his presence, certain foods which he tossed on the floor when served to him; he cleaned his nails with his knife if the service was slow, hated all children, and conducted a running battle between his cat and my dog. He was extremely intelligent, no intellectual, but if he had had ordinary horse sense, he would not have made surreptitious visits to Colonel Saito, whom he had known in Japan. Which led to his death.

In my house-hunting, I found two houses which had been occupied by Americans, belonging to a Filipina woman. She was glad to rent them to me, as I was theoretically a neutral

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and was willing to take a little rent in military currency, and wait for the rest until good money was again in circulation. The old gal really had faith in the return of the Americans. The houses were partially furnished, and since Hi's apartment, up to this time occupied by the Swedish consul, was wanted by the Japanese, the consul moved that furniture into one of the houses, thereby saving it from looting.

The Japanese had agreed to let me move my food and my own personal trunks, but I had to leave the furniture. I managed to steal quite a lot of stuff from them, silver, cooking utensils, dishes, and linens. The Santiago episode had left me with less fear of the Japanese; they weren't so smart as I thought them. If I could get away with all I had been doing, then there was no reason I couldn't get away with more.

It was a bizarre household: the old Frenchman, Mary, the young French girl, a young man who was out of camp to set up an acetyline plant by order of the Japanese, and Hi—who had gotten out of camp again, his ulcers being bad.

I felt very sad about my staff. I paid each of them an extra month's salary, and paid their fare back to their original province if they wanted to go. Others I got jobs for. The chef had a job with the Spanish Club. I took my old Sophia, personal maid and *lavandera* for many years, one cook and one house boy. Hi's house boy joined forces with us, too, and Mary's Simeon. Quite a household.

We settled down, or the semblance of settling down, to suburban living. I continued the Santo Tomas wagon each day, although it meant many more miles of travel by horse vehicle.

There were several Americans living in the neighborhood, out on sick passes or with small children, and my house was a gathering place for them. I should like to say that we felt our troubles so keenly that we mourned our fate constantly. Actually, we made considerable effort *not* to wail too much, this effort being augmented by a cocktail or beer every morning about eleven-thirty, after the wagon returned from Santo Tomas.

I might have had some idea of leading a quiet life after the hectic restaurant days, but my drawing room looked like

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old home week most of the time. Celledonio, my house boy, used to empty the ice trays from the two refrigerators, squeeze a pitcher of calamansi juice, get out the rum, every day about eleven, and the neighbors would gather round.

It was a very busy life for me, trying to house and feed eight to twelve people in various stages of health and disposition, people, who, in a normal prewar existence, wouldn't have by any possible stretch of the imagination been living under the same roof in such intimacy. However, we all did our best, except the old Frenchman, who was a nonconformist in every way.

The wagon continued to roll daily to Santo Tomas. I had more orders than I could handle, some people paid for their food, others had credit until such time as they could get money. To cook and pack a hot meal for fifty-odd people on my list, check the laundry, assemble the shopping done for the various internees, and get it started to Santo Tomas so that it would arrive by eight, was a man-sized job, really. But we never missed a day.

The cook and I partially prepared the food the evening before. Reheating of roasts—or if steaks or chops, cooking of them—was done in the early morning. We got up about four-thirty for this, the cook and I. Salads and vegetables were prepared the night before, and desserts. We packed the food in four-tray containers called *porta-viandas* by some, *afemberas* by others, which fitted one above the other into a holder, with a handle. The laundry went out in huge tin pails with covers, as protection against the weather.

I went in with the *carretela* about three times a week, carrying bundles through the line myself, in order to deliver messages, news, etc., to the American internees working on the package line. A Japanese guard was always nearby but, by exercising care, much information got in and out.

The package-line system worked well. Just inside the gates they had built covered sheds, with long counters on one side to receive packages. These packages were checked by the American internees, supervised by the Japanese. On the other side of the sheds, were stalls also manned by internees, where the outgoing empty food containers and laundry cans were picked up. By a little judicious wangling, an interview could

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be arranged with practically anyone one wanted to contact. I'd arrange with some American on the "line" to advise such and such a person to be nearby on whatever day I was coming in again. It worked very well indeed.

But I was really very careful. I never put notes or contraband articles in the food or laundry containers; it would have jeopardized both parties concerned. I did carry typed sheets of news and notes *on my person,* in my glove usually, which I'd slip out to the American on the receiving lines, but I was never caught at that, nor even suspected, or I'd not be here to write this.

The Japanese had finally called in all radios to be what they called "readjusted." They fixed them so that only one station, the Manila one, could be heard. Rebroadcasts from Japan were on that. I turned in three that were in the restaurant before I moved, but kept a very good short-wave radio belonging to Edgar, my nephew. With the aid of a French friend married to an American, an engineer for RCA, I took the framework off, removed the speaker and put it on a separate cord, so it could be plugged in at will. I figured if the Japanese ever found the radio, it wouldn't be a complete one, and maybe I could talk myself out of trouble. The antennas of course couldn't be put outside, so, to get faraway stations, I used to hold the end between wet fingers or in my mouth. It's a wonder I wasn't electrocuted, but somebody told me to do it that way. At first I kept it in a hatbox, but later sewed it into a pillowcase, so I could raise the end of the pillowcase, plug in, and crouch on a stool with my ear against the speaker and get all sorts of stations. From the slow dictation broadcasts for the Armed Forces, I used to copy down the world news and take it into camp. This was pretty silly, for the penalty for disseminating news was death. A radio "unoperated on" was a sure highway to Santiago and torture.

But those people behind the walls, hungry for news, made me feel the risk was worth it. Actually, they felt better with their rumors—the news was never so good as the rumors!

The sight of the internees waiting to get their packages, and the long lines of people outside the gate, waiting to get in, to realize that we were all a conquered lot to be forced to

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bow deeply to the Japanese guards—those representatives of the Son of Heaven (ha!)—never failed to stir me to rage. The old adrenalin surely moved around in my system those days.

Everybody objected to bowing to the Japs. But it was the custom of their country, and if they wanted us to bow, and insisted on it, I felt there was little use raising a fuss and refusing and getting slapped for my protests. If bowing to them would enable me to deliver food and clothing to my friends inside, it was a small price to pay, and I bowed, but *good.* Besides, I always called them a dirty name under my breath.

Strangely enough, I was little bothered by the Japanese that first year I lived in Pasay. I was seen about on my Green Dragon perhaps more than any other white woman outside the walls. I never made the slightest effort to conceal my nationality, nor, may I add, did I go out of my way to confide in the little Jap soldiers posted around, either. I had a Japanese residence pass which sufficed in all crises. Thanks to my smart Leopoldo.

The Japanese have so little regard for women that they never understood that women *could* do any harm. For instance, in public conveyances, men were often taken out and searched, the women scarcely ever. I remember one occasion, when I was on a public bus, going out to a rest camp for sick internees. We were all told to get out of the bus. There was only one other woman besides me, and the Japs motioned us to stay inside. She was old, faintly dirty, and spoke no English; but she winked at me, pulling up the banana leaf in her flat basket in which there were a few fish and *camotes,* and beneath all this lay several guns! She was on her way to a guerrilla rendezvous! Not to be outdone, I said, "*Mire,* look," and gestured brassiere-ward, where thousands of pesos for the internees were nestling, "*dinero!*" We snickered as the Japs went on with their search of the men and found nothing. It was always the women and girls who made the best contacts with the military prisons. Many of them lost their lives for it, too.

I certainly got away with murder. My house was openly a meeting place for Americans and British out of camp, as well as the neutrals such as the Scandinavians and Swiss. I had little truck with the French, most of whom were Vichy.

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Henry, who had fixed my radio and was married to an American girl, said he and I and his wife were *Fishy* French.

I didn't make much effort to be cagey. I ran money in and out of camp, bringing checks and good pesos out and taking the military notes in. I used to put all this in the box on the back of my bicycle, under the dog's little pillow. My wirehair loved riding the bicycle, and many thousands of pesos were carried around under her, bless her heart. On very long trips I could not take the bicycle, but most of my cavorting around was on the old Green Dragon, always with the dog behind me.

The first Christmas I lived in Pasay I had a Christmas party for the children. There was a pine tree in the garden; we strung lights on it and such decorations as we could dig up. We had twenty-two children, from ten months to seven years, some Filipinos, Swedes and Swiss, and the children of Americans and British who were still out of camp. The party was complete with ice cream, cake, presents and all.

The grownups had a bowl of fruit punch in the house, and while the punch was only mildly spiked with native rum, we waxed quite merry over it. Passing Japanese soldiers could hear the festivities, and several climbed the eight-foot wall to watch, but they did not interfere. I marvel now, in the light of the horrible massacres at the end, that they did not murder us all right then!

Hi was out of camp quite a bit at this time. He lived in the second house and ate with us. He spent a considerable time trying to educate me to the beauties of James Branch Cabell, with indifferent success. The arguments with him about the world and the inhabitants thereof, their doings since prehistoric days, discussions about history, art, languages, why war is war—this talk was about the only real relaxation I had. He was actually a very bright man, but with a morbid dislike of the human race in general, a mistrust, really. And was he a stinker to cook for! The highest praise any of us ever got was, "It isn't so bad." Very cheering.

The personalities under my roof didn't always click. Santo Tomas sent me various people in need of care for a month or so at a time, so the family was constantly changing. People

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in camp were becoming more restive and bitter. Each time I went into camp I noticed people were less and less optimistic about the end of the war. Rumors were wonderful, but Hi, as a rumor-deflater with ear to the ground, kept me from believing many of them.

The radio was a comfort, in a way, because I learned what really was happening. But the news wasn't any too good. The Doolittle raid over Tokyo in April, 1942, was perhaps the best thing we ever heard about. It raised the morale of everyone, in camp and out.

Along that first year, the headlines in the Japanese-controlled English paper read: AIR THREAT AGAINST JAPAN ELIMINATED, CHUNG KING RESISTANCE NEARS END, JAPANESE U-BOATS MENACE U.S. JAPANESE NAVY CONTROLS PACIFIC, ALEUTIAN LANDINGS SHOCK U.S. PUBLIC. As to the last, I heartily concurred. It was a shock, certainly, especially as we seemed to be doing pretty well in the Marshalls.

The Midway battle had been in June. Both sides claimed great victories. Tokyo was really pathetic in her efforts to prove we didn't have a ship left. It was obviously a frustrated attempt to reach Honolulu; but to listen to Tokyo, it was their victory. Their propaganda at that time was utterly ridiculous.

I'm not being very consecutive in this, but I am writing it as I remember various stages of the long, long grind. To go back a bit, after the fall of Corregidor, before I lost the restaurant, we saw the prisoners from Corregidor marched down Dewey Boulevard. They had landed on the beach of Paranaque, and were marched down the boulevard in the blazing sun of noon, with Japanese officers mounted on horses, equipped with gloves and whips—even the horses were protected from the sun with hats, while the prisoners were mostly bareheaded.

We knew about the Death March from Bataan to O'Donnell; this obviously had not been quite so bad. We hovered in the doorway to watch them. It was the blackest moment for me, seeing my own people herded down the street like

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cattle, bent double under their belongings, some falling out of line from fatigue and thirst, and we dared not so much as wave our hands or offer them a cold cup of water.

I recognized my own nephew, Edgar, and one of my house boys dashed through the restaurant and out the kitchen door, and caught up with him as the line turned the corner at the University Club. Edgar was able to indicate they were being taken to Bilibid. I could not talk to him; all white people were warned to stay indoors. We were able to get some money and food into Bilibid prison to him that night, and the next day they were shipped north, first to Camp O'Donnell and then to Cabantuan.

The humiliation for them and for us seemed unbearable, but they bore it like heroes. Hundreds of them died within a few days; others, like Edgar, lived through the agonies of dysentery and starvation only to die on board a ship en route to Japan—ironically enough, bombed by our own subs just a few weeks before the taking of Santo Tomas.

I heard many reports over the radio about prison and internment camps in the United States, where they put the Japanese and Germans. I know that many of those prisoners were never better fed or treated in their lives, or had known more physical comfort, since Japanese living standards even in the United States are notoriously low. But what the Japanese did to our men will live forever in our minds; it will be a black disgrace to them, which in a thousand years Japan can never live down.

There was talk about bombing the Imperial Palace near the end of the war. I don't know why they didn't. This whole ridiculous idea of the divine right of emperors should be squelched and the squirrel-toothed, too fecund emperor should be debunked— Now I hear old friends saying, "Gladys is off again, we'd better hire her a hall."

I did not mean to get too serious in my own views. All these angles will be handled far more competently than I can present them.

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Chapter 8

AS THE FIRST VICTORIES BEGAN TO BE BRUITED ABOUT, THE Japanese became stricter. The Admiralties, Battle of Midway, Guadalcanal, Boona, Gona, all strung along the slender thread of ultimate victory, complete victory, made them realize that their dream of world empire might possibly be only a nightmare.

They now tried, after a fashion, to do something for the Filipinos. At least, they made plans and talked about them. The puppet Philippine government functioned, theoretically, on its own; actually everything was managed by the Japanese Military. The gas and electric companies were actually run by the Japanese through so-called civilian companies. The surprising part of it is that the water and electricity continued to function until the end, until the retaking of Santo Tomas, at least. The gas, for lack of fuel, gave out in September, 1944, but the light, water and telephone were still on the morning after the First Cavalry came into Santo Tomas.

The Japanese tried to regulate foodstuffs and prices so that the populace would not starve, but their efforts were feeble and ineffectual. The Japanese army came first, the homeland second, and if anything was left, the Filipinos could get that.

New Filipino governors were named for the various provinces, they released most of the Filipino soldier prisoners and gave them amnesty on their parole to behave properly toward the Japanese. A great many of them accepted freedom on those terms but worked secretly as guerrillas, made splendid records, and were tremendously valuable to the American intelligence force. A number of collaborators among the

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Filipinos were killed by these secret guerrillas, and everyone was always pleased when one of these unsolved killings occurred. But far too often the avengers were caught, tortured and executed.

It became an increasingly common sight to see Filipinos tied up in public places as a horrible example to others. The Japanese became more and more exasperated with the Filipinos because they continued to show their preference for the Americans and to aid them in many ways. The Japanese mentality could not grasp this; here they were, the conquerors, offering them freedom, equality, a place in the sun of co-prosperity of Greater East-Asia and it seemed to leave the Filipinos cold. The Japanese are a mental mixture of inferiority complex and delusions of grandeur. Their inferiority complex in matters pertaining to color, at least, probably became a superiority complex as compensation.

In any event, the Filipinos were rather lukewarm in their attitude toward Japanese cooperation. They did what they had to, but the greater mass of people regretted the departure of the Americans. The puppet government functioned, whether willingly and for gain, or with some idea of preserving the country's individuality, I honesty cannot decide. I do not know. The trials which will eventually come may bring out the truth, but I doubt it.

One amusing phase of the Japanese effort toward friendliness was their effort to have the Filipinos keep law and order. To keep law and order firearms are necessary; but if the Japs armed the Filipino police and constabulary, there was the very great risk that many of them would take to the hills to join the guerrillas, complete with firearms.

The news concerning the guerrilla activities that first year was wonderful. They operated with considerable efficiency and were of great aid to the American struggle in the South Pacific. The unscrupulous element, which exists in every race, had a racket: knowing the guerrillas had need for aid, they would come asking for money, using names which they knew we would recognize. If no aid was forthcoming, they would try blackmail. I never gave aid to a guerrilla agent at my gate unless he had proof, unmistakable proof, that he was genuine. It was a fine racket, and very often was backed by

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the Japanese who always wanted to catch guerrilla sympathizers. I had a proved contact, to which I sent the little aid I could for the guerrillas, and I am sure my good sense in not believing all and sundry tales saved my life.

I was always too busy, too busy. The days were never long enough. My camp wagon, money changing and delivering, notes to be delivered, radio-listening—I seemed never to have a spare moment. My contact with the prison camps the first two years was pretty good, too.

The radio was a comfort, as I have said before. I could get New Delhi, the B.B.C. in London, Chungking, Australia, and —not any too well—the United States stations. I think the landings in Guadalcanal were the first concrete indication that the Americans were really heading back our way, that perhaps we weren't the forgotten man in multiple. The battle of the Solomons, and the news that Stalingrad never did fall, gave us an idea that neither the Germans nor the Japanese were as invincible as they claimed.

That first Christmas I had the children's party, and the Scandinavians had several open-house parties complete with the famous Scandinavian *glug* drink, which is actually a cold-weather libation and acts with more than considerable authority in the tropics.

Everyone worked like mad, sending turkeys, cakes, and pies into the camps. And through the efforts of various people, notably Tony and Mrs. Escodá, Mrs. Westley, Father Buddenbrooke, a German priest, our Bishop Binsted and many others, the Japanese were persuaded to let Christmas parcels go into the prison camps.

We all spent sleepless nights, figuring out how we could get the most into the prescribed packages.

That Christmas, I believe, prisoners all got packages either from the Canadians or Australians, I forget which. In the notes I got back from Cabanatuan, where most of the Manila boys were prisoners, they were all of fairly good cheer and feeling it was only a matter of time before the end. It was a long time, a very long time, and most of them were dead before the end. I quote from one note smuggled through to me from my nephew, showing the spirit there:

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The packages from you were perfect. Now I am fixed for several months. Can't thank you enough but will some day, somehow. We are allowed to buy outside, officers are being paid $20.00 per month. Nearly everyone works now in a big garden which has been planted, but which requires a lot of work. You know how I hate gardening. I haven't had to go but a few times, as I have had an office job since last July. I haven't missed a single day, for my health has been pretty good, and that is probably due to the fact that I have a job. Amusement has been limited to amateur shows but a few days ago we had a moving picture, a comedy, but we had to sit through the Japanese propaganda films, too. Now I hear we have a radio in camp, so we'll be able to get a little music.

It has been eight days since we had a death, so we feel better about the whole thing. You know how high the death rate was in the beginning. My eyes have cleared up and with the vitamins A and D which you sent, I'll have no worry about them for months. Most Manila people who survived are all right. It's true about Barney, you know what a fighter he was. But he was so impatient here, it was probably the way he would have liked to go. I wrote you Jack is dead, at the very first. I have had a number of letter from the States. Oh, Gladys, I would like to see you and talk to you, have a decent drink and a good dinner, nicely served at a table. But this damn war cannot last forever and we'll have fun some day. Thanks for the decks of plastic cards, our poker game is considerably improved now. You're a popular gal here, thinking of those cards. Be good to yourself.

Love to our friends and much to you.

But he never lived to have that dinner, that quiet drink with me. He lies buried in a common grave in Formosa.

Another year, and I find in my diary:

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January 12, 1943—Someone said today, "This is going to be a long war." It *has been* a long war, and I wish it were nearer the end, but I am afraid it isn't. I also wish I were in camp, life would be considerably simpler. Too much responsibility. Fancy regretting the "pleasures" of a prison camp! I get in there pretty often, with the packages and stuff and they certainly have their problems. Actually the American Committee seems to be in full charge, with the Japanese over them. The internees themselves don't have much contact with the Japs.

The camp problems are tricky. In the very beginning of the internment, the segregation of sexes was insisted upon by the Japanese, men being housed in buildings separate from the ladies. They did offer, at the beginning, to arrange a sort of "community love nest," suggesting a *modus operandi* that offended the American sense of propriety. So the Japanese forbade all marital association. The shacks that they had allowed the Americans to build were under constant supervision and all four sides must be open to constant inspection. But there were cases evidently where the supervision didn't work and nature took its course. The Japs were very indignant and issued an order to the effect that "all pregnant fathers" (their phrase) were to be imprisoned in the camp jail and the pregnant mothers were to be sent to a hospital, confined in one ward, to await the babies. I quote here the notice of the Executive Committee of the Americans pursuant to this touchy subject:

NOTICE TO ALL WOMEN INTERNEES

(TO BE READ AT ROLL CALL BY THE ROOM MONITORS)

Conditions which prompted Executive Committee notice of December 26, wherein it was stressed that internees must conduct themselves strictly in accordance with segregation of sexes in order to avoid actual segregation have now been aggravated by a recent development which has resulted in the following order from the Japanese Commandant:

"ALL CASES OF PREGNANCY WITHIN THIS CAMP MUST BE REPORTED TO THE COMMANDANT NOT LATER THAN NOON MONDAY."

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In view of the confidential nature of this report, all women internees, married or single, who are now pregnant, whether or not they have already discussed their cases with one of the camp doctors, must report to one of the doctors at the Camp Hospital before eleven o'clock Monday, so that a complete report may be prepared by the Camp Medical Director.

This situation is not only embarrassing but extremely serious and immediate compliance by all concerned is imperative. The Commandant's instructions are mandatory and failure to report as ordered will probably result in punishment by the Japanese Authorities of the individuals and impairment of camp privileges for all internees.

signed: THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

In talking about this today with some of the girls who are out of camp because of their small children, I said: "Well, it's inevitable that sex should rear its ugly head," and one girl replied: "What's so ugly about it?" Another chimed in: "There seems to be more *conversation* about sex these days, and less of it."

I remember going over to see those girls who were going to have babies. They had them all in one ward at Hospicio San José, about fourteen of them. One girl, wife of a prominent musician, had written a little song and dance act, and they performed right merrily for me. I forget the words, but it was cunning, and indicative of the high morale among the people in Santo Tomas.

We had collected quite a lot of baby things for them and I had taken them over to deliver. The old bicycle was very handy those days.

I remember distinctly the day I visited those girls first. I was tooling along on the old Green Dragon when a huge motorcar flying the Nazi flag, rushed closely past and spattered mud on me. In it was the American wife of a German—she out-Nazi'd her husband by far. I thought, well, they'll get their comeuppance one of these days when the Americans get back. They did. She used her American birth as a means

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to keep him out of Bilibid at the end, and they are now in the United States, living luxuriously.

Those things enraged me. Actually, she was within her rights, as an ally of Japan, to have anything she wanted, but it still made me mad.

Some of the Frenchwomen cavorting around with the Japanese officers were disgusting, too. But it was their privilege and none of my business. And it made another subject for us to gossip about!

I am still being educated by Hi. I really appreciate the beautiful English and prose style of Mr. Cabell, but I'm an incurable optimist and I still have a sense of humor—which I badly need in this establishment.

My old Frenchman is still with me. I now have learned that there is a price on his head in China and Japan for his Free French activities. He has been deprived of his French citizenship by the Vichy consul here and he really needs help. But is he a trial! Sometimes I get so exasperated with him I wish they'd collect the price! He keeps my garden in beautiful shape, but I don't dare pick a single flower. He quarrels with me about his cat, an alley kitten we picked up starving, and which he's turned into a gourmet. It doesn't like carabao milk—who does! But we have to use it. I wish he'd tell the cat there's a war on. My poor dog has to eat corn meal mush along with the rest of us.

I've got another couple paroled to me, the husband being more or less a diamond in the rough. But one of the few pleasures of this war was introducing him to the English written word. Unfortunately he chose to commence his English-reading career with a biography of Napoleon which dealt rather extensively with the love life of Napoleon. So now the D.I.R. is an authority on that subject in audible and bad English.

This annoys Hi, who is erudite, cosmopolitan, elegant and a purist in speech. He is also the proud possessor of duodenal ulcers which keep him out of camp—temporarily.

Mary is still with me, as is Lucienne. Mary is restless and unhappy, and I don't blame her. Life is dull without Fred. We have temporary guests for a few days or a week at a time. Barbara was out for a time, husband be-

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ing in the hospital. Marge was out for a week. I enjoyed having them.

Margaret is our saddest case. She has anemia and seems in sort of a daze all the time. I took her medical pass into Santo Tomas a few days ago and did I get a fright. Instead of extending it for a month as they have been doing, all medical-pass holders were told to wait for an interview with the Japanese doctors. I didn't know exactly what to do. But I showed up with the pass and papers prepared to state the case. The Jap doctor? He was a chiropodist, I understand. Couldn't understand that I wasn't the subject of the pass, and somewhere in the medical report it said something about a gall bladder operation. The Jap wanted to examine me! I was frantic, but the missionary doctor internee came to my rescue and explained to said chiropodist that I was not the one! I got an extension for her, however. I am afraid her mind is affected. She picks the cuticle from around her nails all day long and stares into space. Poor girl!

It's a dull war. And I, who as owner of the smart French restaurant saw everyone enter its portals, liked everyone and purveyed onion soup to the accompaniment of smart chatter to the wild, wide, world, am now the harassed Prisoner of Zamora (name of our street).

What a rat I am to complain! Think of the prisoners and internees who are *really* in trouble. I am a panty-waist to even confide such complaints to a diary.

To amuse myself I have been making a collection of odd signs. Here's one from the tramcars, a series of cards over the seats:

SPITTING IS UNHEALTHY (picture of spitter)	DO NOT SPIT ON THE FLOOR	SPIT IN CUSPIDOR (picture of cuspidor)
OR SPIT IN HAND-KERCHIEF (illustrated)	OR SPIT IN PAPER (picture of Kleenex box)	OR CULTIVATED PEOPLE DO NOT SPIT AT ALL

and to the latter card someone added:

THEY SWALLOW

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Fine way to pass the war! Bickering over cat chow, snickering over tram signs, poking fun at the idiosyncrasies of my paying guests. I am getting to be an unpleasant person. I don't like Me.

One thing. The radio has been out of order. Henry is trying to repair it. Fool to have it, for it's surely a one-way ticket to Fort Santiago. I only have it for myself, for I do not dare tell anyone in the house I have it; and so far as getting news into Santo Tomas is concerned, I just stick my neck out for nothing. Their "rumor radio" functions better than anything I can produce. *I heard just the other day that we have one hundred and fifty transports off Davao!* Radio doesn't say anything that good.

I'd surely like to see the files of the United States newspapers now! Sitting out here in the backwash of this war, we're the original forgotten man. No more thought of us than of a trapped tree-sitter of other years.

Along those months I was pretty lucky getting Fred home once in a while to cheer up Mary. I'd work on the Japs at the camp when I'd go in with her pass, tell them how sad and ill she was, and only needed a sight of her husband to cheer her. Often it worked. He'd come out with a Japanese guard, Honda, have lunch, and get back to camp in the afternoon. Honda, the Jap, loved *Collier's Magazine* of which we had many old copies, so he was always happy to sit in the garden, play with the old man's cat, and read stories. Honda was quite nice about doing little favors for me in camp. He'd see me sneaking in and turn his head. He was a Manila Japanese, and acted as interpreter and guard at the camp. I always felt he cared very little for the military.

The packages that came through for the internees were wonderful. The camp had arranged for their distribution among the Americans, more or less letting the British in as a mark of favor. Then they discovered the packages actually came from the British, via South Africa, marked BERMONDY. I think there were a few *bakalavas* in them; they'll be so useful in the tropics!

There was dried milk, chocolate, cigarettes, a good supply of vitamins, medicines, and tinned meats. There was a great

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shipment of cigarettes for the "general good." Unfortunately "general good" got renamed Japanese Army and they took the cigarettes and sold them for enormous prices. The medicines marked for "general good" were released to the camp "through the generosity of the Imperial Japanese Army."

An American Red Cross shipment came in, too. One cigarette company in that lot did the most idiotic thing: put a "VICTORY" slogan of some sort on the cigarette packages. Of course the Japanese had a good excuse for confiscating all those. That company should be boycotted. But I don't smoke!

From my diary:

> I was in camp today and heard quite a tale. Sex has reared its ugly head again in camp. An enterprising young man placed his cot in the angle of the hallway outside a big dormitory. He was renting his bed, conveniently and more or less privately located as it was, for two pesos an hour, no questions asked, guard duty by himself included. He was discovered, whether by dissatisfied clients who claimed he turned the clock ahead, or by actual patrol guards, I know not. Now they are talking of sending all the men away to another camp. At least, they threaten to do away with the shacks. Life is very complicated.

The aftermath of the bed-renting episode was that women could not go to the shacks with even their own husbands after sundown. The enterprising young man was put in jail, and in questioning him, the Japs found out he was actually from the Air Corps, and had put on civilian clothes and stayed in town when the Army pulled out. Under torture, he ratted and revealed the names of some thirty others in camp who really were military posing as civilians. Their fate was never known. They were shipped out, some say to the dungeons of Santiago others believe they went to Cabanatuan.

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Chapter 9

THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1943 WERE BRIGHTENED BY MORE and more American victories. New Guinea showed definite progress, more landings were made, production climbed to enormous heights in the States, according to my radio—still hidden in the pillowcase. The Jap radio and press insisted that the States were in complete mutiny and were ready to surrender.

We had a heartbreaking time in March. The Japanese went on a cleaning up tour, they insisted too many Americans were wandering around without orders. So they picked up every American on the streets that one day, and poor Hi was unfortunate enough to be caught coming from the hospital where he had gone, with a legitimate pass, for treatment. There were nearly a hundred of them caught in that dragnet and they took them all to Fort Santiago for questioning. There they stayed without food or water for forty-eight hours. They questioned them all, over and over, but what their reasons were no one could determine. Hi was reinterned, which was bad luck for him; he needed special food and care. It was bad luck for me, too. I really was without a kindred spirit.

With the increasing victories, the Japanese became more and more disagreeable, both to the white people and to the Filipinos.

News got better and better. We heard of our submarines coming into Leyte, Panay, Ormoc, Davao. There was the fantastic story of Cebu, where the guerrillas in the hills issued passes to the populace to circulate. There were stories of fresh apples being handed out from submarines. I heard of issues of *Life* and *Time* being shown around, but I never

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got to see one. The atrocity stories grew in number, as did the horrible tales of mistreatment in the prison camps outside Manila.

We had plenty of evidence of the bad treatment of American prisoners right before our eyes. In Pasay, in the Park Avenue Elementary School, there were several hundred American boys imprisoned. Against all international law, they were marched daily to work on the Army airstrip at Nichols Field from which the Japs operated their planes. It was some kilometers away, but the prisoners were forced to march in the burning sun, and work all day, returning on foot in the evening. They were almost all hatless, their clothing in rags, often without shoes, and in bad physical condition—almost all of them. They looked pitiable, and it was heartbreaking, maddening, not to be able to help them.

The Japanese cleared the street as they marched them through, morning and evening, and it was forbidden to look at them as they passed by. I would sometimes ride my bicycle through a cross-street to Park Avenue, dismount, hide behind the bushes and watch them pass. It was agonizing to see them, dragging their sore feet, often helping each other walk, and many times one of them would have to be carried by his companions. Too often they carried them back, dead.

There was a little traffic with them through the back wall of the school—loose bricks became looser, and notes and money and food were slipped in. I became a "brick-kicker" par excellence.

They had to pass a small *tienda* [shop] on their way to work and occasionally the Jap guard would allow the prisoners to purchase something to eat, a rice cake usually, called a *bibinka.* The women of our neighborhood persuaded the shopkeeper to let us make the cakes—we put good meat and eggs in them and money, too. We could do little that way, except that; but we managed to get several hundred cakes to the shop each day. We were careful about notes, not wanting to incriminate the boys or any one else. The young Filipina girls in the neighborhood were adept at getting notes to them, and from them.

It was an odd assortment of women thrown together trying to help those boys. Many nationalities and many social

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levels. My best assistant was an American mestiza girl who was supposed to be living with a Japanese civilian. Maybe she was, but she surely was a wonderful worker, and a whiz at the loose-brick business. But it was only a little drop in the bucket of misery.

Later, after the Park Avenue boys came to our neighborhood, a Norwegian woman, Mrs. Westly, who herself had four sons fighting on various fronts of the war, talked the Japanese authorities into letting her do some relief work for this particular prison camp. An American woman, Mrs. Norton, quite advanced in age, had been getting shipments into this camp with Japanese permission, but she was taken back to internment camp. She had been very successful, using her age and white hair to gain the sympathy of the Jap guards. and we had all helped collect supplies for her. It was easier for Mrs. Westly to approach the Japanese officially as the Norwegians were being treated as neutrals, and the Japs eventually gave her permission to send in certain supplies.

For some months quite nice shipments of foodstuffs, clothing, fruit and medicines went through to the Park Avenue boys. Some shipments went to Bilibid and Lipa; but Park Avenue seemed to be in worse shape than any of the others, and, of course, they were before our eyes daily.

Everybody contributed in money and supplies and worked hard knitting socks (not me, I can't knit). It made people feel better to be able to see our red socks on their feet and the rubber shoes a kindly shoe manufacturer, a Filipino, had sold to us at a ridiculously low figure. Since I couldn't knit, I was the distributor of the wool and the gatherer-upper of the finished socks.

Even in this dreadful mess, there was sometimes a smile. Someone had given us seventy yards of pale pink brocade, curtain material. The Seventh Day Adventist Missionaries, not yet interned, kindly made this material into men's shorts —about sixty pairs. Pink brocade shorts and red socks, correct wear for prisoners! We could see them, too. Another donation was several hundred straw hats, which were greatly needed and highly appreciated.

From these small beginnings toward prisoner relief, in which Filipinos and all the white people of our part of town

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participated, grew the official committee. The Japanese finally granted permission to a Neutral Welfare Committee, authorized from Tokyo under the auspices of the International Y.M.C.A., to begin functioning. There were nine members of this committee: the Swedish consul, Helga Janson, was the head; Mrs. Westly was the Norwegian member; Sylvia Melian, the Spanish; George Wood, Irish; Mr. Castelyn, Belgian; Mrs. Halberg, Danish; Mr. Bihrinstihl, Swiss, and a Swedish gentleman named Griffa acted as Secretary. I was the French representative. The Vichy consul had nothing to do with it, but could do nothing about my acting. At least, he didn't do anything, nor did he denounce me.

The Y.M.C.A. was to furnish us a certain sum each month, and we were allowed to accept donations, but not to solicit from the Filipinos. The Y.M.C.A. funds were specifically earmarked for "recreational and educational purposes only," a restriction highly displeasing to us. This is a worthy aim, but to appease hunger is more important. The boys were starving, and had little need for footballs and crossword puzzle books; they needed food and clothing. I say, modestly, I solved that problem. In the bookkeeping, there were a great many thousands of "bean bags," which everyone knows are playthings. However, these bean bags weighed a hundred pounds each and were full of good red kidney and mongo beans! Since I did most of the food buying, the bookkeeper could not question my invoices!

The amount of money we were able to dig up was astounding. We weren't supposed to solicit, only accept, funds from neutrals. The Chinese, the Indians, even a few Germans, gave generously, and all the white neutrals were wonderful. And so were the Filipinos ,although they were not supposed to help. One big politician, since dead, often gave me large sums of money, asking only that it not be mentioned to the Japs. Contributions of food and clothing came in from all sources and we committee people were kept busy sorting and arranging all this material and getting it ready to send in.

For a group of people of mixed nationalities and different sexes, the Neutral Committee functioned not too badly. Credit should go to Janson, the Swedish consul, for he managed us all very well, in a Simon Legreeish way, as I often

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told him. His dealings with the Japanese were conducted most correctly, efficiently and without bootlicking.

My usefulness did not lie in the soliciting of funds, nor in knitting. Most of my well-to-do friends were locked up in Santo Tomas and the funds there were taken care of by a committee of their own. They dug up money from their own needs to help the military prisoners who were in such dire straits. I used to go into both camps, Santo Tomas and Sulphur Springs, and bring the money out that they had collected, as women were seldom searched. The sight of me climbing the back wall of Sulphur Springs Camp must have been edifying, if anyone had ever caught me. Thank goodness, the Japanese never caught me!

I did a good deal of the food buying, because of my past food business experience and because the food dealers knew me. And I had a bicycle. I was the errand boy, the lowliest member of the committee, and I loved working for it.

The Neutral Welfare Committee functioned quite well until June of 1944, when it was summarily ordered to give no further aid to prisoners. Our appeals only resulted in the buck being passed to Tokyo; Tokyo passed the decision on to the Military Command in Manila, with always the same results. A certain General Ko, a Korean, who had come into command of the Manila post was the man who handed down the final decision: no more aid to prisoners or internees. I testified at his trial. He was condemned to death and eventually hanged. I have shed no tears over that, and my testimony helped hang him.

Spite work was the reason for this refusal to let us carry on. The mounting victories of the Americans were making the Japanese very unhappy, and quite naturally, they wanted the prisoners to be miserable, too.

Every time I think of the missionary group I heard about in the States who were trying to aid the "poor Japanese wives and children left on the outside of internment camps in America," I saw those hungry prisoners, and wondered. I didn't think I believed in reprisals, but about that time I would have taken a hearty hand in any kind of reprisal, so long as it was cruel. But the Americans are a kindly people, and few of them in the United States ever knew firsthand about the grim reality of war. The poor fighting men who

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slogged it out in the mud, and lost their lives, they knew.

> *From the Diary in 1943:* I had a great find today. In other, happier days the arrival of a mail boat with new magazines was a wonderful event. Well, I had a new magazine today. Somehow a *Harper's* for September, 1941, turned up in a bag of mine, unopened. There was a fine article about the Swiss. I could tell them some pretty tales about Swiss in Manila, and the twenty to forty per cent interest they charged a good many people on loans. There was a good article about the trials and tribulations of an American passport, and an article about alcoholics. Too late for us now! The finest cure in the world for alcoholism was discovered, nay, forced upon Manila when internment arrived. All the bottle-a-day lads in Santo Tomas seem to be doing pretty well without alcohol. They've lost weight, but many of them feel better without it. I still drink rum. My credit with Elizaldes seems to be good, so far.
>
> The most interesting article in the magazine was the announcement of a prize contest for war experiences. But the contest time limit was July, 1942.
>
> Just then we were getting buckled down to a long war here. Corregidor had fallen, the last troops had surrendered in North Luzon in June, the guerrillas were back in the hills, laying plans. Java, Hong Kong, Burma, all were lost. Prisoners were dying like flies from ill-treatment and starvation. Most any of them or us could write quite a lot about war experiences; but the mail service wasn't—still isn't—so good! So that time limit stymied any would-be war experience raconteur.

Along in the summer of 1943, I had a bad time with the local Gestapo. They visited me, to check up on the old Frenchman living in my house. As I mentioned before, he had been making visits to Colonel Saito, whom he had known in Japan, asking repatriation, at least to Indo-China. Saito wearied of his visits and called down Santiago for letting him out. They took him in, and he later died in camp.

But this brought me to their attention in a fashion I did not relish. I had repeated visits from them, probing and asking the same questions all the time. I was certainly curried with a fine-tooth comb, to mix a mean metaphor. I tried

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to do what St. Paul always advocated, "agree with mine adversary quickly." I acknowledged my American birth, showed them my French marriage book, avowed my entire willingness to be interned at any moment. That disarmed them. Also, they thought it would please me, probably, and that would never do. So I was sternly warned to be a good gal, and they left me alone.

At one of these inquisitions when they had arrived unexpectedly, I was getting a big bundle of money ready to take to camp. I quickly slipped it under the cushion, and coaxed the dog into the chair with me. She lay there during the entire interview, while they looked the house over. I don't know what they were after. My heart went down into my shoes each time they went upstairs. I thought of the radio!

That summer a young American woman who had never gone into internment camp because of her baby daughter, now had another baby, and was sent from the hospital to my care by the Santo Tomas authorities. Life with two children in the house was hectic, yet nice, too.

But she was such a bridge fiend, there seemed to be a game going all the time. My French girl became a fan, too, and so many bridge foursomes were going all the time I sort of had to sneak through my own living room to answer the telephone. They had one woman always there whom I heartily disliked. She was a Slav of some sort, married to a Scandinavian. I took a dim view of her husband's activities, as he manufactured something which the Japs used in their boat construction. The Japanese built a great number of wooden boats in the river, and I felt that anything anyone sold them that would aid their war effort was distinctly anti-white. They made a great deal of money, in military notes, which they lent to people who needed money, and at very high interest rates. I probably was jealous, as I was getting down to an empty purse, practically.

I kept up the Santo Tomas wagon as best I could. Sometimes the Japs would close the line for some time, then reopen. One never knew. The prisoner relief work meant a shipment a week to a prison camp, the camp to be designated by the Japanese, so we never knew where it was going. We

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usually had a two-ton truck filled with food, clothing, fruit and medicine. The Japanese always signed for it, and we could only hope that at least some of it got to the prisoners.

Everybody was getting tired of the war. My next door neighbors, a Dane and his American wife, were a great comfort to me. They had saved most of their books, which helped. I read a great deal that summer.

For my own information and edification, I started a food chart of twenty basic commodities, taking the figures from my old cash books of the restaurant and my present books. It was interesting to see the trend of prices on these staples. Prices on rice, for instance, climbed from ₱6.00 a sack of a hundred pounds at the beginning of the war, to ₱65.00 in the summer of 1943, and at the end it was selling on the basis of ₱35,000.00 a sack—only there was never a sack. This, of course, was in Japanese peso exchange. A good peso in 1943 was worth about three Japanese military pesos, and at the end a good peso was exchanged, under cover, at about a hundred to one. Even at that, ₱35,000.00 pesos in Jap money meant ₱350.00 in good pesos—a pretty dreadful price for poor Filipinos to pay, people who eat rice as their main food.

The Japanese always insisted that they did not take the Filipino's rice. In fact, they had a propaganda picture, showing rice being *shipped in* for the Filipinos. Unfortunately, the bags they showed being hoisted on cranes, supposed to be *arriving from* a Japanese ship, must have been going *into* the ship, for the bags themselves, were *buri* bags, only used in the Philippine Islands! That was the only moving picture I saw during the war—it was shown along with a Marx brothers comedy!

Money devaluated slowly, strangely enough. The first tew months, pesos and military pesos were interchangeable. Naturally once a good peso was spent, it never got into circulation again. Those good notes were hoarded by Filipinos and Japanese, alike. The banks under the Philippine Commonwealth opened up in a limited way, but the accounts of American depositors had been confiscated. So that let me out, although thirty pesos a month wouldn't have done very much for me.

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The military notes, know familiarly as Mickey Mouse money, went down in value, so that in the summer of 1943 they were about three or four to one. As the victories mounted, this ratio changed. Money lending was a great racket; so was money changing. The people who made money in Mickey Mouse were anxious to exchange it for good pesos, or American dollar checks. American Express checks were in great demand. The usurious interest charged by some of the Chinese and Swiss left a pretty bad taste in everyone's mouth. The rates varied with the risk. At one time I know a good promissory note for ₱100.00 good money would bring a thousand Mickey Mouse, and so on. And sometimes a check for ₱100.00 would be changed at the rate of forty per cent interest—

I had a little nest egg of good pesos, which dwindled rapidly. The good old game of buy and sell was the favorite sport of all of us, but I wasn't very smart at it.

As I said, I suppose I *was* jealous of people who made money to spend on eggs and good food. I did the best I could for my family, but it didn't include more than one egg a week! We did have rice and green vegetables frequently, and, usually, meat.

In all fairness, I must say that there was an enormous amount of money going into Santo Tomas and other camps lent by big neutral companies at reasonable rates, and the individual loans to friends were numberless. I only complain of those who got rich through Japanese contracts and salved their consciences by lending money to the needy—at high rates.

One Swiss, who was really very kind about helping the Americans with money, lending it, cashing checks, etc., met a tragic end. The wife of one of the American Express officials who was not interned, had quite a lot of American Express checks. Between the Swiss and her efforts, this was turned into cash and lent to a good many people. How the Japanese found out about it, or exactly what happened was never known. They disappeared. And long, long after hostilities ceased in Manila, their bodies were found.

Money changing was one thing the Japanese disliked. They

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wanted all of it they could get, for they knew full well their Japanese military currency would never stand up after the war, no matter who won.

I must have been unusually bored when I wrote the following effusion in my diary along that year of 1943:

> I should address this page to General MacArthur:
> Dear Mr. General:
>
> Please send a plane for us today. We are tired of it all, and we want to go home. Prisoners of Zenda (no, Zamora, for that's the name of our street, right near the airfield). That's where we are, and what price liberty from an internment camp if I have to lie on my tummy in a linen closet fiddling with a short-wave radio which is "hot," with the Japs trying to find out what is going on in your set. I know you are busy, General, and I hope you didn't have to do what I was forced to do today—hang out a fried-egg flag. It's the 8th of the month here, and we are "celebrating" the proclamation of war, reprinted in yesterday's paper, and all citizens *must* fly a flag. I do not like that flag, General, so we let the wind blow it down; but we'd like you to do something about swapping flags, but soon, Sir.
>
> That was a nice proclamation running around Santo Tomas the other day, saying you were thinking of us over here. We need more than thinking.
>
> We're all getting a little hungry, General. The Filipinos need rice. We'd all have rice tummies if we had enough rice. We're getting sort of mean, too, counterbalanced by quite a good deal of real decency. But I've discovered an addition to the Meanest Man series: There's a lady in Santo Tomas who is in a room with *fifty-five* other women. She covers up her clock —the only clock in the room—with a towel, so that other people cannot use her belongings. She's British, though. But, Sir, we don't want all of us to get like that.

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Good-bye, Sir. Think kindly of us, and we'll see you soon—we hope, we hope.
A bientôt!

I can't imagine what brought this letter-writing on, but it sounds so silly, I had to put it in. Life was just a series of pinpricks then, becoming more like real stabs as the months went on. I remember commenting on a book in my diary called, *Under the Iron Heel* by Lars Moen. In my diary I recorded:

> This is a simple, undramatic story of the first few months of the occupation of Belgium. There are whole pages that might have been written about us here. For instance he says: "The dangerous things in war are not difficult. Few persons are badly frightened in an air raid." And isn't that true? I used to watch from the roof or the open street the bombings of Cavite and Nichols Field. I never bothered to go to the nearby shelters during those first days of the war, when we were being bombed constantly by the Japanese. I always was incensed because they bombed at mealtime—especially at noon, thereby ruining my business, and at night, when I'd have to get up to soothe people and make coffee. Moen also says: "What is hard to put up with is the little annoyances, petty dislocations, the unheroic things." Well do I know that: the unheroic things that do not call for heroism, only patience, and perhaps I have none of either.

I think I was most impatient with improbable rumors. One friend of mine amused herself with collecting them. Here is one sample: "The cook of my neighbor saw a *carretela* driver who said he saw a thousand American planes in the air this morning." Another was, "Davao was bombed. The Chinese grocer has a brother who heard it from a guerrilla." Or: "Laval is dead. Hitler is in a madhouse, dying of cancer. The Japs have a hundred thousand wounded in Manila. Quezon is in Zamboanga with a million troops. Sayre has landed in person with Filipino troops to replace MacArthur." And on and on. We heard them; *carretela* rumors, I called them.

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I was annoyed, because I actually was hearing real news—my short-wave radio functioned pretty well. But I never dared contradict anyone, and say I knew better from the short-wave. That would have been fatal. Indeed, it was fatal to so many people who had radios and got a little careless about talking about them. Even the walls had ears—

The American broadcasts annoyed me highly. There was a commentator, William Winter, who talked in full, rounded tones about what, at that time, seemed simple rot. "Unconditional surrender" at that time seemed pretty remote. Cordell Hull's lovely broadcasts on the theme of "We think of you often," "Our hearts are with you," "Help is on the way," sounded awfully good to us; but they grew a little tiresome.

I was so tired of it all, I even tried to study Spinoza, so you know how badly off I was. I must say I didn't get very far. I read old Greek plays and Shakespeare, and tried to plan a life that was not overcast with yellow.

Our prisoner- and internee-aid projects were the most satisfactory pursuits then.

My contact with Cabanatuan was well organized, and I got frequent messages through from Edgar and others. But in the summer of 1944 all communication ceased. Much of the money and medicines sent up there were stolen or lost, but some of it did get through, we learned. One of my friends in the neighborhood, out of camp to care for her dying mother-in-law, had a husband and son up there. We often pooled our efforts to get things through and messages out. It was dangerous business, and our best contacts were little mestiza girls and Filipinas, who knew their way about the countryside and were free to travel. So many of them were killed for their efforts. No praise is strong enough for those poor kids.

In a scrapbook I find a couple of poems that were smuggled out of the Park Avenue prison. I think they came out of the loose bricks at the back of the prison. One is entitled: *Forgotten Men.*

In the Camp of Nipa Barracks,
Lost deep in the Philippines,
Are a bunch of forgotten warriors
With nothing left but dreams.

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We're fighting a greater battle
Than the Battle we fought and lost;
It's a battle against the elements—
A battle with life the cost.

Some came thru the awful torture,
The days and nights of Hell,
In that struggle for small Bataan
Where many brave men fell.

But now it isn't how much you know
Or how you hit the ditch;
It's not the rank that once you held,
Nor whether you're poor or rich.

No one cares whom you knew back home
Or what kind of a life you led,
It's just how long you can stick it out
That governs your lot instead.

This battle we're fighting at present is
Against mosquitoes, flies, disease;
But with living conditions better
We could fight our case with ease.

It's rice for morn, and noon and nite,
It rains most every day.
We sleep on bamboo slats at night
We've no better place to lay.

We eat from a rusty, old tin pan
That we've been lucky enough to get,
And the medical supply that we should have
We haven't seen as yet.

We are the Forgotten Men of Bataan,
Maybe some can prove our worth;
And some will tell very strange tales
Of a Horrible Hell on earth!

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The other one is entitled: *Help Is On The Way.*

As we fight for Right and Freedom,
As we hold the foe at bay,
Every night we hear the promise
That help is on the way.

Our ranks were thin to start with,
And they're thinner now each day;
But we still carry on the fight
'Cause help is on the way.

We've heard that promise a thousand times
And greeting the dawn each day,
We gaze at the far horizon,
With hope in our hearts we pray.

As each day brings new disappointment
And our help is not in sight,
Our spirits grow lower and lower
But we still continue to fight.

Each day it passes nearer—
Our inevitable fall;
And each day in passing it's clearer
There'll be no help at all.

Out here it's always a promise
Entreating us to hold—
As if they needed to bolster our hearts
To make us brave and bold.

The sacrifice is not too great,
Though lose our lives we may.
Deep in our hearts we know it's true
There'll be no help today.

As days and weeks and months pass by
And the day of our fall draws nigh,
We know the promise of help to come
Is naught but a terrible lie.

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We know through the strife of battle
If help had arrived at all
Our fortunes would be quite different—
Bataan need never fall.

Now, at the crucial moment,
We no more hear them say:
Take heart out there, men, don't give up
'Cause help is on the way.

Now that the battle is over
One thing we'll never forget:
Perhaps help might *have been on its way,*
But it hasn't arrived at yet.

So our buddies lie in the shade
Of the Death March they all made—
Forgotten Men who hoped some day
Help would come their way!

Bilibid prison was full of war prisoners and some were sick and wounded. They seemed to have a somewhat better break than the Park Avenue boys. One of the Japanese interpreters in Bilibid had been educated in the United States. He was reputed to be a Christian, and somewhat sympathetic to the prisoners' needs. He occasionally went to see Father Kelly, of the Malate Catholic Church, bringing out messages and taking in tobacco, reading matter, games and verbal messages. Food and clothing were too bulky for him to manage, for he did this at his own risk. And risk it was for any Japanese to show the slightest mercy for the Americans' needs. We collected a great many books for him; he liked to read and guaranteed to "censor" them for the prisoners. I know that some of them got in, for prisoners after the war mentioned reading books with my name written in them.

Father Kelly, Irish priest, was one of the saints of this war. He aided the Filipinos of his parish to his utmost ability, and did great work with the American internees, and the guerrillas. For all this he was murdered by the Japanese in Fort Santiago not long before the liberation.

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One young Irishman, Sullivan, who lived with the priests at Malate, came to see me one day to ask about how to cook things in one pot, stews, etc. I gave him recipes, and told what to substitute, etc. He was so bewildered that I went down to Malate and showed them how to do a carabao stew in a big iron pot over charcoal. Carabao meat was quite good in a stew, too tough for steak—and with camotes and beans it was tasty and nourishing. The sight of Madame Savary busily cooking with the black-robed priests out in an open courtyard was quite a sight.

The Catholic fathers who were not interned did nobly in their efforts to aid prisoners, internees and Filipinos. They gave generously of their time and funds and took enormous risks for which they often paid with their liberty, and too frequently paid with their lives. They were of all nationalities including Irish and Spanish, and one, in particular, who did such a wonderful job aiding Cabanatuan prisoners, was German. He was executed.

When Fort Santiago was taken, one group of dead was found laid in long rows, completely nude. They were identified as priests only by their tonsured heads. Their hands were tied behind them, and their bodies were riddled with bullets and bayonet wounds.

The Japanese definitely did not like to have the Americans aided.

Chapter 10

THE JAPANESE INCREASED THEIR EFFORTS TO IMPRESS THE FILIpinos with a promise of complete independence. Some of their propaganda must have sounded very convincing to the Filipinos: the callousness of the Americans, the manner in which they drew the color line, the difference in salaries between white workers and Filipinos. All these details were publicized in endless editorials and broadcasts.

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The Japanese emphasized their desire to make the Philippines a part of a great Asiatic League; Co-Prosperity Sphere of Greater East-Asia, they called it.

In a certain ethnological way, perhaps the union of the Filipinos and the Japanese might be more logical than trying to have the white race and the brown in the same country, with that existent stigma against mixing. And I am not so certain but that it will come in future generations. Right now, the Americans can only see the resumption of the state of things, prewar, but I am afraid that the life as we knew it then, that pleasant life we all led, can never be again. But I do not believe that the day of melding of the Oriental and the Malay has come, nor do I believe it will come for many generations.

It was highly interesting all through the war to learn the personal points of view of everyone, especially the white people, inside or outside the *sawali* walls. To the great majority, this war was a personal affront, whipped up to annoy them personally. The events that preceded the war, that inevitably led to war, our share in bringing this war about (for no thinking person can deny that the United States delayed too long, and bluffed too often and too soon without having an ace in the hole when the Japs called the bluff), all this seems never to have entered people's thinking. If this be treason, I say make the most of it. I must have thought a good deal along those lines, for in my diary I find:

> I wonder what this war will do, translated into the world scheme. Will we ever go back to our easy way of life in the tropics, will the Filipinos ever let us? Will this struggle with Japan, which we are bound to win, do for us what we think—and hope—it will? What do we really think it is going to accomplish? My conception is that it must definitely place the white race, and by that I undoubtedly mean the Anglo-Saxons—being one myself—in the saddle so firmly that we will have no question of world wars in the future. There must be some plan, some *modus operandi*, whereby nations can live side by side without cutting each other's throats periodically, if everyone only tried just a little. But even if the Anglo-Saxons do secure themselves in the world saddle

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so firmly that there can be no question of their right to be there, will they do a good job of it? Who knows.

What a prophet—look at the jolly old world now!

Late in 1943 we had the world's worst flood. Manila was practically a lake. It is below sea level in parts, anyhow, and it surely was a mess in our part of town, Pasay. The drains had never been cleaned out since before the occupation, the sewers overflowed, and a horrible situation developed.

The sight of Madame Savary, clad briefly in blue shorts and knee boots, cooking over a charcoal pot, as the water rose and poured into her boots, was something to remember, so my loving friends tell me. Water came halfway up the staircase, trunks and furniture careened gaily about the drawing room. The gardens were great lakes and the streets roaring rivers with a busy *banca* (small boat) traffic.

It didn't take "forty days" for the flood to subside, but I would have welcomed any semblance of a dove bearing evidence of the end. Our first caller, Mike, the Dane from next door, barefooted, trousers rolled high, was hailed as our deliverer as he climbed the stile between our houses, bearing a bottle of gin. He joined us for beans and hot rum, served on the second floor. The children were safe with enough milk and canned things to do them for the three days we were marooned. Ethel, Mike's wife, had been caught downtown in the flood and there had taken refuge. We didn't know it at the moment, and everyone was worried about her.

If I complained about the difficulties of life *before* the flood, I hadn't seen anything yet. Prices soared to astronomical figures, money was scarce, the Japanese were getting more and more strict and mean. Curfew was set very early, and it wasn't too much fun to go into the streets—which I had to do, naturally; but my good old dog, Spec, always rode in a box on the back of the bicycle with me, and sweet as she was, she could always show a mean tooth at the Japanese.

There were certain amusing aspects of the flood. Me riding the bicycle in shorts and rubber boots, was one. But to see the thousands of wet pants and cartridge belts and shirts hung out in front of the Rizal Stadium—a huge garrison—

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on the first sunny day, while beyond the entrance, thousands of Japanese soldiers huddled in kimonas or nothing at all, waited for their clothes to dry, that was a sight. The Japs drooped around the streets, wet and miserable, for all the world like chickens caught in a cloudburst and ailing with the pip. They aren't pretty people, the Japanese, our conquerors. There's that certain simian something about them, you know what I mean?

Our little neighborhood carried on like most communities —work, visiting, gossip—and oh, what gossip! For we really had something to gossip about, in our neighborhood.

We were always horrified to hear about American girls playing around with Japanese officers. There were some Frenchwomen, wives of French officials and businessmen, who entertained the Japanese socially and went out with them; but somehow, it seemed worse for American internees, prisoners of the Japs, to play around with them.

Our particular tidbit of gossip was about four gals, Americans, who were out of Santo Tomas on passes. They rented a house in our neighborhood, and had themselves a merry time, if the sounds from the house as one passed it, were any indication. I used to pass there on my bicycle going to see Norwegian friends who lived across the street from them. There were always a number of Japanese staff cars parked in front of the girls' house, and we often saw them going out. I named them the Cuneta (name of the street) Cuties. It certainly wasn't any of our business, but it did seem slightly scandalous to us, and meant loss of face for Americans in general.

We had another exciting topic of conversation just before the flood. A repatriation ship was to leave Manila with American internees aboard, to be exchanged at some neutral port for Japanese from the United States.

The consuls who had been caught in Manila, and the Manila Consul General and families were to go, of course. After that, it was anybody's guess. No one knew how the list was made up, but it was a queer mixture. One would suppose that the aged, sick and infirm would be first. But no. About the number one passenger was a labor agitator who had arrived on December 4, 1941, to organize Filipino labor.

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The Cuneta Cuties were next on the list! All hale, hearty young women, but they were to be repatriated, courtesy of their Japanese friends. The rest of the one hundred and fifty odd passengers were evidently chosen by the Japanese, and by what process, no one ever seemed to know.

There was a man I knew, caught in Manila at the beginning of the war, an official in a big company in Japan. He had tuberculosis, and the Japanese permitted him to go. He offered to take in messages to the States for me, but I only asked that he memorize one or two names, and advise them that I was all right. That was the first news that my family had that I was still alive. I had not been on any Santo Tomas register sent out, and so I was thought lost.

The names on that list were the subject of long and bitter arguments: Why should so and so go, when I should get out? Why was he, or she, or they, chosen? No one was satisfied, except the people who *did* go.

The exchange ship was called the *Teia Maru*. It was to call at the port of Goa, in Portuguese India, and exchange passengers with the internees from the Philippines, sent on by the Swedish *Gripsholm*.

Someone sent me out a very vulgar cartoon about the ship: a drawing showing aged, lame, halt, blind people, waiting and looking wistfully at a ship labeled at its masthead, *Puta Maru* while beautiful young women, escorted by Japanese, went up the gangplank. I need not tell you what *puta* means. It was a good joke, slightly vulgar, but we all laughed.

In December, 1943, I wrote, complainingly:

> Three December 8's have passed. How many more, I wonder. Will we ever waken to a town free from vermin, vermin clad in dirty khaki who drag their feet in the boots to which they are so obviously unaccustomed, and who wear those hideous eyeglasses? One way to win the war might be to steal all their spectacles. But they surely can, and do, fight!
>
> I hate them increasingly. I resent being pushed around—I got a real pushing yesterday. Mary so wanted to get the photographs of her son and her husband; she mourned those photographs more than all her lovely cars and her beautiful house she had lost. Fred got per-

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mission from the Camp Commandant for me to get them from the house she had lived in before the Japanese newspaper dispossessed her and I took her to my house. So I went down there, on the bicycle. After a couple of trips I finally found the man who could do something for me. I had a lengthy discussion with him. He was difficult, although his English was fair; but he had a boil on his neck. He insisted the pictures could not be there. I insisted they must be, saying I knew exactly where they had been left. He finally telephoned Santo Tomas and spoke with the Commandant there. After a long conversation in Japanese, the Commandant asked to speak to me. The Commandant said the newspaperman claimed the house had been occupied by the military before the newspaper moved in, so that they had nothing there. Unfortunately I contradicted that statement, saying I myself had taken Mary from the house as the newspaper people, these same ones, were moving in, and that the military had never been there; that I was sure I knew where the photos were, if I could only look for myself. Quite obviously this was the wrong thing to say, it made the newspaperman lose face. So we continued arguing. Just then a Filipino boy brought an armful of framed photographs into the office, beaming with pride (I had subsidized him beforehand). The Jap showed them to me, and asked if those were the pictures I was looking for. I looked. They were all endorsed photographs of past governors-general, high commissioners, and a snappy little Sultan of Sulu job, all with a sort of love to E.D.H. endorsement on them. E.D.H. having occupied the house previous to Mary and Fred. He was a government official and had gone to Corregidor with the High Commissioner.

I foolishly admitted I knew who the photographs were, and who E.D.H. was, but insisted I wanted Mary's photos, not those. To close the argument, the Japanese threw them all at me across his desk, the poor little sultan falling on the floor and breaking. He forced me to get down on my hands and knees to pick them all up, even to the bits of broken glass, prodding me with his toe. Then he took me by the shoulders, marched me to the door—me staggering under all the past rank of the Philippines—pushed me heartily downs the steps, and told me in good University of California English to get

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the H . . . out of here, to stay out, and that he personally would see to it that I should never again bother any representative of his Celestial Highness. Exquisite Japanese courtesy—and typical of the little yellow swine.

I was more mad than scared. I mounted my Green Dragon, pictures in the box in the rear, and roared off down the street at a pace that would have won me the six-day bicycle race in half a day, I'm sure!

I arrived home completely enraged and with a pair of horribly battered knees. For of course I fell off, and right in some horrible stuff. My French friend called the doctor who gave me tetanus shots.

Two days later, still in bed. So many people came in to sympathize with me, all laden with something to cheer me up—mostly rum. Nobody told me that tetanus shots and rum were an evil mixture. I nearly died. I think I am going to have whatever anti-tetanus shots are supposed to prevent. I definitely feel I am dying.

The news was better and better, but time lagged. The only cure for me when I am impatient or bored is either a new hat or a party. No new hats being available, I decided on a New Year's Day open house.

The Christmas shipment had gone to Cabanatuan: nearly four tons of stuff for the prisoners there, and the Swedish consul had gone along and seen it delivered inside the gates. The Santo Tomas packages were all inside, safely. So I had a party.

It was really a honey, I asked practically all of white Pasay, and some Filipinos. It was a veritable League of Nations. Must have been eighty people there: Swiss, Swedes, French, Belgians, Spaniards, Filipinos, one Chilean, Russians, Greeks, Dutch, Norwegians, Danes, English, Irish, Poles, Americans—a real gathering of the nations. If a real League of Nations could get along together as nicely as that group did, our world problems could be solved. It was a perfect day. The garden was lovely, and a silver punch bowl I was saving for someone, was shined up for the occasion. Eggnogs were conspicuous by their absence, but the fruit punch, spiked with the inevitable rum, wasn't too bad. Some of the guests stayed for lunch. We had the usual war lunch, red beans with chile, and mixed

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green salad. A fine crap game started right after lunch, in which I was definitely outsmarted. But we had fun, and for a little while we forgot the war. There were many internees there, out on passes, wearing their arm bands, but if the little yellow boys saw them, they didn't crash the party.

This sounds very frivolous, but everyone said it built up morale tremendously. No one can live constantly in gloom, bemoaning fate and discussing military strategy. They seem to be doing their job all right out there in the war theaters. Our turn would come, so we tried to cheer up. None of my immediate circle ever went out in public, to the movies or to the races, or *jai alai*. The gambling houses and night clubs never saw any of us; but we did visit back and forth, play mah jongg and bridge, while we all worked for the prisoners.

Even in Santo Tomas they told me they had entertainment, bridge, and even movies and dancing. That griped the Japanese, they wanted everyone to be miserable and spend their time bowing to them. We on the outside were more comfortable and free, in a sense; but mentally we had more to combat, for we were in constant and daily contact with the Japanese, and their reactions were always unpredictable.

1944 saw the war definitely on the up and up. The Japanese broadcasts would mention our bombing certain places; but, of course, they always added that the Japanese shot down all American planes, while the Japanese returned safely to base. *We* always said "R.S.B.," they said it so frequently. In like manner, the Nazi claims that the "Axis forces retired to previously prepared positions" became P.P.P. for us. But the mere fact that the Japanese mentioned our bombings was cheering to us. We knew our turn would come, and only hoped it would be soon.

The Japanese up to this spring had discouraged, even forbidden, the digging of air-raid shelters. Now they began to build them themselves, and encouraged the Filipinos to do so, especially around all public buildings. They also warned the public to return to their provinces, if not occupied in any helpful way. There were practice blackouts, too. Curfew was moved up to eight o'clock—not that this made any difference to me. I never went out of the house after dark.

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Chapter 11

THAT LAST YEAR WAS LONELY FOR ME. HI HAD BEEN TAKEN back, first to Fort Santiago, then to Santo Tomas, and finally when his illness became too acute, he went to the hospital for some weeks and underwent an operation.

He was permitted to go to Sulphur Springs, to recuperate. It was a convalescent camp, originally built as a health resort as there were mineral springs there. It was run by an old German, more Filipino than Nazi. He was, of course, under Japanese supervision, but they left it mostly to him. It was considerably better than the big camps. The people paid quite heavily to stay there, and most of them had their own shacks. It was not the life to which they had been accustomed, but it was infinitely better than living fifty to a room. I had many friends out there, and I used to go visiting them—quite naturally without permission. It was not too closely guarded and the back wall wasn't too high. I managed to climb it quite easily but in not too dignified a fashion. I took in a good deal of stuff, and many thousands of pesos, good ones, out to change into Mickey Mouse. I did errands for people, and with no harm ever coming to me. Sold things for them and took the money in, and took messages out.

I certainly was lucky. When I think of the many, many times I risked being thrown into Santiago for keeps, I shudder. And then I think of my Spanish teacher, who was always so careful in his dealings and who was always admonishing me for my carelessness. He was caught changing a good fifty-peso note, taken into custody and executed by the Japanese. There must be some sort of a pattern, that decides what is to be.

Going out to Sulphur Springs meant leaving my Pasay

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house before seven in the morning, laden with parcels, and getting to a tramcar a kilometer away. This I did either by bicycle or *carretela*. This tram took me to the center of town, where I changed to another, and from that I transferred to a bus. The bus went through Japanese guards and we were always forced to stop while the men were searched. From the bus I walked nearly a kilometer, climbing the wall, usually arriving about nine. All good fun, but hard on me, both physically and emotionally.

Independence had been granted to the Philippines in late 1943. Much ceremony and grand promises went with the Japanese "freeing the enslaved Filipinos from their centuries-old white yoke." Much waving of flags and cavorting about the street by children, paid to act happy, added to the seemingly general hilarity.

One of our chief sources of amusement was the Japanese effort to teach Nippongo (simplified Japanese in English characters) to the Filipinos. There was a daily lesson in the *Tribune* and on the radio; there were such words as *Katai Tunagari*, meaning firm unity; *Munce Adoraseru*, heart leaping with joy; *Atui Jangoki*, deep emotion—and this showed the trend of the propaganda of the times.

The Japanese tried to force Nippongo on the Filipinos, but I think it wasn't too successful.

The young son of the Swedish consul, Sander, aged three, used to repeat the lessons from the radio, as he heard it. If we could have put him in vaudeville, our fortunes would have been made. I think the general opinion of Nippongo was about as frivolous as that of Sander.

A Japanese Embassy was set up in the former High Commissioner's residence, with much formality and pomp—so they say. I never was there.

India became a free nation by grace of Chandra Bose, exiled in Singapore. The fact that he was an exile, unable to enter the country he was "freeing" evidently did not appear incongruous to the puppet President Laurel and his bosses. Free (by Bose) India was welcomed into select company and given full recognition and approval. Burma, too, was going to be free and also Indo-China.

The whole performance of Philippine independence, the

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Greater East-Asia scheme, smacked of comic opera. One expected every minute to have a chorus of merry villagers bursting into a buck-and-wing with a ditty about Freedom, or one something like this:

Co-Prosperity are we,
Hi-de-de diddle-dee.
Though we starve we must be gay.
We are free, the Nippons say.

All this time the Americans were "fruitlessly" taking pot shots at Wake, at Ambonia, the Celebes, Choiseul, and of course losing every plane in every operation, the Japanese R.S.B. [returning safely to base] themselves. Their propaganda at that time was rather stupid; they never admitted a loss and boasted so much that their own officers were heard to express themselves rather dubiously before non-Japanese people. Later, the propaganda changed, and took on the frank and earnest tune of: "It's a hard struggle. We've lost so many planes, so many ships, but we've got more and we must tighten up the old obis and build more and more."

By the spring of 1944 the raids on Truk, Pilileu, and so on, showed a definite pattern of bombings coming ever northward, closer to the Philippines. We took a new lease on life. We needed cheering, for we all had to do a little obi-tightening ourselves, money being scarce, food sky-high in price, shoes and clothing wearing out. Most of the women were wearing wooden shoes, *bakias;* I could not manage them. I simply fell down. And they were no good for bicycling. So I just went barefooted and wore my pretty evening shoes when I went out on the bicycle. Although I got pretty proficient riding the bike barefoot, it looked a bit odd. I had always had a lot of evening shoes, and my sports type shoes had about disappeared, due to hard usage. I had sold many of my shoes, too, as my foot size was about average Filipino, not the usual aristocratic American foot, long and slender. But I must have looked queer, mounted on the old Green Dragon, dressed in clothes usually made from curtains, head tied in a bandana, but shod in beautiful evening slippers, or else barefoot.

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At the beginning of the war, I had taken in most of my cotton clothes that were a little worn, or badly fitting, or that I didn't particularly like, to Santo Tomas, for people there were in such need of clothing from the beginning.

But outside, that last year, we were badly off for clothing. Anytime anyone appeared in a garment that was in more or less good condition, not too faded and no darns, the general comment was, "I don't remember that curtain, or was it that couch cover you had in your den?" I myself had a very smart jumper dress, made out of the backs of cushions. A case of changing seats, that material!

The blackouts and air-raid practice became the custom. Curfew became more and more rigid. We had one real air-raid alert, evidently our own planes. *That* gave us a real feeling of hope, hope that the end might be in sight. The Japanese became more rigid about people's activities and more and more people were sent to Fort Santiago.

I don't think anyone I knew ever had any misgivings about who would win the war, but sometimes the end seemed pretty far away. I hated to look at maps, the distances seemed so enormous. I had some huge census maps of the Philippines, forbidden by the Japs for some queer reason. We used to pore over them by the hour, trying to decide where the first landing would be. I remember being surprised by a Japanese coming in the gate one day when I was looking at one of those maps. I had time to slip it under a rug before we unlocked the door, but I was petrified all the time he was there, looking around—for what, I didn't know then. Later, I heard an American pilot had bailed out in our neighborhood and they were looking for him. Wish he had come into our compound; we had so many entrances, and stiles, and so many houses we surely could have hidden him. But they caught him, and I heard he was executed. I do not know.

I lived only for the radio that last year. I crouched over it in the very early hours of the morning, three and four A.M. London came in very strong at five, with news and commentators. There was a French broadcast very early, too, giving doings of the Free French behind the lines, and I used to wonder if André were with them. America never was very strong, but Australia carried a rebroadcast of the Pacific

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Coast stations. I alternated depression with cheer, in the most erratic fashion, depending on the news. Unaccountable to my friends, for very few knew I had a radio.

I complained a good deal in the diary about how long it was, and kept wishing for a Moses to get us out of Egypt and captivity. I worried about having nothing left to sell, the fact that all my little brood would starve to death. I moaned about the mental morass I seemed to be sunk in.

The activities of the Neutral Committee were being curtailed, and that was grave. The radio gave me a bad shock when it announced that Switzerland was considering entering the war. At least she served notice that she would resist any attempt by *any power* to pass through her territory with troops.

Manila at that time, as an independent nation, was a mess. The prices were terrific, rice was beyond the reach of the poor and the thieving, looting and riots became increasingly worse.

We had a most unpleasant experience along about that time. Just before Mary went back to Santo Tomas, she and I were sitting peacefully having a drink before dinner. The big iron gates were closed, but the small trap gate had not yet been locked, as the girls, Dorothy K., who was living with me, and her two small children, and Lucienne, the French girl, were next door visiting. We heard a banging at the gate, and I sent Vicente, one of the house boys, to see who it was. Before he could reach the gate, the front-door bell sounded. I went to the door and found three horrible-looking thugs there, with hats pulled over their eyes, hands on hips. The screen door was hooked happily.

"You cannot come in here," I said.

"Oh, yes, we will," they said.

I screamed and slammed the double-doors shut. Unfortunately, the chain caught in the crack and the lock did not close.

Mary, in spite of her bad heart, sprang to the rescue. We held the door, screaming for help, as the robbers tried to enter. The dog entered into the spirit of the game, and barked madly. The house boy had the presence of mind to run for help through the back stile, where some men were

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playing cards. All in all, the robbers were frightened away ere the police came, along with Japanese guards.

The laughable part of the whole thing was that I insisted there had been three men, and only two went out the gate, passing Lucienne and Dorothy on the way in. Ethel, from next door, arrived about that time, having heard me scream, so she chopped the glass door in, thinking we were still inside. What a bedlam!

She and I beat the bushes, she with the ax, and I with a golf club, trying to find the *third* bandit. The police and the Japanese would not leave the shelter of the porch light! Too scared! We never found the third thug.

Mary had some beautiful jewels hidden on her person, and I am sure the robbers must have been after them. We all had a good laugh, but at the moment it was no laughing matter.

The Japs that last year were quoting in the papers articles about how tough the fighting was in the South Pacific. They quoted an American who had been invalided home, who had written an article about the situation. He said:

"Lizards slither through the trees, flies cluster on your food, you shiver in your foxholes, not daring to show a light, you hear the chatter of monkeys and think it is the enemy."

I was surprised that the Japanese didn't omit that last bit, they are very sensitive to any mention of their simian traits.

I quote from the diary:

> This is plain unvarnished inferno, being completely cut off from the world. These Tokyo broadcasts! The German Hour at 1:30, that Tokyo Rose person, all the insidious propaganda of American prisoners broadcasting to their loved ones "To do *anything*, try anything to get a negotiated peace so that we may come home alive." All this affects me, affects and embitters us all. Women are realists and have little concept of economics, which must be the real reason for wars. There must be a better way to settle problems than going to war, but no one seems to have discovered it. I'm no pacifist, however. If we must go to war, I am proud and pleased to see the way my country is handling it. But it does seem that a little judicious preparation before war was declared might have helped.

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I get pretty tired of conversation around my house—chitchat about the childrens' diet, bacteriological examination of feces, the last bridge hand, the high price of *bakias*, how so-and-so managed to keep his car, the latest scandal both inside and out of camp, and so on, *ad nauseum*. I am even driven to listening to comedy programs on the radio. Fancy jeopardizing one's life just to laugh at Bob Hope saying, "I've been in Africa shooting craps with the black boys." Stooge asks: "Zulus?" Hope: "No, I won six-fifty." Shows what desperation will do. I even listen to a London *One Man's Family In War-Torn London* serial at five A.M.!

The Jap newspaper had a likely story the other day. Told of a Japanese ace shooting down two American planes with rice cakes, having run out of ammunition. I made a cake today out of cassava flour that I bet even money would bring down ten Zeros without much effort, provided I could hit them.

Life goes on, war or no war. Eternal triangles flourish. Some of the civilian prisoners from the Southern Islands were brought into Santo Tomas the other day, only to find their wives (a couple of them), interned here, "shacked up" (correct term for sharing a shack) differently. Even the camp at Los Baños, which started out to be strictly bachelor, has become co-ed. Even the Japs couldn't resist the pleas of the girls left behind, and so Los Baños is no longer so peaceful, they say."

A new military administration took over the camps early in 1944 and there really was hardship. The amount of food the Japanese had been furnishing the internees was drastically cut and the "line" where food and necessities were taken in to the internees for two years, was closed, and closed tight. It was as though a grave had opened, a *sawali* grave, and swallowed up the internees.

Sulphur Springs was closed on the first of March and everyone sent to Santo Tomas from there. Most of the hospital cases had to go in, too. A very few *A* passes were left free, mostly the very aged, or women with small children. The hospital cases let out were all gravely ill.

With no more food and laundry to be sent to Santo Tomas or Sulphur Springs, I had less to do. Mary chose to join her

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husband in Santo Tomas, when all hope of keeping in touch with him was gone. So I took her to camp in February, where, surprisingly enough, she got along fairly well. Dorothy K. and the children stayed with me.

My garden occupied much of my time, more and more, after the line closed.

The Japanese had started forced labor for the able-bodied Filipinos; they were all supposed to register and work so many hours a week for the Japanese, mostly on the airfields and military installations. About the only way to evade that was to prove they were engaged in the raising of foodstuffs.

So I carefully measured the two gardens, and put my two boys to work on the project, and two others who were attached to the household. They didn't like it very much; house servants never like working outdoors. Reproachfully they'd dig a while, and then there would appear on their temples the little rounds scraps of paper that meant "bad headache." Why a little round piece of paper pasted on one's head meant a cure for headache, I never could find out, but that was their remedy.

I worked more and more in the garden, they less and less. I did very well with tomatoes and corn. The lima beans were wonderful, but they must have been first cousins to the Jack and the Beanstalk variety for they grew about six feet in the air, aiming at the electric light wires. I made a serious mistake about sweet potatoes—thought we could eat the leaves for green vegetables, and still have roots to eat. It didn't work! There was a wonderful native vegetable, *cigadillas*, a sort of bean, that was a constant crop. I also had borders of peanuts around all the walks and they really did thrive.

My next door neighbor, Ethel (married to a Dane) and I were rivals in our gardening, but we joined forces in our constant search for fertilizer. I am afraid we were very undignified, following with pan and shovel the *carromata* ponies that went down our street. Servants wouldn't do it, and were ashamed of us, but fertilizer we had to have.

There were three papaya trees in the garden—what a wonderful thing is a papaya! Green, it makes a very acceptable vegetable, not unlike squash. And I used to make ersatz applesauce out of it. Peeled and cut in applelike slices, and

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stewed in a bit of lime and brown sugar, it really tasted good. And the ripe fruit is wonderful.

My conscience hurt me, being free in a comfortable house, able to move about and to eat not too badly. I knew what everyone in the internment and prison camps were going through, for in spite of the ever-increasing restrictions by the Japanese, some news did get out. They had put the internees on soldier rations, Japanese soldier rations, which meant a little rice and a small amount of green stuff. Japanese prisoners in the United States were being fed on soldier rations, so they were reciprocating. But what a difference! The Japanese were really trying to starve the internees and prisoners, to break their spirit. It was horrible to contemplate.

I visited the hospitals often. Some of the cases there had been in Fort Santiago and their condition was really pitiable. Some of them never knew why they had been locked up in the dungeons, and many of them never had a real hearing, only endless questionings. They had dreadful tales to tell: the burning of their feet, the pulling off of pieces of skin, pulling out of nails; and, of course, never any food that was real food, no toilet facilities, no clean clothes, no medicine. I wonder that *any* of them are alive today!

Knowing that the end couldn't be too far away, I became increasingly impatient. I read and reread. Even took another trial at Spinoza, but could only see him as in a glass, darkly. The blackouts became more and more frequent. It was irritating not to have a light to read by, to try to huddle in bed with a candle flickering, or with a farm lantern shrouded in blue paper. I read a Philip Gibbs' book about the postwar period of War I and wondered, in the diary, what *our* coming postwar period would be like.

I even read Vicki Baum's *Shanghai '37*, and enjoyed it. I thought about my gay days in Shanghai so long ago.

I always had liked Aldous Huxley and found delight in his book, *The Olive Tree*. I commented on it freely in my diary.

> The chapter on words and behavior in Huxley's book, *Olive Tree*, is most intriguing. What he has to say about war is really marvelous. "Words form the thread on which we string our experiences," starts the chapter.

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He then goes on to say that war itself is so horrible and so enormously discreditable to those who start it, and even to those who tolerate it, that the facts of war must be made to appear less evil; and to accomplish this end, words—language, rather—do the trick.

The chapters on justifications interested me, too. He takes a pot shot at all those sects that found colonies, preach new freedoms, discover new gods. Changes "sects" to "sex" as the basis of most of them. In other words, the justification of personal desires by an elaborate dressing-up, of disguising the simple urges that motivate the leader.

I also read a book I'd avoided for years. Feuchtwanger's *Josephus*. It was splendid, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. *Tros of Samothrace* was another book I read and liked.

All of us were running out of reading matter. We exchanged what we had and some of us even got started on the dictionary, along with a good book on semantics. The dictionary reminded me of the old lady who had taken a copy of Webster's from a lending library; it seemed the most for her money. When she returned it, she said, "It's a fine big book, but I never did get the hang of the story."

The Japanese Embassy would occasionally let us send money and a few items into camp. I don't think much of it got there. I know that all the sugar I sent never reached its destination.

I remember going to church one Sunday—rather difficult, as Pasay was a long way from the Cathedral. I was all dressed up in a sharkskin suit that the French dressmaker had concocted from an old suit of André's, my big green John Frederic hat I had talked Mary out of, white pumps I was sort of saving to be buried in, and even gloves, nice white ones. I had to ride the bicycle down, but so did many others, too. We parked them inside the church, as looters were always on the lookout for a bike. I was highly complimented by the rector, not for turning out to church, but for looking so nice. I made a lot of calls on sick friends that day, and got home quite cheerful. En route someone had lent me a horrible book called, *The 25th Hour*. It was fantastic, a prognostication of the future when modern warfare has so spent itself that no

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government, no organization are left, and the few survivors roam the world in marauding, cannibal bands. The Americas are destroyed by disease germs, and so on. The whole thing was highly unpleasant, but it made one think. Entire civilizations *have* been destroyed, witness the great mystery of Angkor Wat in Cambodia, a city of more than a million people at one time, and no one knows why or where the populace went. The book left me miserable, though. I remember giving it away.

Reading was all-important, I look back and realize. We were marking time, we could do little to help anyone. I was aiding all the Filipinos I could, but I wasn't very flush myself and felt my duty was to my own old employees, when they were in need.

Housekeeping was comparatively simple for so few of us. We ate corn meal mush, and red beans, mostly. I had a little butcher shop in the market who gave me credit for meat, but I hated to use it too much, thinking there would be times it would be more important. We all had small stocks of tinned foods but we tried to hoard them against a more evil time and for the people in camp, in case we were ever allowed to send in supplies again. The Jansons and the Westlys were a great comfort to me, alone as I was.

We used to have terrific discussions as to how and when it would end. I sometimes took the opposite point of view, just for the sake of a good, hearty argument, that if the Americans had to bomb the Islands and make landings, and the Japanese succeeded in making the Filipinos declare war against the United States (which they did not do until much later), what then? If Manila was going to be bombed, would the Filipinos resent it so much that Americans would have a hard time re-establishing themselves? Or would the Filipinos greet the Americans as their saviors?

I need not have worried about native resentment. The Japanese in their rage and fury against the Filipinos for their poor co-operation, deliberately destroyed Manila, and in so doing, made the Americans appear forever as the rescuers and liberators of the Filipinos.

Along in the summer of 1944 I got my last communication from Cabanatuan. It was very guarded in tone, and indicated

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that all the prisoners were going to be moved, but Edgar did not know where. Later we began to see work trucks going about the city with American prisoners on them, and I recognized one lad whom I knew had been in Edgar's barracks.

Audrey and I, her husband and son both being up there, used to haunt the vicinity of Bilibid, trying to see the boys coming in from work details. We were warned to keep away from that neighborhood, frequently, but we returned. No trace of any of our men did we see. All of them were lost later in the sinkings of the ships.

The Swedish consul, Janson, had nagged the Japanese into letting the Neutral Committee send in a shipment of supplies, but to what camp they would not say. I rushed out and on credit bought meat and hundreds of pounds of pork, and stored it in all the iceboxes in the compound. Medicines and fruits went in, too, and some green vegetables. We all felt better to be able to do something—to let the men know they weren't entirely forgotten.

Chapter 12

WE USED TO LOOK AT THE CAMPAIGNS AS THEY WERE GOING IN Europe. I wrote in the diary in the summer, sometime:

> This time last year the African-Italian campaign was on. It is comforting to look at the map, to see how far into Italy we have progressed. This morning's local radio said sharp fighting was going on above Lake Trasimeno, Perugia. It also said that the Germans have been fighting house to house in Cherbourg, but that even if Cherbourg falls, it is of no importance. They didn't sing that song four years ago when they took Cherbourg. They boasted then that with Cherbourg cap-

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tured, all communication with England was cut and the invasion of Britain was all set for September. What September? Ha!

July 4, 1944—The Glorious Fourth—and I don't dare hang out the American flag, but I have been admiring it all day, hung up in the bathroom. Can't be much of a celebration, with nearly all Americans locked up. I am sure they are happy in the camp, what with the good news in the air. I've had several smuggled notes from camp and while the morale is good, they are getting increasingly hungry. The Japs are trying to starve them. But they seem to get the news and take heart.

The local sheet says Guam, Tinian, Saipan, have been bombed by the Americans—"fruitlessly," of course, and all Jap planes R.S.B. [returned safely to base], except one "which crashed into its objective."

We are all expecting to be bombed. When Cebu got it, or was rumored to have been bombed, someone said: "What's Cebu got that we haven't?" and I said, "Cebu got bombed." A very poor joke, I admit. I dug an air-raid shelter under the mango tree. I have claustrophobia, so didn't put a top on it. It rained last night so it is a lovely well now.

I think the cubbyhole under the stairs will be the best place for a shelter. Gives us about three ceilings above it, and fixed up with mattresses it will counteract the shock anyhow and keep out shrapnel.

My food situation is pretty good in case of siege, or revolt. I have rice for several months, about two cases of corned beef, a case of tomatoes, string beans, plenty of salt and about a hundred and fifty pounds of sugar. Our garden is doing very well. We have fresh corn, beans, tomatoes, camotes and talignum. I have plenty of charcoal for at least three months, which we are keeping for an emergency. If worst comes to worst, our few households can eat together, saving fuel that way. There are seven houses surrounded by a great wall and each house has a wall around its own garden, so we will be somewhat protected. Glad Mike and I built the stiles between my two houses and his. We can hold off looters if we stick together, but, of course, we couldn't do much against the Japs.

The Japanese keep harping at us to evacuate the

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town; but with no means of transportation and no place to go, it sounds impossible to me. The roads are clogged with people going back to their provinces, meeting people coming in from the provinces, each hoping for safety elsewhere. We are close to the airfield but, since the Japanese say we only bomb churches and schools for the blind, guess we'll be safe. There aren't any of those buildings near!

With the net slowly but surely closing on the Japanese, island by island, ship by ship, the local situation gets steadily worse. The Filipinos are really getting hungry, some of them. And some of them are getting fat, in the buying and selling and collaborating, but that is war.

After the June shipments to prisoners, the Japanese have steadfastly refused permission for any more aid to go to prisoners or to internment camps. Tokyo says it is up to the local authorities, and the local authorities say it is Tokyo which has forbidden further aid. And so goes the old rat race, and meanwhile the prisoners and the internees are starving. Damn the yellow rats!

I suppose I should clean up dear diary's language, but that's the way I wrote it and the way I felt, so I won't cheat. I doubt if any of us will ever be fit for gracious social life again, we all burst into profanity so easily. But we have had dire provocation.

The telephones functioned to the very end. But we had to get cautious as they began to tap all lines. You could hear labored breathing every time you picked up the receiver. I doubt if either Japanese or Filipino could make much from our telephone conversations, as we talked double talk, or often in French. We had all sorts of codes. On July 22 someone telephoned to say that "we're going to play bridge tomorrow." Since it was ten o'clock and there was a continuous bridge game going on around most everybody's house, I was a bit annoyed until I remembered it was a code signal to indicate a landing somewhere. The only sad part about that was I'd forgotten the code and had to sit up half the night getting a broadcast from Australia to learn that we had landed on Guam. A thrilling moment, that, but it seemed pretty far away.

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July 27, 1944—A highly exciting week? What with His Nibs (did I mean Hitler?) reported dead, the high mortality among Jap generals, rumors flying about with the greatest of ease, and the bay so full of ships I can't count them, we are all of a tiz. Took a little ride on the boulevard on the bike with Spec riding behind, just to see what's what. Was quickly shooed off by soldiers waving guns. We argue all the time about the question of whether the Americans will retake the islands by force or bypass us. Radio not very clear about that. But the Japs think they are going to try to retake it. There are many thousands of Jap troops around Manila, the fortifications are growing apace, airfields blossom overnight, the Japs are working night and day on shelters, trench systems, gun emplacements—everything points to attack and/or invasion. We can only wait.

Ever since the Normandy landings, we all feel that the European war is in its last stages. The news of Hitler's attempted assassination, phony as it sounds, must mean internal disorganization in Germany. Here we go, here's hoping!

They are still urging the people to leave Manila. The paper and the radio harp on it. I've got two women, myself, two small children, half a dozen servants, a wire-haired terrier and an Australian cat, the belongings of dozens of internees, and I can't run until they force me. I have no place to go. I'll stay put as long as I can.

August 4, 1944—I went to Santo Tomas yesterday with Dorothy's pass for renewal. Saw old Mrs. G. who looks so ill. Her husband is still in Fort Santiago. The Japs renewed her pass without question. I had to wait at the entrance gate while the guard took my case up to the office. I dropped a note behind the bench on which I was sitting and saw feet slowly walking on the other side of the fence. A hand reached to pick up the note and I knew it would get to the rightful person.

If the internees were even getting *fair* war-prisoner treatment, we would not be so dreadfully uneasy. But they aren't. Several more cancer cases have been sent out to the Philippine General Hospital. I went to see them a day or two ago and they told me what is really happening. The Japanese are trying to break down their morale by starvation and petty vexations, such as fre-

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quent roll calls, undignified labor assignments, surprise inspections. They may starve them, but American morale will not break.

It was sad to learn of Quezon's death. As I took a look at the bay the other day, full of dilapidated dirty ships, the filthy streets, the famed *luneta* fenced off with barbed wire, the foxholes, gun emplacements, trenches and all the awful evidence of war, I thought how tragic it was that Quezon could not live to bring Manila back to her old glory.

This summer everyone was excited beyond all measure. Some of us got pretty careless about spreading the news around. Two of my close friends got taken to Fort Santiago, and poor Johnny Harris was tortured and killed, but not before he had given out a list of names to whom he had furnished news. They were all taken in for questioning; some of them were released, others never heard from again. I got almost afraid to listen to my radio, but could not resist the temptation.

I was crouched in the linen closet in the middle of the night that August 23. Through the regular London broadcast there came a special flash: Paris was in the hands of the F.F.I. I have never been so excited in my life.

I called Lucienne to listen, and we sent for the next door neighbors, Ethel and Mike, and let them listen—a thing I almost never did. We broke out the last bottle of Sparkling Burgundy and cried on each other's shoulders. We all started telling our stories of the Paris we had known, and rejoiced that it was free again.

After that, events moved with spectacular rapidity. The Pacific landings came nearer and nearer, New Guinea was bombed with clocklike regularity, and we waited our turn impatiently. We had endless arguments about how we would react to real danger, what we would do if a parachutist landed in the garden, where to run if the houses were burning, what to take with us in case we had to run—we packed and repacked endless bags for just such an emergency. Conversation wasn't dull any more!

Along the latter part of August of that last summer, the last hospital, except the Philippine General, was forced to

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send its patients into Santo Tomas. They were mostly very old American men, most of them married to Filipina women and it would go hard with them in the camp. The monitor of that hospital told us that if we, meaning the Neutral Committee, could get any supplies together and get them to the hospital, he would take them in as his kitchen supplies and there probably would not be any questions asked by the Japanese. We rushed frantically around, all of us, assembling stocks already purchased and stored in *bodegas* and buying other stuff. I rescued two sacks of sugar, weighing sixty-four kilos each, from a *bodega* and took them out in a tricycle pushcart to the hospital. The pushcart was a conveyance not unlike an Atlantic City boardwalk chair. Sugar was "hot" and not supposed to be trafficked about, in fact, one wasn't supposed to have more than a half kilo in one's possession at any time. Happily, it was raining, so with the sacks on the footrest of the vehicle, the rain curtain pulled over my lap, and the hood down, I made the perilous trip. I was in a state of high excitement when I had got them safely into the hospital and saw them loaded for the camp. The stuff got in, but it was the last shipment we were ever able to send any place, except a small lot on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday when they let the gates open for packages for about two hours.

On the 21st of September, 1944, late at night, I typed this for my diary:

> This day, so long expected, Manila was bombed. From practically orchestra seats in my house between two airfields, in a street lined with gasoline dumps, trucks, barracks, I could expect almost anything. But a most workmanlike job the whole performance was indeed.
>
> For two or three days our "protectors," as the Nips call themselves, have been telling the public that they were going to have practice maneuvers to coordinate air and ground defenses, and that the populace should not be worried at the sound of planes, gunfire, etc. All this was to last two days.
>
> So this morning I listened to my pet stations early from four o'clock on, had my coffee, dashed off to Pasay market, exchanged the usual moans with other shoppers

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about the horrible prices, exchanged rumors, got extravagant and bought what the butcher said was a carabao tenderloin but which I think is horse, begged a fishhead for the cat and dashed home again, on my faithful bike.

The house was full of mothers leaving their children for the little kindergarten school we have twice a week in my house, for small youngsters, under the direction of a refugee kindergarten teacher. The mamas and I had some coffee, and we exchanged rumors—I never dare mention my radio, I always say "I heard a rumor." They went on their way, leaving the children happily busy at the play table.

I went out to the garden, my lovely garden, fruit of my own hard labor. Lucienne decided we'd have lima beans for lunch and started to pick them.

I climbed the ladder to get the choice ones up high, when Lucienne remarked in her fast-improving English, "look like McCoy, all those planes shooting." "No," said I. "Don't you remember? It's the day for practice with the Japanese land and air forces. If this were the McCoy, do you think I'd be standing on this six-foot ladder?" Just then the sky was a mass of planes, ack-ack. A plane burst in flames in the air, and the local radio blared out: "THIS IS AN AIR ALERT, THIS IS AN AIR R-A-A-A-I-I-D," the voice trailing out in fear. Then the power went off. And I got down from the ladder, but hastily. What a fine joke on them—wonder who thought that up, sending real American planes into a Japanese defense demonstration! It *couldn't* have been coincidence.

We rushed to the children, and practically smothered them in pillows and mattresses beneath the stairway, with the teacher singing nursery rhymes to them. I rushed to find my last pair of field glasses, which were hidden in a pair of riding boots. I nearly had to dig through the boot, I had so much trouble getting them out. It was a wonderful show. Who *could* have had such a wonderful sense of humor as to crash the Jap party? They bombed all morning, intermittently. In our part of town it was Nichols Airfield, and it was very close. So close that the swoosh of the bombs blew our skirts sky-high if we were moving about—as I was, constantly. I had so much fun I forgot my previous

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worry as to whether I'd be scared or not. Pictures blew off the walls, china crashed, kids thought it was fun!

The bombers knocked off about noon, and the frantic parents came for their offspring. Many of them stayed for lunch, and the neighbors came in and pooled lunches with us. We had a real picnic. The power had gone off so we had no gas or electricity, but the charcoal worked fine and we had a wonderful time. The bombing started again a little before three, just as I was having a siesta. They bombed the piers and port area, this trip, as near as I could tell. I could see them diving very clearly—the most wonderful sight I have ever seen and the most welcome.

I went over to the Jansons' house about six after the bombers had evidently gone for the day. Their children had been at my house but seemed to have suffered no ill effects. They have tried out their new air-raid shelter during the afternoon. My shelter has no top and is full of water—might as well be hit by shrapnel as die of pneumonia!

Oddly enough, the Filipinos seem elated. A little too pleased openly for everybody's good. My crew are pleased, but jittery. No power, so since I could get nothing on the radio, I spent the evening exchanging experiences—and rums—with the neighbors.

I went to bed to read about midnight, after trying to type the diary by light of a lantern. Bet we'll have no burglars tonight, as we have had so frequently of late; our street is full of soldiers, and there are four fuel trucks parked outside my gate. Spec, the wirehair, is highly nervous and is trying to convince me she should sleep on my bed. I'll try to be firm.

September 22, 1944—We got off to an early start—no gas, no electricity, no telephone; but we have charcoal. The air siren sounded this morning before we got coffee but the cook finished it during the raid, scared as he was.

To see those planes approaching, more than forty of them that I could see, was a magnificent sight. The planes of the Japanese had taken off very early in the morning, probably to attack the carrier, as our planes are obviously carrier-borne.

We found bullets in the garden chair-cushions today. I am glad I wasn't on the cushions when it happened.

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That's one good reason for circulating about—might get hit if I stayed in one spot. The bombers seem to be very accurate. My house is awfully close to the airfields, but so far no accidents have happened in the residential part of Pasay. The raid was heavy and lasted several hours. Hope they come again tomorrow! Also hope they stick to daylight operations, I'd hate to miss anything.

September 25, 1944—We are somewhat disappointed. No raids since the 22nd, although many alarms were sounded. Current is on again, and we hear the local radio announced the proclamation of a state of war between the "Philippine Republic and the United States!" The Japanese radio calls is a declaration of war "on the United States *and* Great Britain." The usual chitchat about our bombers hitting churches and innocent civilians fills the one-page newspaper they got out this morning. Actually, the boys did hit Binondo Church and set it on fire, but the Japs had big warehouses full of ammunition right adjoining the church and we are all fairly certain they had ammunition stored in the church itself. There is plenty of ammunition and firearms stored in other churches that I have seen with my own eyes. Our own church, the Cathedral, has troops in it, and the lovely lawn is full of foxholes and trenches.

I cruised around on my bicycle today. There isn't much damage to people's houses—a little stray shrapnel in gardens, stray bullets, etc. The bay seems cleared out. Evidently the ships ran for it, for I am sure our boys didn't get around to sinking many of them. The big dry dock that the Japs floated over from Cavite was hit, and I think it was sunk—I can't see it.

Carretela rumors say that tins of crackers and apples were dropped in Paranaque today. Wish they'd aim a few our way—haven't seen any since 1942.

One Jap plane crashed not too far from us on Vita Cruz. Ethel and I dashed down on our bikes, and so did a million other people. The Japs were awfully annoyed. Waved us all off with guns.

Wish I could see with my own eyes the leaflets the Americans are supposed to have dropped. Nobody I know has actually seen one. It's always somebody's cousin, or the aunt of my cook's grandmother, or some such mythical person who has actually picked one up. They

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are supposed to tell us to keep cool, stay home, mind our own business—and wait. Sensible advice, except the staying home. I want to see what's going on.

This declaration of war by the Philippine Republic doesn't seem to affect the Filipinos much. Prices have shot up in the most horrible fashion. Pork is ₱110.00 a kilo. *Calamansi* (small limes) that used to be 50 centavos a hundred, are now ₱50.00 a hundred. We used them to flavor our rum. Guess we'll have to drink the rum unadorned hereafter. I have the garden, and banana and papaya trees, so we won't starve right away.

The radio from London said that the British want their share in the Pacific campaign—who's stopping them, except the Japs? How's about them starting in China?

Along about the 13th of October the Japanese Navy announced they wanted to take over our whole compound. I had two houses, the other five were occupied by one Danish-American family, one Polish-English family, one German-Italian family, one German-Czech family and one Swiss family. The Swiss families protested, but I wasn't in a very good position to argue with them, so I agreed to move at the end of the month. Which they said would be all right.

After five days of searching on my part, I was lunching with the Westlys who wanted me to join them and go down to the coast at Nasugbu. Their phone rang while we were still at the table. It was Lucienne, the French girl who was living with me. She said, in French, that the Japanese captain, Toda, was there and wanted the houses immediately. I rushed home on my bicycle, more than a little annoyed at the idea of being thrown out so quickly. When I got there the naval officer (I called him El Toado) insolently told me he wanted the houses at once, and no argument about it. I did put up an argument, but he squelched me by saying:

"The Navy of his Imperial Majesty has need of these houses. There is a war on which we must win, and you must give up your houses."

I was furious, and made brave by the luncheon cocktails, I said:

"What kind of a Navy have you? In my country the Navy

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does not need houses to sleep in, they sleep on their ships. Perhaps it is true you have no more ships?"

He was enraged, naturally, and Lucienne was frantic. To calm the situation I went to the kitchen, saying in French, *"Je vais faire du café, est-ce que je dois faire une tasse pour cet S.O.B.?"*

When I came back into the living room, he asked me, insolently, "Did you really make coffee?"

Later I brought a tray in and offered him a cup. He took it and asked for sugar. I replied the Japanese had all the sugar. He then ordered me to take a cup to his orderly in the car. I refused, saying I did not serve servants. Relations became very strained, and he left, saying that my attitude did not warrant continued kindly treatment by the noble Japanese, and that I would be dealt with on the morrow. And he wanted the houses by 8 A.M., the next day.

It was about the only time I really spoke my mind frankly to the Japanese during the whole war, and grave as the situation seemed, I was sort of pleased with myself.

We started to move some of the stuff that day, trunks, small items, etc., which was a good thing, for the next day his aide took over the houses, with all that was left in them. We had saved Hi's furniture, happily, the day before, but about all of mine they took. I saved the radio, at all events.

El Toado never showed up again, and I can only be glad it was his ship that was sunk the next morning in the heavy bombing. His junior took the house, all right, but not me—I was spared Ft. Santiago.

The Swedish consul was kind enough to take me into his home, as I could not find a house, nor did I have money to rent one. I stored what little we had saved in the basement of the house of an old Belgian couple, agreeing to pay storage on it in the way of food, not money.

The girls, Dorothy K. and Lucienne and the children went to live with the Slav woman I did not like. They stayed there until the liberation, faring very well as Dorothy had plenty of money and the Slavs were making plenty off the Japs. The radio I put in the bicycle, covered it with old clothes, put the cat on top of it, and walked over to the Jansons', pushing the bike. Figured the cat's charmed life would get

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me past the corner guards. And there was a bombing while we were getting there, too. More fun.

Chapter 13

I MOVED INTO THE JANSON HOME ON THE 22ND OF OCTOBER. BY that time the air raids were pretty constant. If they didn't get going by eight, we didn't expect them that day. They fooled me several times. I got caught at the market on several occasions. My speed in tearing home in the middle of a raid was phenomenal. I must have made some kind of a record. But I could never bear to lie down under the heavy market tables, as everyone else caught there did. It was the sensible thing to do, but I hated getting messy, or losing my bike.

The Leyte landings gave us such a tremendous thrill, we couldn't believe it. Janson had to be unusually careful. He was the representative of some nine small countries, theoretically neutral, and he dared not be too rash. His American wife and I gave him some bad moments, I am sure, in our rash exuberance.

Shortly after the landing in Leyte, we began to pick up the Voice of Freedom on the short-wave and it was simply wonderful to hear the correspondents sending their human interest stories to their papers in the States. One lad seemed so impressed by the clothing shortage that he said to his paper for publication: "There are children here, hundreds and hundreds of them, who have no pants at all." I fancy he took quite a bit of teasing when he discovered that few Filipino children in the provinces, or even Manila, wear pants until they go to school. And how sorry one reporter was for the natives who hadn't any wheat flour and hadn't had any for three years. The natives eat almost no flour; they are rice-eaters.

Rice is the lifeline of the Filipinos, and the Japanese cer-

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tainly robbed them of their birthright. The natives went hungry for lack of rice, but they never willingly substituted anything else, such as corn and mongo beans for it. We white people ate corn mush—boiled or fried—and made corn bread and cakes. And mongo beans! Should mongo beans never again enter my diet until fifty years from now, it will be far, far too soon!

We tried to be calm and collected, but it was hard. The end was so near, it seemed. We counted the day lost in which no bombings occurred, but along in November they slowed down, showing up around Manila on week ends mostly. I said in the diary of November 24:

> A strange world we live in! The most welcome sound is the smooth and easy drone of our own planes, the most eagerly awaited sight the silver of those planes flashing toward us in the early morning sunshine. I wish, though, they'd wait until I get London B.B.C. and a second cup of coffee, but who are we to be choosy? Even the "Lone Ranger"—he was all alone—who showed up before five the other morning, making us all dash downstairs with the kids, didn't annoy us too much. We loved him, but he didn't stay long enough. He dropped his load quite close, but we could not decide where.

It was a queer life, during those hectic days. We ate not too badly, for I had been able to get my stocks of food out of the other house, and the Jansons still had supplies. I managed to sell a ring which helped the financial situation materially. It was almost amusing, that buy-and-sell business. Our go-between was Max, who had been a cook in the American Consul General's house. During the internment of the Consulate staff in a house not too far from our neighborhood, he'd get word to us of their doings and of their needs, and we'd send back our news. It was tricky business, all that underground communication. I often tried to get near that house, but Japanese guards would have none of it. When the Consulate staff all went on the exchange ship, Max had to look for other fields. He'd come around the back of the house and confer in whispers with our servants, who always seemed to know all our troubles. We'd dig out things we could spare

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—materials were the most valuable—and he'd cart them off, with our figure as to what we wanted for them. Then he'd return, saying he could get such and such a price—never anywhere near our price, of course. Then we'd haggle, but finally sell. We ate some awfully nice draperies that fall, I remember. And they tasted good. The ring brought a fair price, which eased the pressure on me.

Max had good connections with some high ranking Japanese officers who had fancy tastes. Knowing I had good wines, he came around to see if I had any Sparkling Burgundy saved from the restaurant stocks. I had sent some to Jansons at the beginning of the war, so I sold him a case at a price sufficient to feed us all for a week or two. He took it, paying cash, Mickey Mouse, but returned at full speed, saying it was flat and they wanted their money back. I had spent the money, so instructed Max to put a little soda in each bottle as he opened it, shake it hard and then it would fizz! It worked! But a carton of cigarettes I sold which I had found in Edgar's locker, sort of nestled in among the moth balls, reeked of camphor and Max was awfully upset about that. I told him to say they were the new cough-proof kind of cigarettes, not a cough in a carload! Got 375 Mickey Mouse pesos for those cigarettes, too.

I had kept three of my servants—didn't know what else to do with them. It was too late to send them back to their province, which was Samar, very near the landings and fighting, so there they were, and they had to be fed. They did well, though, and fitted into the household with a minimum of trouble, interfering very little with the Janson staff. The dog and cat didn't do so well, though. The bombings frightened them terribly, and they were always first in the air-raid shelter.

All of us were keeping a few good pesos and dollars hidden for a last emergency. I had dollars belonging to people in camp, and never felt that I should use them, no matter what happened.

I did get an emergency call from the camp, through a hospital case coming out, that a friend needed money badly. I changed a fifty-dollar bill I had been keeping for him, getting nearly ten thousand Mickey Mouse pesos for it—which

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shows what a dollar still meant to people. The Chinese were taking all the dollars they could get, even at the terrific risk we all went through to change them. For dollars in one's possession, so far as the Japanese were concerned, were a first-class ticket to oblivion via Fort Santiago and the torture staff.

Our neighborhood was a lovely residential zone, our street a small two-block-long affair. Back of the houses lay a Filipino *barrio*, a small settlement, with Nipa houses. Manila was like that—great lovely houses, cheek by jowl with native straw cottages. Beyond the *barrio*, across Taft Avenue Extension, lay Nichols Field, an airfield wiped out by the Japanese the first evening of the war on December 8, 1941, and later rebuilt by the Japanese for their use. Now it was under constant bombing by the Americans, and each bomb shook our little street to its very roots. But so perfect was the aim of those grand American bombers that no misplaced bomb fell too near us. Shrapnel, yes, and often machine-gun bullets from the Japanese about us. The children used to run in the garden after a raid, with their little sand pails, picking up pieces of shrapnel.

Immediately next door to us lived old General Ricarte, a Filipino die-hard, who had never surrendered to the American rule in 1900, and who had gone to live in Japan more than forty years ago. The house was a beautiful one, belonging to friends of ours in camp. The Japanese kept the old man as a sort of exhibition piece of a noble example to the Filipinos. They flashed him around among the Filipinos as a great man who had withstood the bloodthirsty Americans for more than forty years and now was reaping his reward. We often spoke of him, and his name, Ricarte, became confused in the three-year-old mind of the young son of the house. We often mentioned General MacArthur, too, and Sander got the names mixed. One night when we were under complete blackout by order of the Japanese guard, Sander screamed out, toward Ricarte's house: "Blow out your light, General MacArthur, don't you know it's blackout?" We hushed him up quickly. *That* name wasn't to be mentioned!

Along that fall, Janson was warned by the Japanese Embassy that his pro-American leanings might get him into

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trouble. He had been very careful in his dealings, had conducted the affairs of the nine small countries they had allowed him to represent—since all consulates were suspended, and only "representatives" allowed. There were Greeks, Norwegians, Swedes, Belgians, etc., who looked to him for guidance and help, and he did a very good job for them. As head of the Neutral Committee, authorized by Japan, he had been able to do a great deal for the American prisoners. But his sympathies were evidently known to the Japanese.

From then on, it was something of a nightmare. No one knew who would be picked up, or for what. A car in the street was a frightening sound, it usually meant someone was slated to be taken away. And they usually came at night, which made it more frightening.

One day I was taken from my bicycle into a convent the Japanese had taken over for offices. I was questioned for several hours, but I never knew what they were after. Evidently my navy "friend," El Toado, had never turned in any report about my insolence to him or I would have been lost to posterity. They asked me a great many questions about two officers who had lived in the old restaurant house, just before the war. I knew they had gone to Corregidor, but did not say so. I simply reiterated over and over again, that I ran a public hostel before the war, and that paying guests conducted their own lives and affairs with no questioning from me, as manager. I said again that my French husband was somewhere in the French Army—I did not say he was in the *Free* French Army. I had no papers on me at the time they questioned me, with the exception of my Japanese residence pass. But they let me go, with no explanation.

Another experience about this time, or earlier perhaps than the first bombings: I was cycling along a main highway, coming from the house of a Swiss from whom I wanted to borrow some money for a friend in camp. He had made such hard terms that I was furious and was cycling along with rage in my heart. A truck passed me, and I looked up to see about twenty American prisoners standing in the back of it. I waved, and smiled, but never a response from any of them. The reason was, that right behind the first truck was a second —and the Japanese officer saw me wave. He stopped both

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trucks, and came to question me. He was not a very high-ranking officer, and spoke little English. I pretended not to understand, and answered him in French. He asked me if I did not know it was forbidden to communicate with the prisoners. I said, in French, I only put my hand up to protect my eyes from the sun. He carried a riding crop, and as he stepped closer to the bicycle beside which I stood, the good old wire-haired terrier, Spec, let out a really fierce growl, and the officer stepped back. She lunged at him, and he backed farther away. Muttering, he asked for my address. Not wanting to tell the truth, I indicated the house of the Swiss I had just left, and whose dog was a relative of my dog. Let them squirm out of that, I thought, the damn Uriah Heeps. The trucks drove off. I never knew if he went to that house, or not. I'd surely like to have learned the end of that story. I dashed home, faster than a scared rabbit, if rabbits could ride a bicycle!

It was an odd neighborhood. Nearby lived the mestiza girl who had worked with us during the days of the Babinka route, when we were making rice cakes with eggs and meat, and getting notes in to the Park Avenue prisoners. She had a Japanese civilian boarder. But she was evidently in touch with the whole situation and slipped us news we might never have known. Most of the Japanese civilians were believed to have left Manila.

It was a queer thing: there were very few families brought in from Japan. The officers didn't set up homes in many cases. They did import some "girls" from Japan, however, of all classes, for the various ranks of the officers, and the enlisted men. One compound on Park Avenue was set aside for the upper bracket girls. We used to walk past there in the mornings, and admire the beautiful kimonos hanging on bamboo sticks in the sunshine. But now they were all gone.

Near us lived a Spanish woman whom everyone suspected of being too friendly with the Japanese. Her husband had been a ship captain and had been taken, with some forty others, to prison. I always felt she was friendly with the Japanese in order to aid her husband, who did eventually get released. Most of the others died of torture or starvation or were shot. She came to our gate, often, and while we didn't

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want too much to do with her, she did give us information and advice. She claimed to be pro-American, but we were never sure.

War makes strange neighbors. In the house next to the mestiza girl with the Jap boarder, lived our neighborhood guerrilla head. He was virtually in hiding; we only saw him through the wall occasionally.

Chapter 14

THAT MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1944, AND THEN DECEMBER, FLEW by with terrifying speed. We hung on the radio when we dared, but the house across the street from us was occupied by a Japanese general, and was used as sort of a bivouac for incoming and outgoing troops. They came in, evidently exhausted, and lay under the trees to rest. They were birds of passage, and what birds! They were draped in some sort of multi-colored nets, in which they stuck branches of bushes and trees, so that when they went out, under full pack, camouflaged, they made us think of Birnam Woods—the idea, at least—not that they resembled even remotely the huskies of Malcolm.

But we did listen, in spite of the danger. And one glorious day we heard the Voice of Freedom from Leyte. What a wonderful moment! After that, we only lived for the moment when we dared turn the short wave on and crouch to hear those lovely American voices. We moaned in sympathy with them, slogging it out in the mud of Leyte and exulted with them for every inch they gained.

One day I returned from town, downcast and tearful, because someone had told me about the death of an old friend of mine, a C.B.S. correspondent, that I'd sent on his way to Chungking just before the war broke. Bill Dunn, it was, and this friend told me he had been killed in a plane crash in

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Leyte. She had all the gory details, and I felt sad indeed to learn of such a tragic end for good old Bill.

We all talked of him, and mourned the fact that he should get so far, through the whole New Guinea campaign, and then die by accident. But one day, as we were listening in the middle of the night to the Leyte radio, we heard: *"Dunn is not in the studio, can't give voice check. Dunn is not here, cannot be located . . ."* Thought I, it *could* be Bill—just like him to be out at the wrong moment, probably looking for a beer. And sure enough, at the regular time, I heard his voice, making fun of the Japanese propaganda and outlining what was happening in Leyte. So I wrote him a letter, which I delivered to him personally, for he came in with the first troops. Queerly enough, he had heard that *I* had been killed, which made us both zombies.

Here's the letter, dated December 14, 1944:

> Dear Bill:
>
> For more than a week, Bill, we have all been mourning your untimely demise. All the harrowing details of your plane crash, your body hurtling through the air, etc., have been repeated, added to; all the details of your Manila career have been recounted, strung like beads upon the tender thread of memory; your flying trip to Chungking just before the present unpleasantness began; your devotion to your own wife, which you told us all so gallantly—really, Bill, your obituaries (verbal) were something magnificent in quality—and quantity.
>
> But how come, Bill, that tonight the Voice of Freedom said: "We cannot test for CBS right now, for Bill Dunn is out of the studio." And then, a few minutes later, your voice comes through, making light of the propaganda efforts of our foes!
>
> Now, Bill, we are not disappointed, *au contraire,* but who was it hurtled to his death? Since the report of your passing was obviously grossly exaggerated, in fact, a masterpiece of overstatement, we are puzzled. Remembering your resemblance to Herr Goering, it couldn't

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by chance have been Hermann, masquerading for the Gestapo down there?

Come on home to Manila, Bill, all is forgiven.

Love,
La Savary

I should call this bit of writing *"Rum and Rumors,"* for our whole life was a succession of rumors, washed down by rum-and-waters. The rumors were often truths—we could see with our own eyes. The airstrips were wiped out, the Japanese were forced to use Dewey Boulevard as an airstrip. We were forbidden to go near the boulevard or the bay, but Ethel and I did risk an occasional peep down its length, just to get a glimpse of the bay.

The figures of Japanese plane losses seemed terrific, but I suppose they were true. It was odd to listen to broadcasts from London and San Francisco, giving news about something that had happened in our own back yard, so to speak. Strangely enough, after the first bombing of Manila, San Francisco did not mention it for days after. We were slightly bewildered, then. We thought we had maybe dreamed the whole thing.

The holidays came. Christmas was both sad and glad. The Japanese permitted a few parcels to go to Los Baños. We got together as much smoking material as we could find, for they wanted that more than anything. As far as Santo Tomas was concerned, nothing could go in, the Japanese decided. I suppose they were being punished inside. We heard disquieting reports on how bad the food situation was.

We had a little money left in the Neutral Committee treasury. I was entrusted with a sum to buy a little cheer for the patients of the Philippine General Hospital who were out of Santo Tomas for treatment.

I went by bicycle to San Andres market. The prices were horrible, but I bought fruit and an egg each for all the patients, got two tricycle carts to help me carry it there, and we started out for the hospital, not too far away.

Midway, the air-raid warning sounded. There was no place to hide, so I urged the cyclists with my supplies to make a

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run for it with me to the hospital. We probably weren't in too great danger, for Camp Murphy, the other side of town, was evidently the objective. Those were the first B-24s I had ever seen and they looked enormous, simply enormous.

The fruit and eggs were very welcome to the people in the wards. I saw a good many of the patients and exchanged news. The woman who had taken in the proceeds of the fifty dollars I changed was back in hospital again, for more surgery. Bless her heart, she had hidden that money in her bandages! She had a cancer, and there was little hope that she could live long, but her bravery and fortitude was a wonderful example to us all. She brought verification about the starvation rations in camp. People were beginning to die of malnutrition, and beriberi was becoming more and more common—beriberi is a hunger disease, actually. We all agreed that the end was near—but how near?

We had picked up a few things for the children, and had a little tree for them. Children are odd, they were interested in all the details of the war, and learned to imitate a machine gun and dive bombers with such perfection that we spent half our time dodging!

The Leyte campaign had not gone as well as first thought, but the Americans were pulling through. The Japanese will never be considered cowards, they fought to the bitter end there.

The neighborhood visited around a little Christmas Day, comparing notes and news. Many people had gone to safer places. The Westlys had gone to Nasugbu, as had Henry and his American wife. Many people had gone to Baguio, which we considered highly foolish. It always seemed to me the Japanese could hide in the hills behind Baguio and hold out indefinitely. I could see no point in leaving.

We began to worry about the end. Would the Japanese leave the city intact? Or would they destroy it, using scorched earth policy? Or would they fight it out there? That was the theme of all our discussions.

Personally, I feared the scorched earth idea. It would have left us with no water supply, no lights. So we dug a well. It wasn't a very good well, nor a very deep one, but we got water at about twenty feet. We rigged up a rope and bucket

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business, like the Old Oaken Bucket of song fame, and bricked the edges. There was an artesian well not too many blocks from us for public use, but wells can be poisoned, too.

All of us made plans, but with no idea of what we were faced with. The air raids increased in intensity, and with bigger planes, which indicated land bases nearby.

The children were our first concern, of course. The constant air raids made it necessary for them to spend a good deal of time in the air-raid shelter, which irked them a good deal. Their mother read and played with them in the gloom of the dirt walls, but they were always complaining, "Daddy and Auntie can look, why can't we." And, of course, they always could see the planes first, with the good eyes of youth.

Our typical breakfasts at that time were corn-meal mush and coffee. The children had enough milk for another month or so at New Year's. We ate on the open terrace, which only had Venetian blinds, which we usually rolled up. We would hear the dull, smooth roar of the bombers, long before we could see them. We'd wait until they were in sight before making a dash downstairs to the shelter, some of us carrying the children. It was odd to hear and see—the Americans bombing the installations and the Japanese blowing up their installations in the port area. Sort of a neutralizing process! To whose advantage?

From my diary I take this excerpt:

> The Great Day, *our* Great Day! The troops have landed on Luzon, at Lingayan Bay. That's just where the Japs landed. I had my money on Mindanao, or did have until they made that landing in Mindoro. But they are here, not two hundred miles away. Oh happy day!
>
> At this moment, I can see thirty or more of our planes slowly soaring just above the reach of the little anti-aircraft still functioning, and I feel avenged for those bitter days of December, 1941, to May, 1942, when we watched the Japanese planes pounding Corregidor and Bataan after they'd finished Manila, with never a chance of retaliation on our part. The seaplanes seem to be dropping their loads far across the city, perhaps Sablang Field, or the far end of Nielsen Field.
>
> I heard such a nice story about Nielsen. I hope it is

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true. Seems the Japs had built dummy hangars there to fool our boys, but the Americans bombed everything on that field *except* the dummies.

One school of thought places our troops in Cavite, another in Zambales, and one lovely optimistic tale is that they are parachuting in Paranaque. We live very near the dividing line between our town of Pasay and Paranaque, and I cannot quite believe the parachute tale yet, much as I would like to.

All streets, big streets running north and south, are being laid for mines. But the Japanese are a little slow in spots. I watched a lovely performance the other day. Mine laying. One group of Jap soldiers dug the holes, neat, symmetrical jobs, then came the next group to lay the mines, and finally a third group following to cover the mines and stick a little piece of something over the mound. Somehow, on the curve of Taft Avenue extension, the third group got slowed up for some reason, and between them and the second mine-laying group, around the bend, came a group of Filipinos who stole two mines and dashed away in a *carretela*. The third group of Japanese finally arrived and placidly and methodically covered up the empty holes and stuck in the indicator. I was on my bicycle, and I giggled all the way home; but I am having a hard time making anyone believe my story.

Our tiny street, two blocks long, has a barricade built of logs cut from nearby trees. It has practically everything, mines, sticks of dynamite, sharp-pointed sticks, barbed wire, all dirt covered. I call it "Janson's Last Stand," for I am sure if the Americans ever encountered anything so formidable as this tank trap, they'd turn right around (and that's a joke). The children inspected it the other day, right while the Japanese were working in it, and the kids think they could make a better tank trap with their Christmas hammer and saw, and I am not so sure they aren't right.

Our reactions to all these exciting events are varied and interesting. I always get what Sander calls "goose pinkles" when I see the big planes. Dorothy gets teary round the lashes, but I must say none of us spends any time weeping. I've shed very few tears these last three years, and mostly of rage. We can shed a few of joy soon, we hope. Let joy be unrefined when it comes.

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> The Spanish woman nearby with the charming house was approached by the Japanese about giving it up. She demurred, but they told her if she didn't give it up and go away, they would move in with her. She seemed to prefer that to losing her home, so the commandant of our district moved into half her house along with his aide. He is a navy officer, which confirms the report that the Japanese Navy has taken over. However, he wears civilian clothes and has asked her and her servants not to use his rank of captain in addressing him and not to tell the neighbors who he is! Shows which way the wind blows, or the Japs run, methinks.

The news that trickled out from Santo Tomas became worse and worse. The rush of the American troops down the great valley from Lingayan was incensing the Japanese to the point of infuriation, and they were obviously taking it out on the internees. But the report was that the Japanese themselves were very short of supplies. Which could have been true, with our ships in this part of the world preventing shipments coming to Manila.

About the middle of January a Japanese civilian, very small, and speaking fair English, came to the gate and asked to see Janson. He was very secretive and made sure there were no Filipinos around to listen to his story. He said that he had been in charge of the internees brought down from Baguio internment camp to be placed in Bilibid about the end of December. He professed to be considerably distressed by the state in which he found the internees in Santo Tomas and Bilibid. He said that the Los Baños internment camp had been freed by the Japanese military and left to their own devices for several days, but that they had been reinterned "for their own protection." He said all camps were in great need of supplies and money. He had come to Janson, as head of the Neutral Committee, to see if help could not be secured for the internees.

It could have been a trap or an attempt to get money for his own use but he seemed so sincere, and there was always the chance he could get something through to the internees, that between us, the neighbors and the little money left in the Neutral Committee treasury, we sent thirty thousand

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pesos out with him to help the internees in whatever camp he thought needed it most.

Los Baños actually got some of the money, and we think Bilibid got a little, but we were never sure.

The little man told us that it was the intention of the Japanese military to free all internees very shortly, with permission to return to their homes, if so desired. Janson wrote a letter then to the American Committee heads in Santo Tomas, stating the details of the great food shortage, the housing situation (all American homes had Japanese troops quartered in them), and the increase of crime and looting. He suggested an alternative plan: that the internees in Santo Tomas be fed and cared for from the outside.

The Japanese seemed embarrassed when he saw the name of Mr. Grinnell, then head of the American Committee in charge of Santo Tomas. He said he thought maybe Grinnell "wasn't there." The same answer was given about Duggleby. So we sent the letter to the American Committee in general. There had been a horrible rumor that the Gestapo had taken Grinnell and Duggleby out of camp, and that they had been executed. This seemed to confirm our fears. They were later found outside, dead of horrible mutilation.

The little Japanese was sincere, we really believed. He delivered the letter, but it was too late. The Japanese had changed their minds about opening the gates. The little Japanese came back once more and we gave him a plan we had worked out to feed the internees, if so permitted. But we never saw him again. I am sure he must have been killed for his kindly interest in the prisoners.

To take over the feeding of some 5,300 persons seemed impossible. But I, as food buyer for the Neutral Committee, and knowing prices, worked out a table, showing the minimum amount of calories necessary, and it added up as follows: (This was in Mickey Mouse pesos.)

Per person:	200 grams of rice at ₱600.00 per ganta	₱ 52.00
	100 grams of camotes at ₱100.00 per kilo	10.00
	1 banana or 3 calamansi	6.00
	100 grams greens at ₱80.00 per kilo	8.00
	50 grams meat at ₱600.00 per kilo	30.00
		₱106.00

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which, for 5,300 persons, meant about ₱508,000.00 would be needed *daily*. We could very nearly have done it, people were anxious to help, good pesos were changing then for ₱70.00 military for one good peso. And credit for meat could have been obtained from butchers who had served me in the restaurant days. A Chinese, who operated a cold meats store prewar, offered all he had, on credit. But we never got the chance. Events moved too swiftly. That rush down the valley was too stupendous and with the end so near, the Japanese so panicky, we hoped they would soon withdraw entirely from the city.

The idea that Manila would be ruined occurred to all of us as an abstract theory. We told ourselves we must be prepared, the town would undoubtedly be blown up; but actually we couldn't believe it, in our hearts. Wishful thinking, of course. But we could see no object in destroying Manila when it would most certainly have meant something akin to reprisals on Japan itself.

Chapter 15

LATE IN JANUARY, 1945, I WROTE:

> They are advising us to get out. Our wall is high and the top is covered with bits of glass in the cement, but the soldiers climbed it today. Janson has some sort of paper from the Japanese ambassador saying he is a neutral and in charge of several neutral countries. He flourished this and evidently the great seal of the Japanese empire must have impressed the soldiers, for they did not come into the garden. The Spanish woman says the commandant in her house wants us all to go, that we will be burned to death or shot by the Americans. It is evident the Japs plan to burn the town. He doesn't say where we can go. The roads are choked with people with

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no place to go. There is no transportation, the Japanese have taken it all. We have hidden our bicycles and would not dare use them.

It is sad to relate that all the Filipinos are not behaving in too seemly a fashion. The Japanese are now evacuating many houses, all factories have been closed and the employees are taking the stock. The Filipinos are looting homes, I suppose with Japanese permission, and doing it very efficiently, too. We have been watching a house near us, Ricarte's residence, being literally torn down; piece by piece, the electric wiring, plumbing, wall panels, roofing, pipes, all going, and only the bare uprights remaining. Think the Japs have taken Ricarte to a safer place.

Yesterday I got quite a shock. I heard what I thought was machine gunning, something we haven't had in the streets yet. But it sounded queer, irregular, and it continued for hours. The houses nearby were afire, one of them an officers' commissary. In this house the cans were blowing up, giving a very creditable imitation of machine gunning! I'm taking a good deal of kidding about that mistake.

The Mabuhay Rubber Shoe Factory blew up last night, and the smell of burning rubber is horrible. The stock was given to the employees and today one can buy a pair of rubber shoes for ₱700.00. Cheap at that, if one had ₱700.00.

The children are getting so warlike they are driving us mad. They play war all day long, murder, fire, pillage, looting, shooting, dive bombing—all good clean fun to them. And are they bloodthirsty! When their father was describing a street battle he had seen, Japanese chasing Filipino looters from a spot the Japs still occupied, and he was talking about the footprints outlined in the blood of one fleeing thief, Jan says: "Only *one* bloody, daddy?" Disappointed as could be, he was, at so conservative a tale.

The planes are over us again. I can see from my window the Japanese civilian packing up. There is little use to dash to the shelter, I feel. I am a little childish in my faith that the American pilots won't hit our house. Surely they know we live here! I am not too happy under bombing, but I do hate air-raid shelters. It's close today. Must be the bay.

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There are a lot of Japs against our wall. Taking shelter, I suppose. There must be twenty of them. They keep looking up, wonder what for?

Later. I learned what for. The Spanish woman came by after the raid and said we were suspected of having a sending set in the house. That the Japs could hear the key. She said she had convinced them that it was only a typewriter, as she knew I typed a lot. They insisted it must be a transmitter, nobody would be foolish enough to type during a heavy raid. She offered to bring them in for proof. Glad she didn't. They wouldn't have liked what I'm writing. Now I have a sheet of paper, with soy bean recipes on it, that I have been copying from a Seventh Day Adventist cookbook to show them, if they ever do come. Guess I am a fool, but whoever said I wasn't?

All these weeks the Japanese worked frantically, blowing up their own installations and moving equipment and ammuntion out over the South road. Where to, we didn't know. I thought they were just evacuating the town. They even blew up their own damaged ships in the harbor. After the occupation of Manila by the Americans, when those hulks still floating were boarded, they found Japanese still living on the wrecks, like rats. Some came out with hand grenades, others killed themselves rather than face the Americans.

On Jnuary 23, 1945, I wrote:

". . . and Sheridan only twenty miles away." So runs the old poem. If we had a poet in our midst, we might do a poem, somewhat like this:

With detonations far and wide
They dynamite the countryside.
We rush to look, return to shiver,
As our houses quake and quiver!
Shooting, looting little Nips,
Scooting round with aimless yips.
Haven't they heard the news today
MacArthur's sixty miles away!

Guess someone has told them the news, but they don't know what to do about it. The way we live resembles a

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jigsaw puzzle partially completed. One corner seems to make sense, then a portion where no piece seems to fit or to be related. That's Manila, these days. One day there will be fifty soldiers housed in the lovely home opposite us, where the old general lived. They dig furiously, finish a couple of shallow trenches, fill the swimming pool, have a bathing party, get a little drunk, sing, steal the neighbor's chickens, and next day they are gone. Another group digs up the garden to the rear of us, cuts down the trees for a tank trap in a street only two blocks long, and off they go. Every walled house in the neighborhood occupied by the Japanese has a ditch just inside the wall and the Japs are busy (I can see them as I write) making holes at regular intervals in the wall at just street level. Do they expect parachute troops in reverse?

We women spend our time speculating, and we are driving poor Janson crazy, asking him what this or that noise is. The explosions are sometimes tremendous, but I can't tell where or what. We get all tangled up, trying to figure it out by a stop watch left me so long ago by an aviator lad who was killed in Clark Field. Whatever we guess can be right, for it becomes increasingly evident they intend to destroy everything. The talk of burning this area persists, but we still can't see much use running into the streets. Where can we go, with small children, streets full of trigger-happy soldiers, demolition going on full speed, and constant bombings? When, or where? Our walls are high, the iron gates are locked, we have food and a shelter. I'm for staying put as long as we can. It's nerve-wracking, to put it mildly.

The Filipino boy who sometimes brings us eggs just came by to say that Tarlac in the San Fernando Valley has been taken but that the Japanese had destroyed it almost completely. Hope the little old sugar central there wasn't burned. It was a nice spot.

There seems to be little resistance to this rush-down from Lingayan. Evidently the Japs will make a stand in Baguio, since they have moved the puppet government, along with the civilian Japanese, up to Baguio. The brave mayor of our town, Quinto, who is also military governor since the "Crisis," is still shouting for everyone to leave Manila. Not a train for civilians has run since October, and few for army use, since the bombings

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began. The poor Filipinos are no better off than we are, no place to go and no way to go.

The Jap Army's exodus is somewhat amusing. They are going out south via pushcart and man power. But it is impressive to see them, their tremendous will power . . . those men—obviously hungry, badly equipped, without shoes—pushing their guns on homemade carts, singing as they go to what is probably certain death. Their belief in the divine right of kings is unbelievably tenacious and is hammered into them from birth. It is a complete mystery to me. If they believed that by fighting they were bettering themselves, that they were going to have better food, better homes, to live more fully, it might be understandable, this fanatical devotion. But they know, even boast, that they are going to their death for the glory of the Divine Emperor!

Our fighting forces have a different set of values. They are fighting because their country has been foully stabbed in the back, and they want their country to regain what was unfairly taken from it. Speed the day that we can talk with American soldiers and hear their views.

I wonder what the Japanese think, if they do think, of the merciless Juggernaut driving down from the north, day after day, bringing their own destruction nearer and nearer.

Even after three years under them, our conquerors, I cannot take them seriously. Everything they do, their odd regalia, savors of comic opera, of a funny movie character. I see one group now, decked out in palm branches, going out Taft Avenue, looking for all the world like a moving Palm Sunday. They are bivouacked all about us and we can see all their doings.

They get up very early in the morning, roar some sort of prayer or exhortation, do some setting-up exercises very noisily, make some sort of toilet (they never seem to have many clean clothes), mill around, try to trade their cooked rice through the fence to Filipinos for fruit and eggs. I'd better take them a little more seriously. We are threatened on all sides. We keep the big iron gates locked, and wave the paper with the big seal around when they come to the peephole in the gate; but it may not always work.

The Japanese Embassy has moved from the High Commissioner's residence. They moved rather hastily

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after one lone American pilot knocked off one corner of the south wing, getting eighteen of the staff in one fell swoop. The last time Janson had to go and see the embassy people, he went to their temporary quarters on Aviles only to find a sign: CLOSED. No forwarding address. Probably Baguio.

It isn't very smart to move about town, but it sure is interesting. Pasay is full of troops, making barricades. The egg man, who is a guerrilla, says they are setting up pill-box formations of cement right outside Paranaque. Down in the Ermita district they are barricading and putting up sandbags all around the Elena apartment building, the Atheno (a Catholic convent), and many private homes. Guess they are going to make a stand in Manila.

Filipino looters are hard at work. It is pitiful to see beautiful homes being torn down, furnishings dragged away, by vandals. The Japanese themselves took most of the good furniture early in the war, but there is still a lot left in the houses the Japanese have been occupying.

The city is filthy, there is no street cleaning, the gutters are clogged with rubbish and the sidewalks piled with litter. In one lovely shop, The Caravan, before the war Manila's most exclusive Chinese rug and curio shop, is a horrible mess. The Japanese had looted all the stock, and used it as a barracks. They had used it for a public latrine after the troops moved, and now I hear the looters are tearing out the walls and windows. Whoever told me the Japs were a clean little people never lived around them. Such filthy personal habits were exhibited by the soldiers, even at a time when it wasn't particularly necessary to act like pigs! All shops are closed, with few exceptions. Even the market people feel it useless to bring stuff in. The hungry Filipinos grub around for a few wisps of native spinach and share with each other the little rice they have.

It really was terrible, those days, to see the disintegration of a city. Before the war, no one really had to go hungry in that lush and fertile country. If you accidentally threw a papaya seed from the breakfast table, three months later you could pick the ripened fruit from the tree that would spring from that seed. Anything grows there, it is never cold,

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the bay was full of fish, clothing wasn't too much of a problem for the Filipinos, and life even for the lowliest Filipino was easy and pleasant. And in contrast to all that easy living, the war years brought the great majority of the Filipinos poverty and, often, real hunger. Women with babies in their arms ran after us, begging for a leaf off the vegetables we might have been able to buy, for a piece of fish, for anything. Hungry people lay in doorways, begging.

China and its poverty, its eternal poverty, came to my mind, often, as I saw the misery of the Filipinos increasing. I could scarcely blame the looters. These Filipinos had been under white rule for hundreds of years, under our rule for more than forty years, and they had the right to look to us to aid them. Their own puppet government hadn't been able to do much to aid them, and the Americans had surely failed.

Maybe men find war exciting, glamorous, thrilling. I cannot see how it could be. Aside from actual combat, wounds, death—the daily drudgery of war must be well-nigh unbearable to thinking men. To those poor little yellow cretins, I suppose it is their destiny.

In the diary I again complained:

> It is this waiting that kills me. For us who have been seemingly free in a captive city, it is almost harder. We are filled with fear and anxiety for those inside the prisons, we agonize over the starving natives, and, mingled with all that, we have a worrying tinge or two about our own fate. And we can do nothing but wait! *He also serves who only stands and waits*—I don't believe it!

January 28, 1945—

Barter
Clothes
Shoes
Hairpins
Planes
Stockings
Walter Robb
General's birthday
Rum, Money

What an assortment of memoranda! I couldn't sleep the

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other night and I jotted down in the dark, since we were under complete blackout, the above items. I am not at all sure what I was thinking about.

Barter? I must have been thinking how dumb I am at it. One woman I know traded a battered old iron flower stand for rice—quite a lot of rice. Ethel's cook showed me a lovely bunch of bananas the other day, saying: "These are the Master's singlet. Bananas taste better than undershirts any day."

Clothes? We all go about in comparative rags, so I must have been thinking about a curtain I had found to be made into a dress. Or, the Filipinos in rags? They don't need to be in rags, these last days. The Japanese gave, or sold for very little, thousands and thousands of yards of material either from Japan or from the military issue, khaki, denim, poplin, even silk, left behind. But the buy-and-sell instinct is strong, and instead of clothing themselves, many Filipinos are selling this stuff at enormous prices. We all need clothes but have no money to buy this stuff.

Shoes, next item. Wish I had a pair to walk in. Still have some go-to-party, ride-in-a-car pumps, but no shoes to walk on broken pavements. All gone.

Hairpins? What's the use of even thinking about them!

Planes? The planes are driving us mad at night. The Jap planes are so noisy, I swear their motors must run on charcoal, as the trucks do. I call them *ipopi* (first charcoal engines used here were named that). I think the Jap planes just fly around because they have no place to go. Clark Field is already occupied. They are like homeless swallows robbed of their roosts and trying to light in Manila. The "Lone Ranger" nicked off a few more Jap planes in Manila yesterday—he's quite a lad, evidently operates on his own with a sense of humor. Gets the Japs early before they can get in the air.

Stockings? What are stockings?

Walter Robb? I heard Robb on the radio the other night, pulling out all the *vox humana* stops in his charming voice, in a speech about Camp O'Donnell, the first prison camp after Bataan fell. In a thousand years the Japanese can never live down that outrage, the cruelty and brutality of that dreadful Death March of soldiers who had only done their duty, who had sur-

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rendered to a conquering enemy, and who were treated far worse than beasts. Far, far worse, for the beasts were guarded for future use. Robb did very well and I hope the world will not soon forget.

MacArthur's birthday? He timed his taking of Stotsenburg very well, taking the fort he had once commanded on his birthday! He has a long score to settle. May he arrive soon in Manila for the final reckoning.

Rum and *Money* side by side could only mean I was upset by the rising cost of rum. However, I sold the gold earrings and am negotiating for a demijohn of rum. It keeps up our courage.

January 31, 1945—I'm wrong again, as usual. I haven't been right yet, so I should be accustomed to that state of affairs. For weeks, ever since the Lingayan landings (which I also guessed wrong) I have been betting that the next landing would be Subic Bay, basing my predictions on (1) a very vivid dream involving Olongapo (old Navy base), and (2) the fact that our side has been bombing that area constantly and heavily. Now they land six or eight miles above Subic and I lose my bet—a bottle of rum. I'll pay, and gladly, for a second landing, coinciding with that great sweep down the valley across the *Pampanga* plains towards Manila, means release, prison camps opened up, life, liberty and the pursuit of wheat flour—oh, joy, and all that!

We are joyful but fearful. The Jap version of the Gestapo is more than busy. Some of our good friends have disappeared during these last days. Connie, gay Connie, with her four lovely children and her chatter about the news, was taken away with the children, her mother, her sister and her sister's fiancé. The children were returned, but the rest are gone. Connie had a radio and also a brother who was a guerrilla. We hear they have all been liquidated. We become more careful with our radio, but we cannot let it alone!

The demolition squads are busy blowing up installations near the town, fires blaze in every direction, more streets are barricaded, soldiers swarm about.

This noon we saw four formations of six big planes each, obviously B-24's. One antiaircraft seemed in action and reaching high, too, or else the B-24's were flying lower than usual. Judging from the explosions, they

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were smacking Corregidor and Cavite. It was beautiful to see and know they were ours. The little boys in the house, three-and-a-half and six, said, "See, Daddy, they are coming down low to look at our flag." Clear yellow and blue (the Swedish flag)! We have a red-white-and-blue job to join it soon—and it will be soon, we all feel.

The children's discipline these days wouldn't meet with the approval of the better child psychologists. We say: "Jannie, drink your milk or you can't go meet the Americans." "Sander, eat your porridge or the Americans won't give you candy." Take a bath, run for the shelter, do this, do that, "or you won't get any gum from the Americans." Fine system! It works, and is more agreeable than walloping and shutting up in closets, certainly.

February 1, 1945—Sheridan, I mean MacArthur, is getting closer. It's fantastic, living so close to big goings-on, and to see nothing but planes overhead, intent on big business, elsewhere. We feel neglected, but there isn't much left to bomb in Manila. The airfields are more or less wiped out, and there were never any enormous garrisons here. The soldiers have been stationed in various spots such as churches, schools, convents, *jai alai*.

I was desperately uneasy about friends in the Ermita district so I walked down there yesterday, about four kilometers. The Japanese have taken all transportation over, including bicycles. We all hid ours, hoping they would never have time to make a house-to-house search. Even the kids put their tricycles into the playroom and covered them with rice sacks.

I went into the Philippine General Hospital to see how the internees were making out. The news from the camp is very bad, indeed. They are on starvation diet, and there have been several deaths in camp due to just that. But the Japs won't let the American doctors put that on the death certificates, and there seems to be a terrible row going on about that in camp. So one of the patient tolds me.

The hospital is full of rumors, as usual. They think the Americans have already landed in Tagatay Ridge, not far from us, but I doubt that. We would have seen some evidence. Yet, today's rumors make tomorrow's real news.

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There are many Jap soldiers in the streets, guards everywhere. I felt pretty uneasy. I had my head tied up, and walked sort of bent over, so they wouldn't see how tall I am. I am as brown as any Filipina, working in the gardens so much.

One guard stopped me and searched my purse. Strangely enough he was more interested in an old picture of my old restaurant than anything else. I had very little money, but he got that.

The evidence of Japanese occupancy in the nice houses of Malate isn't very nice. They are really dirty people. One house I peeped into, once belonging to good friends of mine, was practically ripped apart, and the lovely bathroom had all its fittings torn out. The Japanese had used it rather cruelly, as they had the living room, too. Never let anybody talk to me about the "clean little Japs." They are *really* filthy.

I walked by the old restaurant house. It is empty but guarded by one sentry. While he was at the front door, I peeked in the side entrance. The furniture is all gone, but it seems in fair condition. Maybe I can move in soon. It can't be long now.

I called on some friends, who were anxious about our well-being. I think they are in a worse spot than we are, but they kept worrying about us being on the edge of the airfields.

Today has been confusing. The sky was full of B-24's with a bellwether of a P-38 frisking about like a gazelle, bomb here, explosions there, guns in the distance, a flurry of machine gunning nearby—and we don't know why, where or what for. A fine war—a front-line seat with neither opera glasses nor score!

I was amused to hear the servants discussing the planes today. Says one, "Yes, very well, I know B-24 is for bomber, but what is it, P-38?" Says the other, "But of certain, *P* is for pighter." (The *P* and *F* in Filipino dialect are interchangeable.)

February 2, 1945—When some of our friends evacuated to the Batangas coast, Nasugbu and Calatagan, I was urgently invited to join them. There's quite a little colony down there. I refused, one reason being I wanted to be right on hand in Manila when the Americans arrived. Now, I hear the Americans have landed in

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Nasugbu first and am I jealous, thinking *they* are free and getting all the first-hand dope—probably eating apples and cheese, too!

Today, with the American troops less than twenty miles away, advancing down the great Pampanga Valley at top speed, we crouched over the short-wave radio and heard that the prisoners of Cabanatuan had been rescued in a fantastically spectacular raid on the camp. A real swashbuckling, D'Artagnan job. It must have been a real thriller-diller. Some of the men were flown out on planes and had broadcast earlier but I did not hear them myself, but someone told that Rosie Roseveare had spoken. I hope Edgar was among them but I am fearful. Radio said only a few hundred men out of thousands were in Cabanatuan.

I have had no direct news of Edgar since June. I had pretty good contact with him until then. Each time that someone came to me, claiming that he had seen Ed and Ed wanted such and such things sent up, I sent them. But each time I sent stuff without a written note from Ed, it never reached him. That was a racket that reached major proportions. I am bitter about that, for I know how badly they needed help up there.

We are all uneasy about the boys from Cabanatuan. It seems pretty certain that a good many of them were shipped to Japan. The Japanese announced the sinking of one prison ship by the Americans. We can only hope *that* isn't true.

Chapter 16

I WAS BITTER ABOUT THE PRISONER-AID RACKET. FOR IT WAS A well-thought-out scheme to prey upon us who had loved ones in the camp. There had been so much good done by the underground passage, that it hurt to be cheated by the crooked ones.

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And, of course, the Japanese were not above such tactics. I often received phone calls from Japanese, saying that so-and-so's friend in camp would like something sent in. Usually sugar was on the list. I would rush the things to the appointed place, but very little of it ever reached camp—and *never* any sugar. War is war, but petty thieving and graft and preying on human emotions are more despicable, to my mind. Vultures, they were.

We lived those days in a welter of excitement, too keyed up to sleep or eat. And always the danger of being chased away or murdered. The troops are supposed to be near Calumpit, not twenty miles away.

Finally came the great moment, and I took time out to write, in the dim light of a lantern, in the diary:

> *February 3, 1945—'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house* . . . No, that's not right, I'm mixed up. All through the house everybody's stirring, even the mice!
>
> What a night! I have to write this down, frantic though it may sound, so that I can always remember it exactly as it happened.
>
> I was crouched over the radio, listening to Voice of Freedom. The ceiling had been blown out by concussion from the tremendous explosions. We could hear Japanese vehicles roaring around the neighborhood, blackout had us in the gloom of a couple of lanterns, there had been no bombing that evening, but we could hear distant guns. The telephone rang. It was Alex, the Greek, and I hope he isn't the prevaricator that that other well-known Greek, Ananias was. He told us in our double talk—or told Janson—we needn't buy any more beans, meaning the end was here. The radio was saying the troops had passed Calumpit, so I couldn't believe they were already in. Later Alex phoned to say the First Cavalry, *he thought*, had taken Santo Tomas, and that our flag was flying over Malacanan Palace and San Miguel brewery.
>
> We have no way of verifying it—it seems too good to be true. The lights and water are still on, and the phone. Santo Tomas is many kilometers from our suburb. There is tremendous activity in the streets,

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explosions, motor vehicles roaring. At each explosion we jump to see if we still have lights and water, for when they blow the bridges the water will cease, as the conduits are beneath the bridge structure.

The poor children are just as excited as we are, we can't keep them in bed. It's past midnight and I took time out to write this while another pot of coffee is brewing.

Later in the night. I can't hear anything that fits my idea of troops entering the city. The Japs are roaring out of the motor pool a block from us—a pool which this morning sheltered half a dozen trucks and several good-looking cars, concealed beneath banana-leaf camouflage. There's a terrific amount of shouting, but there can't be so many troops left in Pasay; they have been moving out along the south roads for days. Something is being blown up on the other side of the river; we can see the flashes and try to judge the distance by my stop watch. I can't judge an explosion by the noise it makes. It may be the Escolta buildings, or the bridges. There was a terrible explosion this morning near the market, and I expected the whole village to be gone, but it turned out to be only a smallish hole in the middle of the street and a dead Jap hanging on the wires, only one! Probably another case of "didn't know it was loaded."

Janson thinks they are all rushing to the airfield, a few blocks from us. But if the troops are coming in on the other side of the river? I'm no military strategist, he sarcastically reminds me. There may be other troops coming in, our way!

It's strange how individualistic each of us is. The greatest military operation in the history of the world is now taking place in Europe. I just listened to details of that stupendous Russian push toward Berlin, but I can't think about that; for our show, our town, the end of our slavery, the liberation of the prisoners, of the internees —these are our own problems, and Europe seems another world.

If this be liberation, so far it's painless for us. We've lived in a welter of filled-up bathtubs, demijohns of boiled water, sat practically wreathed in cans of corned beef, money, papers, letters, expecting to have to make a run for it at any moment. We're all prepared for fire, murder, looting, water shortage, and starvation. But

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now, at two in the morning, it looks as though nothing startling is going to happen at "Janson's Last Stand," as I call our little street so filled with tank traps and barricaded at both ends. I've even got a gun, it's a .45 that's been buried so many times I'm sure it won't work, but it looks frightening! Janson's works, I hope.

Sunday, came the dawn. We had stayed up most of the night, but no liberation our side. The city is in flames across the river, and the telephone communication is cut. The artillery action has been steadily increasing and the demolition explosions are getting louder and more frequent. It is maddening to hear all this and not to know what is going on, whether there is a battle on, or whether the Japanese are pulling out, wrecking everything as they go. It seems wiser not to leave the house. The Japanese are still in our neighborhood.

I changed a good fifty-peso note Friday morning, the second. I got ninety Mickey Mouse pesos for one, making forty-five hundred Mickey Mouse pesos. I spent nearly all of it on the market. Pork was a thousand pesos a kilo, but I got some liver and carabao meat on credit. The little I had left we tried to spend over the fence for eggs, but no one wants any of that money now.

Bartering is the vogue now. One undershirt for three bananas, a papaya for a cotton dress; but it would take a sharkskin suit to get a chicken. The Filipinos are circulating, all of them full of tidbits of news. They know our troops are in on the other side, but can't tell us much about the real happenings.

The electricity went off at 10:30 this morning; my little electric clock beside me is mute evidence of that. Thank goodness for our charcoal and lanterns. There is such a strict blackout, we couldn't use the electricity much at night, anyhow. Ain't I the Pollyanna! One thing. The furniture seems really vicious—jumps out and nicks my shins every time I try to circulate in the dark. And the poor dog! She is frightened and I always seem to be stepping on her.

Rumors flourish like the Green Bay Tree. We can see fires in the direction of the river and the walled city, and the explosions indicate big doings somewhere. The fires are coming our way. The Polo Club must be burning, there is a huge pall of smoke in that neighborhood—and that's only a half-kilometer away from us.

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I'm inclined to believe the egg boy who sneaked to the back wall today. He says the Japs are putting up more installations at the village of Paranaque. That's the next village to us! They are still around here, though. We haven't ventured out the gate, although they haven't bothered us.

February 5, 1945—Monday. Last night there was terrific shelling near Fort McKinley, as well as we could judge. That is to the south of us. Nearby, on the shore, big guns were barking all night. I hadn't realized how much equipment is still left here, they have been moving so much out Taft Avenue where we could see it passing. They, the Japs, keep blazing away continuously, and I can't tell whether our troops are answering. Janson is in complete revolt—he won't answer any more of our questions!

Felie, a Spanish girl who has two small sons, slipped over between air raids this morning, pretty badly shaken up from the night's excitement. Her house was struck by shrapnel. The Jansons persuaded her to move over with us for a few days. Her own house has been taken by the Japanese and she is living in a native house which is highly inflammable. This house is solid, brick and concrete, and has a huge wall around it, and the back garden nearest the *barrio* is cemented. So we do seem safer from fire. Now we have four small boys, all under five!

We moved them over, between shots and shells, with food they had on hand, and as much clothing as we could manage. She has one of those three-wheel conveyances which may come in very handy if we have to make a run for it.

The pall of smoke over the city is like a blanket. We haven't had any real news from the other side of the river. One Filipino says American troops are coming in from the south, but that may be wishful thinking. The bombing has begun again. I suppose the Americans are after the airfield. Surely all the ships have left the Bay.

We have been repeatedly told that the Japanese intend to burn all American property before they leave. The blazing fires all around us would indicate that's true. We are not sure whether the bridges have gone or

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not, because there is still running water, but only a trickle. I am sure the water mains run under the bridge structures, and if that is so, the bridges must still be standing.

February 6, 1945—We were up all night—we never all go to bed all at once, anyhow. The children were in the air-raid shelter but its walls are of dirt and that dirt is beginning to sift loose. The big guns are barking constantly. There must be a terrific battle going on across the river. It is maddening not to know what is going on. I alternate between cooking beans on the charcoal stove, and mixing rum and water to keep our courage up—and scribbling notes about how we're doing!

We had our first callers today since our news about Santo Tomas being taken by our troops—two young men, one Swiss and one Pole. They had definite information that Santo Tomas was taken by the First Cavalry on the night of the 3rd. They also said the bridges were all blown and that the Escolta, the first street the other side of the river, had been taken by the Americans.

The planes are swooping low, fast and furious. I was so pleased to see the boys, I opened up a bottle of really good rum I had been saving—but wasn't sure enough of the Escolta news to risk opening our last bottle of good Scotch. Straining at a gnat and swallowing rum, that's me!

It seemed horrible to be shut up. My curiosity got the better of me. A hectic war going on and *I* shut up behind walls! So, much against Janson's better judgment, I went over the back wall. We didn't dare unlock the big iron gates. Felie went with me. We went to Pasay market which was deserted, walked up Libertad Street, ordinarily a street teeming with business and full of little shops, but now deserted. I bought a water *olla* (big urn), and we walked over to see what had happened to the Polo Club. It was still standing, but one corner of the grounds had been blown up, there had been some sort of a radio rigging there. The lovely Baldwin house on the edge of the grounds is burning. It was there that the consular staff was interned for more than a year after the occupation, until they were exchanged.

Just about in front of it we saw a great crowd of

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Filipinos running down the street, pursued by Japanese with guns. Seems the Filipinos had started looting operations a trifle too soon, in a house still occupied by Japanese. It was a hot situation so we leapt into a ditch, water jug and all, until they passed us. Bullets were a bit too thick for comfort, and we both wished we had taken good advice and stayed behind our own walls.

But just the same, from there we went on to see some friends who were living very near the bay and farther out toward Paranaque. They have had a bad time. The house had received one direct hit from a shell and there was shrapnel. The shell indicated there were big guns of both sides very near. The air-raid shelter wasn't much good and was too far from the house, so when the planes were strafing they'd get beneath the tables and chairs which they had made into a kind of shelter in the drawing room. While we were there an air-raid started, and an exchange of shelling, so most everyone ducked for the makeshift shelter. I chose to stay outside, and as Felie emerged from the shelter after the raid, she laughed and called herself a pantywaist. Just as she reached for her glass, which she had left on a table on the terrace, came another salvo and a piece of shrapnel struck her in the fleshy part of her back, below her waist. I was frantic, but we got it washed with alcohol and dressed with iodine—all during the worst raid we had ever experienced, because it had been my silly idea to go out. Nothing ever happens to me. I dash around, sticking my neck out constantly, but poor Felie! Shot in the filet!

I finally got her home after the raid died down, and got her to bed. The wound is very painful and, of course, we can't get a doctor. Our host is none too pleased with us for getting into trouble at a moment when we may have to flee for our lives from the fires which are all around us.

I spent the night prowling around. Felie was in my bed, and I couldn't face sleeping with the twins! Better take a bombing! Probably less painful.

It's a mad life. I hope the Americans get here today, from one side or the other. We can see a battle going on on Nichols Field. We hear the guerrillas are in possession of it.

Judging from sound and the sight of fires, we think the walled city must be under heavy fire. There is a hos-

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pital in there, a tubercular one, and some white people are patients there. Heaven help them.

The Japanese civilian next door evidently never got away. He "boards" with the mestiza girl I'm always talking about. He came to the wall and told Janson that the American troops are nearly at Nichols Field and he wants to surrender himself to them and not to the Filipino troops. The Americans evidently have a nicer reputation for fair dealing! But once the American soldiers see what the Japs have done to the prisoners and to the internees, maybe the old milk of human kindness supposed to be coursing in our soldiers' veins may turn! Anyhow, Janson told the Jap he could not aid him, but suggested he stay quietly in his own house and surrender to the first American who came in.

Does *that* sound wonderful! *The first American who comes in!*

We are all weary. Cooking is an effort but the children must be fed. The servants are frightened, but loyal. There is no water, except our little well. Toilet facilities are strained to a point unmentionable—four small boys, four adults and four servants! No food to be bought, no lights, no phone, no gas to cook by. But we've got the primitive essentials of charcoal, candles, matches, canned food, etc., and we can stand a siege of weeks, even. Our small well isn't elegant but there is water, which we boil to drink. We fill the tubs each day for washing and toilet uses. It isn't very convenient, but war never is!

We eat very well, in fact, exceedingly well, for we cannot keep anything fresh. The meat that was in the freezers when the power went off, we had to cook and eat. I had wanted that carabao roast to make sandwiches for the Santo Tomas people, but we could not get it out to them. We also had some corn bread I'd made into loaves. I thought once the troops got in everything would be fine. Optimistic, that's me.

Anyhow, we ate it. I fixed it like a pot roast over the charcoal fire and put in camotes (sweet potatoes) with it. We have a small alcohol lamp on which we brew coffee at all times of the day and night. It's our mainstay, along with rum.

I know that what we are going through is nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to those people in Eu-

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rope who have lived through this for years, but I guess I can squawk a little in my own private diary! None of us complains much in public. And the children are wonderful—except, I can't train them all to go to the bathroom at the same time so we won't have to carry so much water.

February 8, 1945—It sounds like the real McCoy now. We've fed the children in the air-raid shelter, got Felie fixed for the night. She has suffered terribly from her wound. The rest of us are waiting. Janson is pretending to read, his wife is trying to keep the children quiet in the shelter, and I am typing in my room in the dark. Thank goodness for the touch system. Wonder how this will look by daylight—and don't I wish daylight were here.

I read a book not so long ago, the name of which I forget, about Gettysburg. The descriptions of people's sensations, people who had no communication with each other in opposite sides of the town, the battle raging, no one knowing what was happening. When I read it, I thought how modern conveniences, electricity, gas, telephones and transportation would prevent any such situation. But look at us—exactly in that predicament.

I did another silly thing today. I saw something fluttering in the air and land in a hedge not far away. The Japs have taken a very dim view of picking up anything dropped from planes. But—curiosity! It was a funny strip of silvery paper. I sneaked it back to the house. There's nothing written on it. I tried Calamansi juice, heat, cold—but can't figure it out. I hid it, but it's just a little wad of nothing, no message at all.

Long after, many weeks after, there were a number of Army men and a couple of Navy officers, and a correspondent or two, sitting around my house talking war, naturally talking war. They were speaking of radar, something of which I had never heard. So an explanation in words of one syllable was offered me, which I faintly understood. Then they began talking about radar interference, with long streamers of something which floated across a radar panel and interfered with the enemy's detection. "At long last!" I screamed, and rushed

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to find the little wad of nothing that I had worked so hard to find a secret message on! I had to endure a lot of teasing about my message from the skies, after that.

We did see a newspaper from Santo Tomas giving the details of the taking of the camp. It was dated the 5th. We hear the Japs are firing on the camp itself. That's against all war rules but they don't play according to the rules.

I hate waiting. It is dreadful, not knowing what is going on so short a distance from us. Last night was comparatively quiet, few guns barking and only distant machine guns from the north.

Felie's wound bothers her and she was restless and miserable.

Huge fires are raging in the town. We think Rizal Stadium must be burning. It is a huge sports place that the Japs are using as troop quarters. The popping of gasoline drums is unmistakable, and the smell of burning oil is in the air. We recognize those signs—the Americans burned their oil and gasoline when they pulled out. The Pandacan oil plants burned by the Americans in 1941 were repaired by the Japanese, and they are again being burned—by the Japs this time. I rather think more efficiently than the Americans destroyed them.

This is the sixth night of waiting. Did I say the taking of our town was going to be easy? I must have been crazy, and whoever said I wasn't.

Hans came over this morning, braving volleys of shells and machine gunning, to show us the Santo Tomas paper. We had already seen it, but it was nice to have a copy of our own. It is called *The Free Philippines*. It gives the details of the capture and it is reassuring to know that the internees are in the hands of the American Army and that for some days they have been eating good food and having medical attention. So the Greek wasn't a second Ananias, either. But was Ananias a Greek? I'm not sure.

Hans has also heard the rumor that Santo Tomas has been shelled, but had no details.

We've always joked about our beleaguered little street, "Janson's Last Stand." It looks as if it might be just that. So far as we can learn, our troops have taken over a good portion of the other side of town, but the

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bridges are blown up and communication is nil. We also know for certain now that paratroopers have landed on the Tagatay Ridge a few miles to the south of our village and are advancing toward the airfield. The Filipino troops are already at Nichols airstrip.

Some trusting Filipino is selling carabao meat for ten thousand Mickey Mouse pesos a kilo! We didn't buy any. The market is closed and the people who have been burned out of their Nipa shacks are taking refuge in it.

The fires are raging around us—two new blazes in the last half hour. It is very close.

This situation is beyond understanding. The Japanese have known ever since the Leyte landing, and before, that they could not hold Manila. They have admitted it themselves. This wanton destruction of the city is absolute savagery, cruel, brutal and totally useless. We all agree that the first sob sister in the States (such as those who took up a collection for the Jap wives in the States) who starts moaning about sparing lovely Tokyo should be mobbed, disrobed, hair pulled and fanny spanked in public. But somebody will—

I think I hear tanks. We are so close to Nichols Field, just where the battle is supposed to be raging. I am trying to type this in the dark—hope the few Japs left don't get the idea again that this is a sending set! I've heard a great variety of sounds of modern warfare these last three years, but the sound of mechanized tanks after hearing the Japanese coffeepot jobs, will be mighty sweet. The sound of shells fills the air—machine gunning is fast and furious and the fires are getting worse.

February 9, 1945—I got up very early this morning after several sorties during the night to see what was doing. We all had a little sleep. Even our wounded Felie feels much better. I made us some early coffee, aided her to get dressed, and the morning started off well. A dozen planes went switching back and forth across the sky but they ignored our part of town. The children played at war, they are too good at it! They can imitate every sound.

We dug trenches in the front garden in case the fires get too bad. The soldiers have flung lighted paper over the wall several times.

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I climbed the wall and went to see an old Belgian couple in the neighborhood, my protégées. She had a heart attack in the night, but when I showed her the little newspaper she felt better. They gave me papers and letters, and instructions as to what to do in case— A horrid feeling, for I am such a fool optimist I always think we are all going to pull through. There is a dud shell in their garden— Praise be it's a dud or we wouldn't be here to be optimists, or pessimists, either.

The house in which they are living is less than a block from ours. Going home, my optimism got quite a jolt, for a terrific bombing raid started and it seemed aimed at us! My pace was something more than brisk, and I got over the wall so fast, it really shook—whether from the shock of the bombs or me shaking with fright, I don't know!

This is Friday, and we are tired of waiting. The girls, Felie and Dorothy Janson, have to spend much of their time in the air-raid shelter with the children. I sort of double in brass in a Gunga Din act, carrying food and water to the shelter, and a "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, is there anybody coming?" act. My reactions call for movement, I cannot sit and wait. They call me Madame Motion, Perpetual for short.

We just heard bad news: that the Filipino troops were pushed off Nichols Field. Could be, the fighting sounds farther away. The Jap civilian told our servants he heard our Fleet had been very badly damaged outside Corregidor. Since we have no current we have no radio, and it is driving us mad, but mad! The city is in flames, and explosions of all sorts are constant. I am in complete accord with the youngest boy who today tore down the play barricades, broke up his play guns, and threw the bits of shrapnel they have been collecting over the wall, saying with passionate rage, "I am tired of war." Me, too, Sander.

One by one, the houses around us are being torn down. Looting is the order of the day, and out go walls, roofs, pipes, bathroom fixtures, everything. There is little furniture left, but that little is going, too. I can at this moment see a beautiful overstuffed armchair going down the street, seemingly under its own steam. I must look closer—maybe the rum in stronger than I think. No, a small child, completely submerged, is beneath it,

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carting it off to sell. Looters and profiteers—I hope the General does something about both at once, but I fancy he'll be busy with the war for quite a spell yet.

One of our great irritations lives near us. The finest example of collaboration I know. A man, a neutral, and his Slav wife, who already has taken out his first American papers, had passage on the January, 1942, clipper to return to the States for his final American papers. During this whole war he has aided the Japanese war effort. He went into business with another neutral, manufactured, to specifications, vital products for the Japanese Navy. He has made a great deal of money. Mickey Mouse, of course; but he has turned that into good money by the simple expedient of lending the bad money to people for food checks or notes. He gives slightly better rates than the Chinese, too, and he occasionally has sent baskets of food to people in the internment camp. He will probably be rated at a hero, but I say that for every foot of material he produced for the Jap Navy he has prolonged this war so much longer, and killed so many more American boys, and he does not deserve to be an American citizen.

N.B.—He is! And doing very well with his Japanese money gains.

When I see our town in flames, people dying in the streets of hunger and wounds, I see red. We have no water, no lights, no gas, and soon we'll have no food, I'd like to sit on the court-martial of all these profiteers and collaborators and looters. But I'd be prejudiced!

I get excited, and for why! *"Tout s'arrange dans la vie,"* says the old French proverb. A windmill tilter at heart, that is Madame Savary.

We need a little laugh, to take the edge off. But it's hard to laugh when danger and maybe death stare us in the face. I have to giggle a little to myself, though, when I think how we have saved tinned delicacies, filled up iceboxes with meat and fruit and vegetables as the American forces came in, hoping to get to Santo Tomas and alleviate their hunger—and darned if they don't get released first and have real potatoes to eat before we do! And are we delighted, for we know how many have died in there from malnutrition. I had had visions of roaring over to Santo Tomas on the old

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Green Dragon, laden with carabao sandwiches, but it looks as if Santo Tomas will be wearing black arm bands for us, and soon! It does not look very good for us—fires are all around us.

February 9, 1945—Friday, 6 P.M. The bombing has been terrific all afternoon, and many more fires are burning in our neighborhood. The Japanese are loading their stores on pushcarts and moving to a house on Taft Avenue. They are all under full pack and camouflaged with leaves. They only need a tail to make one think of beasts of burden, or just beasts.

I've been yelling about looting but some of our servants just showed up with cans of waterlily stems and crab flakes—from the Japanese stores. Later. They taste wonderful, too.

Furniture is tumbling around and the dishes are crashing. I have been resting my arms from hauling water from the well. The kids wanted me to read them a story and all I could lay hands on quickly that sounded like children's reading was James Thurber's *Fables of Our Times*. I don't think his version of Little Red Riding Hood is orthodox, nor do the children! But they love to be read to.

The big gun on the boulevard that had such a special tone, seems silenced. Certainly hope so. We have no news. Ermita and Maltate districts are burning. We can see the flames sky high.

Confidentially, shot and shell aren't half so bad to take as the plumbing problem! Eight people, four children among them, make a lot of bathroom traffic at any time, and with no water in the pipes, it's hellish. We carry water from the well to the bathrooms, but it isn't a very satisfactory method. I call it the "hot-and-cold-running-boy" system—only sometimes the boy is me.

Good old Sophia is the bright star among us. Her job is to wash, and she washes. She has her pans assembled beside the well, has dug a ditch for waste, and there she squats, placidly washing. If it get too rough, she ambles to the shelter. And what's more, she irons—with a huge charcoal iron she dug up from somewhere.

This must be the 10th. If so, it's Saturday. This has been a twenty-four hours without parallel. There was a

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real battle just beyond our wall between guerrillas and Japanese. A small child was killed by stray bullets. The guerillas succeeded in chasing the Japanese elsewhere, but we don't know for sure how it all turned out.

The arson squad was out to a finish last night. The Nipa huts right back of us were burned down, and one huge Filipino home on Taft, very near us is still burning. It is believed to be full of loot, so maybe there is poetic justice. The Seventh Day Adventist missionary compound seems to be burning. Judging from our own experience, the Japanese are using kerosene and gasoline to fire the houses. They have thrown several faggots of fire over our wall but the cement has checked it, and we have been able to put them out. Our servants' quarters have a wood roof and it has been on fire a couple of times, but Janson has been able to put it out each time.

Last evening when it looked as though we were doomed, we moved our more precious personal belongings—papers, some clothing, a little bedding—out into the garden. We left the children in the shelter, for the shelling was terrific. Felie was nearly helpless, because of her shrapnel wound, and we kept her in the shelter. None of us slept. We drank coffee laced with rum to keep up our courage and keep warm. Tropic nights get chilly this time of year.

Today has been plain hell. No, maybe fancy! My knees are somewhat like a Jello pudding that hasn't set. All day long they have been shelling this neighborhood. I think they are looking at the wrong map, but we have no way of letting them know. Talk about "Janson's Last Stand." This is it. We have all made our wills (several times over, mentally). We don't dare say what we are all thinking. It's the end. We loaded the tricycle with food and got out our two bicycles. If it comes to the house going, we'll try to run for it, carrying the children by turns, and pushing the loaded bikes and tricycles. I am afraid we won't get far.

The kids are full of excitement, but do not seem too frightened. The servants are exhausted, they worked all night moving stuff out of the house into the garden. They have been splendid. I am doubling as cook and Gunga Din, so that they may rest a little.

It was a relief, a splendid relief, this morning, to have the blazing walls of the big looter's house fall *away* from

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our direction. Our Japanese neighbor keeps putting out fires the soldiers start in the houses next to him. It was sort of amusing to see the fleeing soldiers lay a few sticks soaked with gasoline or oil near a house and continue running. Then the Jap civilian would emerge and put the fire out. And then it would happen all over again!

The soldiers have tried to dynamite one big house near us, but the fuse did not blow. It is burning now.

This day is endless. My mental functionings, martially speaking, leave me unable to distinguish between Japanese gunfire, American gunfire, shells, bombs, 22's, *soixante-quinzes,* or demolition explosions. I can distinguish a real rifle bullet if it is near enough to me. Had plenty of lessons today!

We ate well tonight: baked beans, rice seasoned with pepperpot soup, tinned applesauce. We have hoarded our tins so long I nearly cut my finger off with the can opener, I'm so completely out of practice. Probably won't be able to claim this is a shrapnel or bullet wound, either. But it hurts.

In old-fashioned novels and diaries, the functionings of the human body were never mentioned but maybe these modern days will permit me to mention, once more, that the bathroom situation is almost more horrible than the shelling, even when the shelling seems to have moved into our front garden.

Chapter 17

LATE SUNDAY NIGHT I WROTE:

February 11, 1945—Wottaday, wottaday, last night we fought fire all night. Janson spent the night on the roof of the servants' quarters nearest the wall by the *barrio,* pouring water on the flying sparks. A bucket brigade from the well kept his wife and me plenty busy. We'd pass the pails up to him, and rush back for more. We

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were so tired and got so dirty, we were sort of mad at him, standing up there all clean and nice, while we rushed the water up to him. The fact that he was being shot at about every five minutes didn't seem to calm our resentment.

Providence switched the wind, and I really mean that, for the wind turned at the exact moment when it seemed as though the roof was doomed. The Park Avenue houses are all burning, but most of them can be saved. Fire is really a horrible thing. I don't blame the gods for chaining Prometheus for fooling with it.

This morning was dreadful. We were all exhausted. It took ages to feed the children. Guns and shells were howling all around us. It all seemed hopeless. Suddenly I heard Filipinos running, shouting, chattering in the street. My first idea was that the looters were getting an unusually early start. Then I heard Miss Levin's voice at our gate crying:

"The Americans are here, just in the next street, Ignacio!"

For three years we had waited for those words.

Dorothy Janson and I took off at full speed, tearing down Park Avenue. Suddenly, she pulled up short and with a heartbroken cry said: "It's the Japs back again," and started to run, back toward home.

An odd-looking small man, clad in a uniform we had never seen, and with a deep yellow complexion, yelled at us:

"Hey you, are youse Americans?"

We turned, looked, and listened: "Dorothy," I said, "it isn't Japs. It's Brooklyn!"

We had never seen a paratrooper's uniform, nor did we know what Atabrine was, nor what it did to complexions! The lad was as yellow as any Japanese we had ever seen.

He was one of twelve, the advance patrol of paratroopers who had jumped at Tagatay on the 6th. They were tired and dirty but very pleased indeed to be in Manila. The Filipinos were crowding about them, filling their arms with fruit and hailing them as saviors—which they surely were. The boys were all delighted to see white women, speaking English, for they had heard that all Pasay was wiped out and all white people murdered. There was a terrific flurry of "Where are you from's,"

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and "Do you know so-and-so's," and the air was full of English.

They had orders to patrol our section. The Japanese seemed to have all disappeared during the night—we had heard them running all night long. The paratroopers were supposed to link up with the Army from across the Pasig, at the intersecting street of Libertad, which was not far away.

I escorted a group of them to the smoking ruins of the school nearby which had been the prison of so many of our men. We did not know where they had gone but I knew they had left many messages buried in the grounds, and I was in hopes these could be found. It was a sad sight for them, as well as for us. They found many dead bodies in their digging and some few messages.

Later in the morning a group of some twenty paratroopers moved into a compound back of us where Japanese troops had been quartered. There was a good solid wall and some foxholes there. Our whole family turned out to welcome them—dog, cat, servants, children, all of us. We had coffee on, and the inevitable pot of red beans. The situation was reversed; they were hungrier than we were. They had been on *K*-Rations since the day they dropped. We dished out coffee and beans and they opened up their *K*-Rations, which looked wonderful to us—real crackers and cheese!! I opened up the bottle of Scotch I had been saving for that great occasion. And at long last, the children got chocolate and gum—although the gum disappointed them at first. It didn't stay sweet long enough. Sander wanted "more sugar on it." The dog turned into a gum fiend. She chews like a real veteran. The party really waxed merry, too merry, for the Jap snipers left behind turned a machine gun our way and frightened us mightily. The sergeant yelled, "Hit the dust!" But we didn't know military orders. I know I stood there like a fool, before I finally fell flat, still clutching a piece of cracker and cheese.

Their equipment is wonderful. And the radio gadgets! I'd never even heard of a walkie-talkie! I kept saying, "What did you say?" to a lad who was trying to talk over one to his officers, in still another part of Pasay. We'll have a lot to learn.

We told them the little we knew, and got some infor-

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mation from them as to how badly the battle had gone for a time for them. The pillbox formations we had heard about outside Paranaque had not been reported to them by intelligence from within and they had walked right into them and lost a great number of their men. They had been badly landed, too, and the boys jumping were scattered sometimes forty miles apart—the wind on top of Tagatay Ridge had fooled the pilots, evidently. More paratroopers had come up from Nasagubu on trucks, and the fighting down that way was evidently rugged.

February 12, 1945—Monday. Weariness threw me last night and I gave up, with the story half told. We had some of the officers to dinner with us and poor Janson got a little male company—after all of us females questioning him and worrying him for so long!

We asked so many questions, and so did they. What we all don't know would fill several thousand tomes of St. Peter's. One thing we found out. This is an army trained to the nth degree, equipped in a fashion unheard of by us, and ready and eager to fight the Japanese to the last man.

Some of them came to lunch today, bringing a tin of butter—which we haven't seen for two years—and some sulfa powder for Felie's wound.

They warned us yesterday we had better sleep in the shelter as there seemed to be a battle moving our way. I felt bombs would be better than squirmy youngsters, so I lay on the floor in the house for a time, but finally went upstairs to my own bed. It seemed to me I was too tired to die elsewhere! It sounded rugged outside.

Quite a number of Jap civilians seem to have stayed in the neighborhood. I think they are military who have taken off the uniform. The commandant who lived near us fled some nights ago, in civilian clothes, so the servants tells us. The Jap civilian who had asked Janson's advice, gave himself up to the paratroopers. But as two of them were marching him down Park Avenue to their temporary headquarters, two Filipinos stabbed the Jap in the back. He is still alive, but in a very serious state. We can understand why he wanted to surrender to the Americans!

There is an artesian well not too far from us, and

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some of the paratroopers made camp there. The well is taking quite a beating—the boys are getting all scrubbed up. They haven't any extra clothes with them, and no underwear to mention. Seems the Leyte clothes shortage impressed them so, they practically denuded themselves!

The horror stories are trickling through from the other side. The Japanese have been firing whole sections with gasoline, then shooting people as they try to escape. Their favorite sport is to toss hand grenades into houses, and then shoot people as they try to run. Thank heaven, we never left our gates. Refugees from further toward town are coming out this way, some with just the clothes on their backs. Murder seems to be the order of the day. We were terribly lucky; the Japanese in our section were all headed for battle at Paranaque and seemed to have confined their deviltry to burning and shooting in a big way, not house to house, Libertad seems to be the line where the murders in an organized way began.

February 13, 1945—Yesterday was wonderful, both wonderful and sad. The Americans are here, but it seems it is not yet over. The battle in the center of town is raging—the walled city is in ruins, and the dead are beyond counting. The Japanese are fighting like animals, desperate animals. The whine of shells from towards town is hideous and the bullets of the snipers make life still alarming for us, even though the paratroopers are here around us. There's a huge gun up near F. B. Harrison's and our boys can't seem to locate it.

John Cook was killed the night of the 10th just as the Americans were coming in. The servants' quarters were burning, and while looking out the gate to see if it was safe to run, he was shot by a Japanese sniper in a tree. Ten minutes earlier . . . or later . . . but he had to choose the wrong moment! Poor old John, so kind and so cautious, and always so ready to lend a hand to anyone in trouble. They buried him in the garden where he fell. The paratroopers helped the next morning when he was brought in.

A Russian nearby protested against the Japanese abusing his wife. They tied his hands, tore out his tongue, and soaked him with oil, set fire to him and threw him in a dry well. They seem to be fiends!

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One of our friends, a Swede who lived not very far down Taft Avenue with his wife and two daughters, is very seriously injured. It seems he speaks Japanese—had represented his company in Japan for years and got caught in Manila at the outbreak of the war. He tried to remonstrate with the Japanese who were shooting everyone about them as they ran from the houses. So a Japanese officer shot him five times, and left him lying in the streets. The battle raged all around him for hours, but he was finally rescued by Filipinos. His family was safe in the fields nearby. He may live.

The young Pole came to see us today to tell us the sad news that our young Swiss friend, whom we all liked so much, was pinned by a bayonet to the door of his own house which the Japs were firing.

The friends, many of them, who had moved from our neighborhood because "it was dangerous," are missing. There is little hope that they are alive—those who went to live near Rizal Stadium—for there was a horrible battle near there.

The shelling was heavy last night and continues so today. The north and south troops are supposed to have joined, but we have no evidence of that.

There is no news of anything south of Vita Cruz, the dividing line of Pasay and Manila. The Mabini and Ermita districts are burning. The smoke is terrific. we can only hope that our own people have escaped with their lives.

We heard today that General MacArthur had made a speech in Santo Tomas today, during an artillery battle. We also heard that the shelling of Santo Tomas had killed and injured nearly a hundred internees. The internees are being well fed by the Army and the morale is high.

I took a little tour today to see how the neighborhood was faring. My old Belgians are all right, and everyone in the Del Pan compound, except Audrey's mother who died as the paratroopers were coming in. She was very old, and we had so hoped she could live to see the troops. Audrey said she had been in a coma for several days, but opened her eyes, saw the first paratrooper in the house and said: "Is that you, Harry?" (her son, who is a prisoner in Japanese hands) and died. John lived over there, too.

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Several houses along Park Avenue are all right. Cush's is in pretty good shape. The elder Mrs. Elizalde is living there—her own house near Vita Cruz was burned, and she took refuge in a dry swimming pool for days, until she was rescued by our troops, along with her little Pekingese dogs. She is quite elderly but had walked several kilometers from the line of fire, and is doing all right in Cush's house. The furniture has been looted, but it is a shelter, anyhow. Hundreds of Filipinos and white people are fleeing from town. The market is burned and there is no shelter. It is a dreadful sight to see them, bewildered, wandering about with only a few bits of belongings with them, or pushing things on handcarts.

There is quite a band of *Makapili* (pro-Japanese Filipinos, of which there are quite a number) and Japanese in the neighborhood. They are sniping at people. I took some food to the injured Swede today, and a bullet just missed my head as I was skirting a wall.

Some of the captured Japanese have admitted to the Filipino guerrillas that they had been left behind with express orders to kill all white people by any and all means, and to destroy all property.

One story we heard was that the Germans had all taken refuge in the German Club, together with a good many Filipinos and white people who lived in that neighborhood, and that the Japanese had closed the club air-raid shelter—which was a very good one—poured gasoline in, and fired it, shooting all those who tried to emerge. We are not sure this is true.

February 16, 1945—I sallied forth today to stock up on food. The market is burned, but people are bringing in a few fish and eggs and vegetables and strewing it in little stands in the streets near the market place. I came sailing back down Park Avenue, happy as could be to have discovered a bit of pork, some papayas and some native spinach. And there, in our street, was a jeep! The officer in it seemed pretty worried and harassed. I stopped to see what he was looking for, and he said: "Can you tell me where—damn it to h— Is that you, Gladys? Everybody in Santo Tomas claims you're dead! And they made me come out to look for yours and the Jansons' bodies!" It was Pete Grimm. He actually was

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perturbed and I felt slightly apologetic for being still alive and healthy! He said he had crossed on a pontoon up the river and had more shots fired at him on that trip from Santo Tomas than during the whole Guadalcanal campaign.

I took him home, and he told us a little about the Santo Tomas capture, which is an epic, and since I only heard of it at second hand, I won't try to put it in my overworked diary. He is in charge there. He said about eighteen had been killed and nearly a hundred injured. Most of my friends are safe. Everyone is eating well and plans are being made to ship them home.

Pete said all Paco, and most of Ermita and Malate districts are in ruins and still burning. He's afraid that many of the white people were killed in those districts, and many hundreds of the Filipinos. He wasn't sure about the Philippine General Hospital.

He could only stay a little while, but he was our first visitor from the other side, and we parted with him reluctantly. But we let him go, laden with messages for those inside.

There is a nasty 22M gun in our neighborhood that makes circulating hazardous. But I did get around and about a good deal today. Most everyone is all right here in Pasay.

We got some of the engineers to unload our tank traps and take up the dynamite charges that are in front of the house across the street. It has three huge dynamite charges—contact charges—right in front of it! Pure luck no truck went over that road. There also were nineteen shells in the garage. It was the Belgian consul's house, and Janson is responsible for it. One of us will try to move in there, or else the looters will get it.

A Swiss couple came by who escaped butchery down Taft Avenue by hiding in a ditch for three days. They had a story that a message from Tokyo was intercepted when our troops were at Calumpit, not twenty miles away, which said the Americans were near Manila, and that the Jap troops were to at once begin the massacre, pillaging and firing of the city and all inhabitants, including—especially including—the internees of all camps. This, so the story runs, is why they made that forced march, and the First Cavalry arrived in Manila seventy-two hours ahead of schedule. The rear guard did not

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get here quickly enough, hence the city underwent such severe pounding, although the Santo Tomas people, with few exceptions, were saved. We also heard that the food supply in Santo Tomas could not have lasted another week, and that many people were already near death from starvation.

The bridges are all blown up, and thanks to the *Makapili* and some girl spies, they have had a bad time throwing pontoons across; for each time the Americans started, the Japs went right to work on them, knowing in advance where they were working. Two women were caught and shot, so the bridge work went forward more quickly.

At the risk of sounding unfair, it seems to me from all I hear, that the guerrillas haven't been the little heroes they should have been, around here, anyway.

February 25, 1945—Sunday. A fine Pepys am I but events move too fast to record. The massacre of the white people in this town sounds unbelievable, but it is true. I don't understand why it is being hushed up in press and radio reports. They really aren't telling very much about it, and I think it should be broadcast to the entire world, for it was an exhibition of such shocking savagery that even Attila the Hun would have felt like a kindergarten pupil in the school of cruelty!

So many old Manilaites have turned up, many of them with Army commissions. We live in a welter of majors, colonels, etc. And it was a sort of relief to find one old friend, Fred, in the C.I.C. who never seems to have gone beyond Private First Class—claims he is the oldest living GI. He has some hilariously funny stories to tell—one about being so worried about keeping in step *when they were disembarking from a boat* that he walked into the water!

Last Monday a jeep roared up, and—great thrill!—it was Mike in a major's uniform, bringing Hi with him. It was a great moment. Hi was thin and sad, and reluctant to talk about the camp. Says he is having a sign made for himself: "Forbidden to mention Santo Tomas in my presence—Dangerous!"

The house was full of paratroopers, officers, old Manilaites. We all had a merry lunch and refused to let Hi return to camp. Mike thought he could fix it. After

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all, hadn't the First Cavalry come in just for the purpose of freeing Santo Tomasites?

I moved into the Belgian consul's house. It is such a lovely place and the Japs moved out too hurriedly to ruin it entirely. It is filthy and I have had a crew working there for days to get it cleaned up. I want a place where I can look after some of the people getting out of camp. There isn't much furniture left any place, but we can borrow Army cots.

A couple of days ago, I think the 17th, old Georgie showed up, in a lieutenant-colonel's uniform. He had been a captain last time I saw him. He said he had been working awfully hard in the battle of Manila, and now that it was about finished and the troops were in the walled city, he and his commanding officer wanted to have a party.

Me and a party! Good old days! So I dressed up in my best sharkskin suit, my best evening shoes, tied my head up in a red scarf, and we were off to Caloocan, miles and miles away to his headquarters, for dinner. My first jeep ride!

I knew the city was badly damaged, burned, but I had not been able to visualize what real destruction could be. I who had lived in Manila for more than ten years, could not identify many of the streets—we crossed at Calle Herran, below which a battle was still raging in the center of Manila. The street was full of shell holes and bomb craters. There were many dead bodies in the streets, both Japanese and Filipino and most of the houses were smoldering ruins. We crossed on the pontoon bridge. Quite an experience!

We arrived at his headquarters, an old house belonging to wealthy Filipinos. The furniture was beautiful old Spanish stuff, but one living room was furnished in old-fashioned American rocking chairs, dozens of them, and beside each chair was a huge porcelain cuspidor! All different colors.

The colonel in charge was a colorful character, a magnificent fighting man and very strong-minded. He had wanted a dinner party with lady guests, and he was having one! He had some friends in Santo Tomas he asked to dinner but permission was refused them to leave the gates. He raised such a row that they were glad

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at the camp to change their minds and let them go. The same situation occurred at Bilibid where the Baguio people were still interned. The guests came, and a merry party it was! I had not seen those people for three years, either. What a dinner we had—and what a lot of Army officers!

The colonel had a wonderful array of potables, even some Cointreau, and we whipped up some sidecars which had been George's favorite in my house, prewar. The dinner was out of this world! Beefsteak, real Irish potatoes, canned corn, and bread and butter! I ate so much I couldn't manage the apple pie and cheese, so they let me take it home with me. We all swapped yarns, so many varied stories—the Baguio internment camp, Santo Tomas, mine as an "outsider," and the tales of the Army's rush to the Philippines. We had all been so afraid they would bypass us, leave us until Japan was forced to surrender on her own ground—and of course, had that happened, we would none of us in Manila or Baguio have lived to tell any tales.

March 10, 1945—The diary is not doing so well. The days dash by so quickly. It will be a month tomorrow since we in Pasay first saw those glorious paratroopers in our streets. Those husky, lusty boys, those wonderful lads.

That had been a rough time, those days between the taking of Santo Tomas and the arrival of the paratroopers. A reign of terror. But we forget so easily. But the destruction of the city we can't forget, for it becomes more and more apparent.

Our whole war was spent waiting, it seems to me. We didn't see much real fighting, only troop movements, guards everywhere, stores of war matériel everywhere, and everywhere the Japs, but no real fighting or bloodshed after occupation that we could see until the end. So the murder of helpless civilians and the wanton ruin of a great city came as a terrible blow to us all. It was ignorance, on our part, of what was going on and so we were surprised—at least I was.

Life is complicated. I haven't any money and almost no furniture. The few things I saved I have moved into

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this house. There are no lights, no water, no gas, no telephone.

The war has moved out to the Maraquina hills, and the guns boom day and night. The Japanese have gone into the hills. They are fighting from the caves, and it will be a hard job to clear them out. There is still heavy fighting in other parts of the Islands. It is only a question of time, but each day sees casualties among our men that break our hearts. Many of our young paratroopers whom we saw that first day are dead.

The resuce of the Los Baños internment camp took its toll of them. That was a great deed, and in the real nick of time. Long after Santo Tomas was freed, and the first internees started on their way home, Los Baños was still in the hands of the Japanese. When at last it seemed that rescue was near, the Japanese lined them up for execution, two thousand odd of them. But the guerrillas and the paratroopers, acting together, converged on the camp, and in a pitched battle, saved the internees and took them away on ducks—those queer amphibian vehicles. As one friend told me the other day, she was more frightened getting on a "truck that ran into the water" than she was of the Japanese! She was used to the Japs! No question here of lack of support from the guerillas.

It is a wonderful Army, from our first loves the paratroopers, through the engineers, to the men who are on the real fighting front, who sometimes get in to see us!

All our houses are wide open to all of them. We have a little rum and red beans and rice which they seem to like better than their own wonderful rations. They often bring me tins of food, saying always: "We can't eat the stuff." But often when they stay to eat with me and I've made a snappy meatloaf (with fresh tomato sauce) out of the canned pork and gravy and the beef and gravy, they smack their lips and say how good it is. I never tell them until after the second helping that it's their own Army rations.

I have the young Swiss couple living with me. They lost all their belongings in the last days of fighting in the Malate area. A couple from Santo Tomas have joined me, too. They want to see what happened to their mines in Surigao before going back to the States. And a

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dear friend of mine, Kay, now in the Red Cross, showed up the other day and has moved in with me, bringing another girl with her. It makes quite a household. Our great problem is guests! We dine at seven-thirty, the *Army* eats at five and then goes calling afterward. So we are always embarrassed when the boy announces dinner when we are all assembled on the terrace with our callers. I usually ask them up to the dining room to have coffee with us, but they always look at the decently set table, and the inevitable rice and beans being nicely served, as if they could eat again, so they do! Now we just cook for about twice as many as our family, knowing it will be welcome.

The girls have ration cards, so they turn them over to me to use, and I can buy good American staples once more. I even made a pie the other day, in my charcoal stove. It was a little tipsy, but it was a pie! I have a huge round pottery thing over a charcoal fire, on which I cook —I have two house boys with me, but as cooks they aren't so hot. However, they can clean!

This poor house was a mess—the lovely tinted walls bore horrible fingerprints of Japs, and the bathrooms were unspeakable. We have a well in the garden here, and an artesian well nearby, so have to carry water for the baths. Minor troubles, these. The place is cleaned up now, and the bullet holes don't matter—the rains are far off yet.

We really have fun. All the correspondents come to see us, and the Army and Navy come frequently—I can't sort out rank, so I only ask that they leave their rank elsewhere.

The guns roar, the house shakes, the planes cavort over my house, sometimes buzzing us a bit too low for comfort.

The pattern seems clear, Manila is the great base for an all-out victory effort. The ships are coming in, the boulevard is piled high with great cases of supplies, there are more jeeps and tanks than I ever knew could exist. North Harbor, so long dark, now blazes with Navy lights, and still the war goes on. We sometimes hear an Army radio, but mine is no longer functioning. There is no electricity.

We have even seen a moving picture! Something with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. There is a house

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near us taken over by some Army colonels and they often invite my household over to see the pictures. How wonderful they seem! Another world!

All this is almost an anticlimax, after the tumult and the shouting of the first arrival. We all thought that the taking of Manila was the end, but it seems not.

The internees are being sent home as fast as possible. They'd send me to the States, too, but I do not want to go. So I get no help, can't even talk the Red Cross out of a pair of shoes, nor can I get a ration card. It hurts a little, for my home is here, my life is here—but that's their ultimatum.

I should get a job. I haven't any money. But I don't know what I could do. The Red Cross is hiring some people locally. I suppose I ought to try that, for I surely am fresh out of money.

We can get no news about the prisoners who were sent to Japan. There is no trace of Edgar. He is known to have been in Bilibid and we all assume he was sent to Japan. Can only pray that he got through. And the war drags on!

The repatriation of the Santo Tomas and Los Baños internees has gone along quickly. The sick and the nurses were flown home first, and after that ships, as they became available, took the rest.

It's an unreal world. The long wait is over and Manila is free. And what a Manila!

The Japanese withdrew on the 27th of February and a few days later I went downtown. Our town lies in ruins. Those written words seem unreal. Our Manila of the wide boulevards, the great sea wall, the tall buildings side by side with the Nipa shacks, the world's longest pier, the famous intramuros, the oldest white settlement in the orient—Manila, that city of gay and kindly people, of beautiful sunsets, lies beneath heaps of ruins, rubble, dead bodies.

The skyline looking down Dewey Boulevard (called *Heiweh* Boulevard by the Japanese, nicknamed *Heyhey* by the Filipinos) looked nearly normal from a distance. The shells of the big hotels and clubs loom up—it seems almost the same silhouette we always saw against the setting sun, those famous sunsets that even the Japanese could not destroy. But those buildings are completely gutted, only their steel frames standing.

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The lovely homes that lined the boulevard are mostly gone. Here and there one stands, mute evidence to the haste with which the Japanese withdrew from our part of town, for we were among the fortunate.

All this is evidence of the bitterness with which the Japanese gave up the city they so wanted for their own. They must have bitter regrets that they did not succeed in the war. For this country is beautiful, life is easy, they probably saw more food and a better life than they knew existed in their rocky, war-lord-ridden country. Here there is a lovely climate, where no one is ever cold—as the Japanese are cold behind those homeland paper houses—and food is easy to grow. And they had thousands of white people at their mercy behind the prison walls, to gratify their superiority complex. Of course they were savage in their disappointment in losing all this, this paradise which must have outshone even their Celestial Mikado's heaven.

We drove past my old restaurant, where we had been so gay and happy, and worked so hard. It was a small heap of ashes, not even one small memento remained. That part of my life is over, perhaps our whole way of living is over out here. Only time can tell.

The lovely Luneta, famous parade ground and promenade since old Spanish days, is a mess of foxholes and trenches, barbed wire entanglements, scattered bones and equipment. All told a desperate tale of last-minute resistance.

The walled city is the saddest sight of all. It was built in the sixteenth century to withstand the onslaughts of the Malays, and the Spanish ruled the Islands from there. The Japanese had withdrawn behind those walls, using the Filipino civilians—who had remained inside either from fear or force—as human shields, and fought for three weeks before the tanks of the Americans finally crashed those ancient walls. Only death and destruction remain there.

The ruins of Fort Santiago, that dread prison where so many entered and so few emerged, is giving up some of its grim story. There is little chance of identifying those bodies found in there. And probably no one will ever know how many Filipinos lost their lives there, for the fires ate up the evidence.

There are so many people missing, and no way of finding out what became of them.

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Chapter 18

I REMEMBER SO WELL THOSE MISSING—THE KINDLY OLD SWEDISH general, who had fought so faithfully with the Americans in the Spanish-American war. He had been very ill and he was old, so the Japanese had allowed him to remain outside with his wife and daughter. They had moved from our neighborhood, after the first bombings, it was too dangerous they had felt! We learned of their fate, alas! The house they had moved into was near the German Club, so when the Japanese were doing their house-to-house murdering in the Malate district, they fled to the club, only to be butchered there. He was identified by his extreme height and the skeleton of his little Pekingese clasped in his arms.

It is estimated that more than eight hundred skeletons were found in the ruins of the German Club air-raid shelter. As I related elsewhere, the Japanese had bottled it up, and fired grenades and bullets in, after throwing gasoline inside. Ironic that, since the Germans were supposed to be their allies.

All about was evidence of brutality. The great government buildings had been the scene of hideous room-to-room battles, and only bits of their walls were standing.

I remember my first trip to Santo Tomas after the liberation—the battle of Manila was still going on, it was the 23rd of February and Manila was not cleared until the 27th. We took Hi into camp to sail on the first repatriation ship. He was heartsick and bitter at the sights he saw, and all that they had undergone in Santo Tomas. We felt that he resented the fact that we had been free. We had tried to help him. Janson was his general manager in his business, and had an obliga-

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tion to him which he tried his best to fulfill. And we had tried, and in a way succeeded, in helping him. But we knew that he would always hold it against us that we were never imprisoned. And so a chapter in my life closed then. And I shall try to forget it, and go on.

That day in Santo Tomas was heartbreaking. They were so pitifully thin, and so cheerful! But one little woman, thin and ill looking, clasped me around the waist and sobbed, "We, thought you were dead! We heard you had been shot long ago." It was nice to know the report of my death was exaggerated, but it was sad to know that I had not recognized one of my best friends—she had lost forty pounds and was completely gray-haired! I was somewhat embarrassed that I had no wounds to show, no shrapnel nor bullets in my bones —only a few scars on my knees and shins where I had fallen from the bicycle, or climbed a wall too vigorously.

Everyone was busy getting ready to take off. Pete Grimm said he could get me on an early boat; but my life is in the Islands, has been for a long time, and it seemed to me only sensible to stay and try to pick up the pieces.

The situation in the Philippines was complicated. The Tydings Commission came out to see what had really happened, and they said, in effect, to the Filipinos: "Your independence is due in 1946. It will be yours, but if you do not want it, now is the time to say so." It was a sad blow that Quezon could not have been the one to take over the wheels of government once more. The Filipinos cannot rehabilitate the Islands themselves. It is the American responsibility. But will the United States do the job, without having some hand in the future direction of the country? To an untrained mind, it looks unreasonable to expect the United States to do that. But we were their protectors at the outbreak of the war, and our protection didn't do them any good until almost too late, and our obligation is heavy. So who knows?

We civilians, the few of us who remained, got along more or less well, hoping we could get back to work again some day, that the banks would open again, that we could perhaps see a little money once more, and lead a normal life. But all that seemed far away, for the war dragged on.

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More and more people came to Manila, and there were correspondents from all over the world, waiting to be in at the death. The Army and Navy poured in more and more men and matériel. Manila was a great arsenal.

It was a gay time, that. Few women were left, white women, but there were innumerable parties. My own house was in a constant fiesta. Little night clubs sprang up, the GI's learned how pleasant the young Filipina girls are. The Filipino homes opened wide to the Americans, and gaiety reigned.

I decided that rough as the situation was I must get back into business. So I took Felie's house, she had gone to America—and began that hard road back to rehabilitation of the old French Restaurant.

It was rugged—there was no electricity on our side of the river, no gas to cook with. The water situation was bad, only artesian wells in the neighborhood, and again I dug a well! If the restaurant business had failed, I could have gone into the well-digging business! I had no money and little furniture. Happily, I had silver and dishes which I had kept from the Japanese when they had taken the old restaurant, enough to seat about forty people. My old staff had come back, all standing by, urging me to go into the restaurant life again. They even offered to work for just their food if I'd start. My Filipino chef, pupil and number two of the French chef, was very good, and very eager to try his hand at being number one. The French chef had been sent to Saigon, long before.

So we all went to work. The lower part of the house was one huge room, open on three sides, with wide, overhanging eaves. The garden was huge, with wide sweeps of lawn and great hibiscus hedges. It was a typical tropical house, the living quarters upstairs, and the huge, open downstairs area usually used as a garage and servants' quarters.

We all pitched in, and made a *sawali* ceiling, painted it in white and green (with paint from what source I never dared inquire—a Navy friend "lent" it to me). We hung bamboo shades on the open sides to give an illusion of being in a room, at least. I borrowed a bar from a friend's house and installed it, painted white and green.

A Chinese furniture maker made me tables and chairs on

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credit, cunning bamboo chairs and *narra* tables. He was willing to gamble on his money, which meant I must have been a fair risk. The Chinese like to be quite sure!

We had nothing to cook on, so with the help of a Filipino friend, I designed a stove, vaguely resembling a Rube Goldberg job, one part of it for charcoal grilling, the other wood-burning for the ovens and slower cooking. It was odd, but it worked! Then we had a barbecue in the open garden, which was the delight of all—steaks grilled before their very eyes!

Our cooking utensils were an odd assortment, gathered from everywhere, but they produced some very fine food!

I moved upstairs—I had salvaged a couple of beds, and a desk. The big closed terrace upstairs we intended to use for rainy days, it had a lovely view over the garden, where the high hedge hid the shell-holed street outside.

My dog, Spec, had produced a litter of puppies about this time, and they were a great comfort to me, alone as I was. They turned out to be quite a drawing card for the restaurant, too, for everyone wanted to see them, and it was a mark of distinction to get invited up to my private apartment to see the pups! Six of them. Many a dignified general and colonel has sat upon my floor, playing with them. It was a good way to make the patrons forget the shortcomings of our little venture.

Food was a problem. I could not get a ration card to buy food for a public place. In fact, as I stated in my diary, I had never had a ration card for my private use, the powers that be of the Red Cross and the American Civilian Committee having decreed that I should go home, and they would not help me when I insisted on staying. However, the market had native beef and pork, there were chickens, and once again we could buy the marvelous shrimps and prawns Manila is famous for. Our famous onion soup wasn't quite as good as it once was, for imported cheese could not be bought. But we got started, along the middle of the summer.

Of course, I had an opening party—open house. It was fun, and sad too, when I thought of my lovely old place, now a heap of ashes. But the party was a success, and the place was open.

Every little hole in the wall that had started in the food

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and drink business before me had put up signs, "OFFICERS ONLY." This I could not bear to do. In the months that I had led a private life, after liberation, I had successfully mixed rank and otherwise, and I thought I could do it, professionally.

It really worked. The GI's came in the place during the day, ate shrimp cocktails and beefsteaks, and ham and eggs, read the books I had managed to save and accumulate, wrote letters, played with the puppies on the lawn—and usually left for roll call early in the evening. I think their dinner hour was five. And so the evenings were taken up at the proper dining hour with civilians and ranking officers—people who really wanted to eat well, under an illusion of well-being.

I never had one unpleasant incident with a GI. There were Negro troops in the neighborhood, but they never came in. They were very popular with the Filipinos and had a fine time in Filipino cafés—and in their homes, too. I often used to say the Filipino complexion would change, that we'd all see a rising tide of chocolate soon. In fact, there were many marriages—and many, shall I say "associations"?—among the Negro troops and the Filipinos. Nor was that situation confined to the Negro troops!

Such a makeshift little place, but we all had fun. There wasn't much to drink—the local rum, and a sort of synthetic whiskey made of essence and alcohol. It wasn't lethal, but it wasn't good, either! But dressed up with calamansi (native lime) juice and brown sugar, a pretty good rum cocktail could be turned out. Beer was a problem, but we used to trade meals with GI's for their beer allotments. I suppose it wasn't legal, but it helped both sides.

The little place was horribly expensive, there was no entertainment but the puppies, food was well nigh impossible to find, and the roads were dreadful, but the patrons came—glad to find kindred souls, so far away from home, with a little semblance of home in nicely laid tables, nicely served food and intelligent conversation.

I had fun, too, in a way. It was a hard life, though. There was no transportation for me but my bicycle and hired horse *carretelas*. I got up before six every morning, and rode my bicycle to the nearest market, to get the prawns and shrimps

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that came early. And the lovely fish they began to bring in again. Oddly enough, before the war most of the fishing, commercial fishing, was done by Japanese. Now the Filipinos were going into the fishing business themselves, but there was never enough for everybody and the prices were horrible. However, what my Filipino chef could do with a *lapulapu* was equal to anything served by the Ritz in Paris. And his broiled prawns I have never seen equaled.

The second cook would meet me at the market, and carry home the shopping in a *carretela*. The wood and charcoal for the stoves had to be picked up, too—there was no such thing as delivery service. The neighborhood bakery started up again, and the chef and I, with the aid of a French cookbook, taught the baker to make French bread. I'll never forget my first efforts. I wanted to show the baker and the chef how to make the long loaves, and I carefully rolled them into shape, put the nicks into them, and eventually got them in the great oven at the bakery. Something went wrong, for they spread out about two feet across, thin as a coin, with only the little nubbin ends left to show I had meant to make a loaf. I took them home anyhow, and we hung them over the bar, as a decoration! But we learned.

The war rolled along. The Japanese were making desperate stands in the hills. Our troops had to resort to flame throwing to get them out of the caves. War is hideous, and to hear so many stories of the fighting all along that great chain of islands was terrifying. For that's what we heard, this campaign: Who was lost in Guadalcanal, who came through New Guinea. All the horrendous, frightening details we'd hear.

The correspondents all frequented my place, and we heard many an argument between them and the fighting forces. Correspondents always seemed to know a better strategy than the Army had used! That did lead to trouble, sometimes.

There were many parties. The American Consulate opened again, and the work of the American government went on. The Philippine government was again in its rightful place at Malacanan, and functioning. It was amusing to dig out old evening clothes of years before, and go to an evening reception or cocktail party, in a jeep, with your long skirts draped

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around you. And some of the dinner parties at the restaurant were very colorful. The Red Cross girls were handicapped for they could only wear their uniforms, but they looked lovely. And they did a good job, too, in the great canteens and rest areas set up for the soldiers.

We began to get a little mail—one old friend came back with the [American] Government bringing me an entire new wardrobe—dress, slip, even a girdle, shoes and stockings. Swore he chose them all himself. Supplies began to come in, and some staples could be purchased—at terrible prices, of course. But no one seemed to mind too much—nothing mattered, for the Japanese were on the run and would soon be gone forever.

The housing problem was so acute that I took over three houses in the neighborhood, belonging to friends who had gone home after internment. There were minor damages to repair, but they all had roofs, and roofs were what we needed. I turned them into guest homes, and while they weren't too comfortable without lights and running water, they were better than barracks. There were no hotels and clubs functioning, all of them had been ruined in the last days of the fighting. They all ate at the restaurant.

The daily problems of water, of laundry, transportation, supplies, sometimes seemed well-nigh insurmountable to me and I often wearied of it all, it was a burden almost too great for me alone. But I only needed to remind myself that there were no more Japs on every corner and then I'd feel better and could go on.

The Filipinos during those days weren't too badly off. A good many of them had jobs with the Army, and some few of them had gone back to the country. The provinces were still dangerous, however, for the Japs were still there. Some of the Filipinos went into little businesses, others started work on rebuilding homes.

One American contractor stayed on. He never did go back to the States after internment, and he was reaping the cream of the rebuilding boom. He gave jobs to many Filipinos.

There was a lawless element that was frightening, too. The American Military Police helped toward keeping law and order but they had little jurisdiction over the Filipinos. Rob-

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beries and violence were frequent and the streets were not safe places at night. I often wonder how I had so good a clientele, the place was packed each night. The "carriage trade" of the old days turned into "jeep" trade, with a healthy lot of staff cars, too.

News began to come through that summer from friends who had gone home to the United States after their long internment. Many of them were eager to come back, they were restless and waited impatiently the end of the war so that they could start again their old lives in Manila.

But could that old life begin again? That was my constant thought. I looked about my poor, makeshift little place, and remembered the lovely house on the boulevard, where all sophisticated Manila had once gathered to dine and wine, where all the great and near-great travelers in the Orient came at least once. Each step I took in the shell-torn streets, every wrecked building I saw, gave me a hopeless feeling. Would it ever be the same? But at least we were free.

The guns still boomed that summer, it was a war-beleaguered city, and nothing was normal. I often wondered if it ever would be normal. The officers and men often sat and told me of their lives back home. Those who were not of the regular Army were eager to go back, to start their lives over again. How much was the United States changed? Had the war touched it? We who had lived through fighting and death and imprisonment could not see that they had suffered, but they must have. Fear and anxiety for those away fighting on all the fronts of the world—that could have been worse than actual participation.

But the little makeshift restaurant carried on. We were gay, in the midst of hardships, and the place flourished.

The city was a horrid mess. There was no time to clean it up, and ruins and devastation were everywhere. I never could understand why the United States Army did not force the Filipinos to clean up the rubbish, to tear down the ruins, move the debris and throw it in the bay. But this was never done, and the Philippine government felt that Manila should stay as it was, to show the world what a really devastated city looked like. For it was devastated. Officers who had been on

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the European front told me only Warsaw equaled Manila in its horrible destruction.

They tried having the Japanese prisoners caught in Manila work at the cleaning up, but the Filipinos stoned them and made such vicious attempts on their lives, that that was given up. So the prisoners lived happily, on good American Army food, in a barracks near the ruined Army and Navy Club. They played handball and swam, and led a merry life. I am sure they all dreaded ever going back to Japan and the dreary life they would have to lead there. Perhaps not, home is home, whether one eats well or not.

In the infrequent intervals of leisure, I thought of my own past—and future. The mistakes I had made, and what I would do if I ever had another chance. But life is lived, and one cannot go back.

I was uneasy all this time, no news of the prisoners who had been sent to Japan. The bureau of information set up for this very question functioned none too well and nothing we ever heard was definite. Out of the thousands who had been at Cabanatuan, only a few hundred had been rescued in that wild dash when the Army was sweeping down the Pampanga plains to liberate Manila. Some were found in Bilibid, and a few at Fort McKinley, but the greater number were swallowed up in mystery.

I had no news of André. What had been his fate during the war, since his last cable from London, saying he was attached to the Free French Movement and was being sent to . . . name of destination deleted?

I thought often of those days of the occupation, so short a time ago, a matter of weeks. The memory was still fresh, for every day there were further evidences of that dreadful time.

Gradually we learned the fates of those who were missing at the end. The Escodas, Tony and Josefina, were dead. They were to my mind the great heroes of the whole prisoner-aid movement. She was head of the Women's Club of the Philippines and was the most ardent worker of all in getting relief to the prisoners. They were the ones to get the first truck to that dreadful O'Donnell prison—the end-of-the-Death-March camp. He had aided the guerrillas in every way he could, and had been caught by the Japanese on his way to contact a

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submarine on the coast. She was taken and tortured to reveal his whereabouts, which she did not know. They were both killed. The most loyal of all the Filipinos I have ever known.

The fate of Mrs. Juricka, mother-in-law of Chick Parsons, was death, too. She had been a cancer patient with the nuns, and carried on guerrilla communications from her bedside.

The execution by the Japanese of the American internee heads of Santo Tomas, Duggleby, Grinnell, Larsen (and they got the wrong Larsen) and a man named Johnston, was just before the troops came in. They were supposedly accused of communicating with the guerrillas.

And down a long, long roster it went—killed, tortured first always, then death.

How lucky we were—if still being alive is lucky. Sometimes I wondered.

One comforting bit of news I found out. The gay little French Mother Superior in one of the hospitals which I frequently visited came through all right. Why, I'll never know, for she was reckless—reckless is a mild word for her. She had a radio in her room, and would discuss the world's news with me each time I visited there, calm in the idea that no one in the whole place spoke French but us. Many Japanese officers spoke pretty good French, and I was always fearful she would be unlucky enough to speak before them. She seemingly had no fear of them. Once when a prisoner escaped, she hid him in the hospital for days, in a nurse's habit, until he could get through to join the guerrillas in the hills.

My small bit was nothing, yet many people were killed for less than my activities. I was indeed fortunate.

George, my colonel friend, and his commanding officer, came into the restaurant occasionally, when they could get away from the lines. That division or whatever they called it, had been sent for duty on the Balete Pass sector, the entrance to the great Cagayan valley. They broke through, and fought on to take Baguio. Another group had been fighting on the other side of Baguio, and tough fighting it was, for the Japanese had mined all the mountain roads, taken to the hills, and commanded all passes with machine guns. But at long last, they slogged through to the edge of Baguio, only to be

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met by a big sign, put up by George's outfit saying, "YOU ARE NOW ENTERING BAGUIO BY THE COURTESY OF THE 33rd." I understand that nearly led to internecine (is that the right word?) war.

George had lived in my establishment before the war. We often spoke of the boys who had been there during his time, and wondered what had happened to them. One day, as we were thus talking, one of the old gang whom we called T.K., came in. He was in the Army, but in a sort of hush-hush civilian job, and he moved into one of the guest houses right away. T.K. was a great comfort to me, for he had a weapons-carrier at his disposal! George and T.K. had many a good session of "remember when" and it was good to know that they had come through unscathed.

Dorothy Janson went home with the children to America, leaving Janson alone, awaiting his turn. I missed the children, for I had been so close to them, they were like my own.

Things got gradually better, but the war dragged on. Ships came into the bay, more matériel piled on the boulevards, it looked as though we might be fighting for many, many months yet.

Chapter 19

ONE OF OUR GREATEST SOURCES OF AMUSEMENT THOSE DAYS was the C.I.C. and the F.B.I. The poor lads had the job of trying to sort out the collaborators from the non-collaborators—a hopeless job. There was such a fine line, so far as the Filipinos were concerned, it was well-nigh impossible.

What was hard for them to realize was that the Philippines had been occupied for more than three years by the Japanese, that the puppet government was in reality the Japanese government and the Filipinos had to abide by the rulings of the Japanese. There was no choice for them, actually.

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There were many who had collaborated willingly, and with the idea that Japan was going to win and that the best interests of the Philippines lay with the Japanese and their idea of the co-prosperity sphere. But they could change so quickly! And did—

The worst problem for the poor American boys, trying to sift them out, was the great number of other nationals who all wanted to go to the United States. And it was a mad scramble trying to get their papers cleared for United States immigration.

The Frenchwomen who had been so friendly with the Japanese wanted to go to the United States. One of them, wife of the Vichy consul, had been severely wounded and eventually did get to the States. The Vichy consul had been killed at the last moment, by Japanese officers. The other Frenchwoman transferred her attentions to the American officers, and boasted she would get into the United States. However, her Swiss neighbors brought her case to the attention of the higher-ups and she never did get to the United States.

The Japanese were fighting desperately all that summer—the big guns roared as our troops tried to get them out of the hills, from the caves where they were making a stand. In the Southern Islands they were still holding out and it looked as though the war might go on for months to come, inevitable though the end must be.

I had no radio to keep me posted, as the electric light plant had been destroyed in the last days of the battle of Manila. In fact, the light plant had been the scene of one of the hottest battles—they actually fought from generator to generator, until there was practically nothing left. But the Army and Navy people brought me flashes, so it wasn't too bad. But I missed my little seances with the radio, although perhaps it wouldn't have meant so much to me, since it wouldn't have been prohibited! There was a certain sporting element about lying on my stomach with my ear against the speaker, antennas in my mouth, listening to the news of our troops, knowing full well what my fate would be if the Japanese caught me!

It was a sort of exciting existence, that summer. I worked

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terribly hard under difficulties that seemed insurmountable sometimes, but more and more people found the little makeshift café a haven, a place to meet kindred souls and to forget for brief moments the bitter fighting that was still going on.

The people in the various guest houses made a pleasant family group, and our patrons fitted in with each other in a delightful manner.

One evening, just at sunset as the evening's business was beginning and the first patrons were sitting on the lawn, sipping rum cocktails, waiting for their steaks to be broiled, we heard a terrible roar coming up our little shell-holed street. Some vehicle, at full speed, was approaching our gate! It was the weapons-carrier, piolted by T.K. in a terrible state of excitement. He roared in, barely missing the gatepost, parked at a giddy angle and rushed over to a group of us, sitting around.

"All gone, Japan's all finished, blown up, no more." He was practically gibbering.

We couldn't make much sense of what he was trying to say, and my natural conclusion was that he had stopped for a quick drink on his way home. He babbled wildly about a secret weapon, the destruction of Japan, the end of the war—he was so incoherent, and we were so disbelieving, that he rushed off in a rage.

Some hours later a Navy officer came along and told us the news of Hiroshima—the atom bomb.

The news was so terrific. We could not grasp it! Without any warning that such a thing existed—at least, it was a complete surprise to me. Many of the officers had spoken of secret weapons but I do not believe they knew of the atom bomb. To me, a secret weapon was the V-I and V-II's the Germans had used.

Could this be the end? Would Japan give up now? Those were the burning questions. Many a toast was drunk to the atom bomb and the destruction of Hiroshima.

But much as I detested the Japanese, it seemed horrible. I kept thinking of the civilians, the helpless civilians. For I had been a helpless civilian, myself! But if it would hasten the end of the war, let there be more of them, was my eventual reaction.

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Opinions of all sorts were put forth—arguments were many and furious. Would this be the end? Then came Nagasaki—another atom bomb. Japan at last sued for peace. The Japanese troops in the Philippines were ordered to surrender, the fried-egg flag so long triumphant over the Islands was lowered and the flag of the Philippines flew again, beside the Stars and Stripes.

But greater days—for us—were to come. We began to get news about the prisoners in Manchuria and Japan. Many were the inspiring tales we heard of our bombers dropping food on camps so that they would not starve before the rescuers could get in. And at long last, word came that some of them were coming through Manila.

It was with a hopeful heart that I wrote some fifty notes to men I hoped were still alive, giving them news of their wives and families and friends who had been released from internment camps and gone on home.

I gave these notes to the Red Cross, which was to have a committee stationed at the airport to welcome them. I begged the Red Cross to let me stay out there, to be on hand when the prisoners began to come in, I who knew practically everyone in Manila who had enlisted and been taken prisoner, besides many, many of the Army and Navy officers caught there in Bataan and Corregidor. But they would not let me, it was not official, and so, many of those prisoners had to go on home, waiting that much longer for news of their loved ones.

Nor were any of my notes delivered, and I have never known why. But through Army friends the news got to some of the returning prisoners that I was still alive, and the onion soup was flowing again *chez* Savary.

The first prisoner I saw was a colonel, a dashing, gay, clever fellow in the old days when he was stationed in Corregidor. His wife was a very good friend of mine and many the good times we had had together. He had been in Manchuria, taken there from Camp O'Donnell after Corregidor surrendered. He was thin, hollow-eyed, reluctant to talk but cheerful. I was uncertain about what to do for him, I hesitantly asked him if his condition would permit a drink of Scotch and soda. His reaction was most gratifying—and his answer was a hearty yes. As we sat there, his dinner of onion

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soup and filet mignon on order, the years rolled back and for a brief moment, we might have been back in the good old days—he and Kay and I, splitting a bottle of Scotch.

More old Manila boys came along, and for many days the little makeshift restaurant was a rendezvous for those who had returned, literally, from the dead. For many of them were on the rolls as dead. Among the newspaper correspondents who frequented the little place was a lad named Kenneth Dixon. He saw some of those boys who had been so near death and yet escaped, and wrote the following article for his syndicated column:

GLADYS WELCOMES HER "ZOMBIES" BACK

Manila, A.P. The sickly light of a few half-hearted carbide lamps kept trying to push the night mist and the mosquitoes out of the little café as Gladys moved gently from table to table welcoming her "zombies" back.

But the carbide lamps fought a losing fight —the café was only a section of cobblestones under a porch roof. Nothing but the hedges kept out the view of Manila's crumbled wreckage and destruction on all sides.

It was good the hedges were there. They helped the illusion. For Gladys and the "Zombies" were not seeing Manila as it is tonight but as it was four years ago.

LAST NAME IS SAVARY

Gladys' last name is Savary. Tall, serene and ageless, she is now a restaurateur who went to France from the States to study when she was a girl, and married a Parisian. They finally wound up in the Philippines long before the war broke. In downtown Manila they ran one one of the finest eating establishments in the entire Orient, the boys say, a clientele gathered from American officers and men in a garrison here, at Bataan and Corregidor, and the American civilians of Manila.

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Her "zombies" were a tiny, trickling handful of such officers and men, who had been listed as dead or missing so long, that even the Filipino underground had given them up as gone.

But now a few of them are coming back through. On a bulletin board at the camp where rescued prisoners of war are billeted temporarily, they see Gladys' scrawled notice that she's still here and has a small café.

FIND "RETURNED DEAD"

So every night you find three or four of the "returned dead" out at Gladys' place, comparing notes, sipping drinks, staring out into space and trying not to see what's happened to Manila.

They all know Gladys' story. Because the Japanese thought she was French and they were concentrating on Americans right at first, they let her alone for a short time after the war broke out. Then she started feeding Japanese officers in her restaurant, in order to have money to help the Americans. Except for a few periods of pretty rocky "questioning," they didn't bother her too much the early part of the war.

What they would have done had they known she was feeding, housing and caring for escaped American and French prisoners and internees upstairs at the same time that the Japanese were eating downstairs is not a pleasant thought.

CONTENT TO SIT AND TALK

The "Zombies" could have told her but they didn't. For that matter they didn't need to. Their appearance—which left their nickname no misnomer—spoke for itself. Thin, beaten, weary, they were content to sit and talk gently.

"Good old Gladys," said a lean, hollow-eyed colonel, "You're about all that's left of Manila

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that hasn't changed. You don't even look any older—at least not much."

"What happened to so and so?" someone asked, but Gladys interrupted with, "Here we go again, roll call of the zombies." Again they smiled with understanding, but, still wearily, stubbornly stuck to the subject.

"Camp O'Donnell," somebody else replied. That's the way they always said it. Not, "He died at Camp O'Donnell," but merely "Camp O'Donnell."

QUESTIONS - ANSWERS GAME

Then the grisly question-and-answer game went on calling the roll of men on Luzon, Bataan, Corregidor. And the names of the prison camps where they perished, were not spoken with hatred, fear or viciousness but rather fell without meaning from the faces that nearly four years under Japanese had taught to be expressionless.

Camp O'Donnell, Cabanatuan, Bilibid, Fort Santiago, Japan, and so on. Now and then a pair of deep-burned eyes would say, "He's alive." But there were very few of them.

Finally the lamps burned low and one by one the living dead got up to go—back to their billets, and soon on to the United States—and each told Gladys he'd never be back, that there was nothing left. Then out through the hedges they walked, lean and gaunt and shadowy in the moonlight, their eyes on the ground to avoid seeing the rubble that surrounded them.

"The march of the zombies," said Gladys sadly. Then she, too, tall, thin and tired, her face full of sadness, walked through the moonlit little café to put out the last flickering light and close up for the night.

There isn't much more to tell. The war was over; only time could tell what the peace would bring. Edgar was lost—it seemed unbearable that he should have endured three

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years of prison camp, only to be killed by our own side. The prison ship on which he, and most of young Manila, were being taken to Japan, was bombed by the Americans at Subic Bay. Some few of them escaped death there, only to be taken to another port, re-embarked on a ship, far deep in the hold, with no food nor water, and headed for Japan. The same thing happened at Formosa—the ship was bombed by the Americans—quite naturally, for the ship bore no distinguishing mark. Two of the boys who miraculously escaped that time, told me the prisoners stood cheering the American bombers madly, as they waited. They helped bury Edgar on the beach of Formosa, and they were taken on to Japan where they were rescued by our troops.

Most of young Manila has been on those prison ships, and only a handful came back. Jack, the Corregidor engineer, died very early in Cabanatuan and perhaps it was for the best. To live through living death, and then die with the end only a few days away. It was too much.

And so, as the American Army packs up to go to Japan, and the great project of wresting the Philippines away from the Japanese has been accomplished. My story is ended. What the future holds, no one knows. But the little café will go on, about the only landmark of prewar Manila, as we knew it. And I close these pages with the old familiar Filipino exit line: "I go now."

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